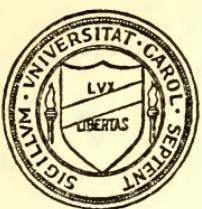


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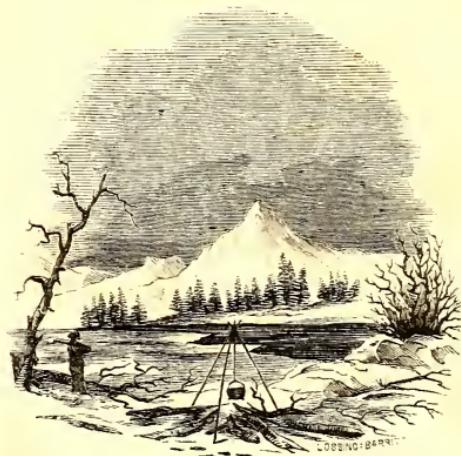
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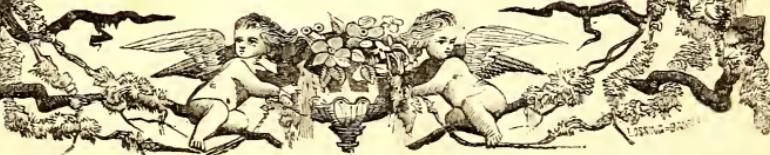


THE
ENGINEER;
OR,
HOW TO TRAVEL IN THE WOODS.



LODGE & BARRON

NEW YORK:
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P R E F A C E.

THIS book is intended to teach you how hunters, emigrants, and travelers manage in the long journeys they have to take in the wild regions of the Western country of America, where there are no roads, no towns, and no civilized people. The parties, large and small, that are continually moving to and fro over those vast regions, are innumerable, and they are increasing every year; and it is very interesting to us, as we sit by our quiet firesides at home on the winter evenings, to read of their adventures, and of the various means and contrivances which they resort to in the absence of all the usual comforts and conveniences of civilized life. At least, Bell, Stanley, and Dorie were much interested in looking at the drawings which their father made for them, and in hearing his explanations of them; and I hope the readers of the Story Books may be interested too, in perusing the conversations and looking at the engravings as they are reproduced here.

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THE ENGINEER.

CHAPTER I.

COMMISSIONS.

Colonel Markham's study.

The surveying instruments.

The work-shop.

THE name of the engineer was Colonel Markham. He lived in a beautiful house on the banks of the North River. He had a study in his house, with a large bow window in it, which looked out upon the river. He used to spend a great deal of time in this study when he was at home, reading books of mathematics and engineering, and drawing plans of the work that he had surveyed when he was away on his expeditions.

Colonel Markham had a great many curious instruments which he used in his surveying. These instruments he kept, when he was at home, in a large glass case, like a book-case, in his study. When he went away on his surveying expeditions he used to take many of them with him. Those that he thus took with him were always packed in nice mahogany boxes, made expressly for them. Each instrument fitted into its own box exactly.

Colonel Markham had a small shop in a sort of closet, with a large window in it, that opened out of his study. This little shop was very elegantly furnished, and the tools in it were very costly and very beautiful. There was a lathe in it. The lathe was of

The turning-lathe.

Stanley had a shop of his own.

Colonel Markham's business.

the most complete and highly-finished workmanship, and it was mounted on a mahogany bench. There was a lid to shut down over it when it was not in use, to keep the dust out. This shop and these tools the colonel used for making repairs and adjustments upon his instruments, and for other nice operations of the sort.

Stanley Markham, the colonel's son, would have liked very much to go into his father's shop, and to use those beautiful tools in making boats, and boxes, and cages for birds and squirrels ; but the tools were too valuable to be used by such a boy. Stanley was only about ten years old.

But, though Colonel Markham was not willing that Stanley should use his nice and costly tools, he provided him with a shop and tools of his own. Stanley's shop was in a corner of the shed. It was provided with saws, and planes, and other such tools suitable for a boy, and also with nails, and screws, and boards of various thicknesses, and other similar materials. There was also an abundant supply of wire, and nippers and pliers to cut and bend it with. This wire Stanley used for the purpose of making traps and cages for birds and squirrels.

Colonel Markham remained at home generally during the winter, or at least during some portion of the winter. In the summer he was out on surveying expeditions. Once, when he went to the Far West to survey the rail-road route across the prairies there, he went in the fall, and remained through the winter and nearly through the next summer.

When the colonel went away on this occasion, he asked the

The colonel's departure.

His return.

The bearskin, the bird, and the pictures.

"Yes, sir," said Bell, "I should like that very much indeed."

"Well," said the colonel, "I will see what I can do."

Just at this moment Patrick was seen approaching with the horse and carriage round to the front door, and at the same moment Dorie came running in from the kitchen with a piece of bread rolled up in a paper.

"Here, father," said she, "here's for the little bird."

The colonel took the parcel and put it carefully in his pocket, and then bidding them all good-by, he got into his carriage, and Patrick drove him away. His instruments were packed in two iron-bound chests, which, together with his trunk, were strapped on behind. Patrick, however, was not going very far. He was only going to take the colonel and his baggage down to the Hudson River Rail-road station.

It was September when the colonel left home on this expedition, and he did not return again until the following June.

When he came he brought a large black bearskin for Stanley, and a pretty little black and yellow bird for Dorie.

"And, Bell," said he, "I made some drawings for you, and I have got them in a portfolio in my trunk. I am going to show them to you by-and-by, and explain them to you. Or would you rather have them all now, without waiting for the explanations?"

"I would rather wait," said Bell, "and have them explained."

"And you must let me be there too," said Stanley, "to hear the explanations."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I will."

"And me too," said Dorie.

Explaining the pictures.Woodsmen building a raft.

CHAPTER II.

RIVER-CROSSING.

THE first picture which Colonel Markham showed to the children was a picture of men building a raft to cross a river.

In the foreground of the picture there were seen five men employed in building a raft. They had laid down one tier of logs in the water, and were now placing another tier crosswise over them. The logs were chiefly in the water, but one end of the raft rested on the shore, to prevent its floating away while they were building it. Two of the men were at work on the outer corner of the raft, lashing the logs together. One of them was standing in the water. The other was kneeling down upon the raft.

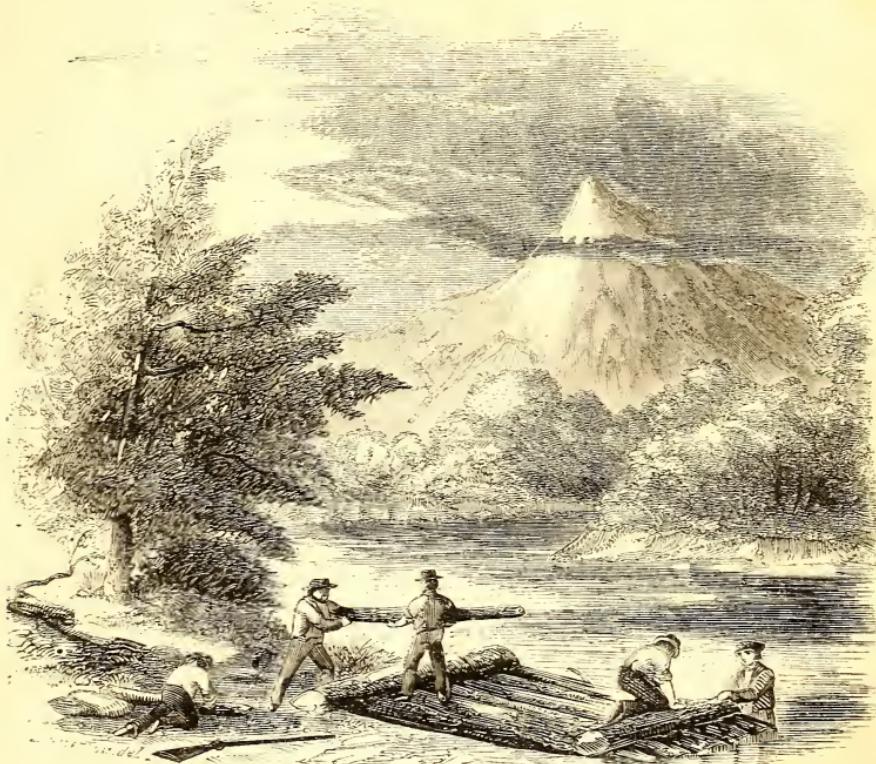
At the other corner of the raft two men were employed in bringing a new log to put across.

The fifth man was on the shore. He was employed in rolling another log along, so as to have it ready. A gun was lying down upon the ground by the side of him.

The scenery around was very pretty. The river was near, with beautiful copses of trees upon the banks of it. In the distance was a high, conical-shaped mountain. The summit of the mountain rose above the clouds.

The men had obtained the logs by felling trees in the woods that grew along the bank of a river. A part of the company were still in the woods felling more trees.

Raft-building on a Western river.



BUILDING A RAFT.

Here you see the picture, with the river, the men at work upon the raft, the woods on the shores, and the distant mountain.

The place where the rest of the company are at work getting more logs is on the left. They are far in the woods, and are entirely out of view.

What the children thought about the picture.

Swimming the river.

The children looked at the picture for some time in silence. The colonel always allowed them to look at the pictures first themselves before he began to explain them.

"Well, children, what do you observe?" said he, at length.

"I observe," said Dorie, "that there are some men and some logs. What are the men doing with the logs?"

"They are building a raft," said Stanley. "Don't you see?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "they are building a raft to cross a river. One of the greatest difficulties that we have to encounter in traveling about in a wild country is to get across the rivers and streams, because, you see, there are no roads and no bridges. Nor are there usually any boats. Sometimes there are Indians who have boats, but not often. So, if we can, we make rafts to float ourselves and our baggage across."

"Can't you *always* make rafts?" asked Stanley.

"No," said the colonel, "for sometimes there are no trees."

"And then what do you do?" asked Stanley.

"We swim if we can," said the colonel. "I have seldom had occasion to do that myself, but the emigrants and backwoodsmen very often do it. If there is a party, two or three of them swim over first. Then they drive their horses or oxen into the water, and compel them to swim over."

"I should not think they would go," said Stanley.

"They are often unwilling to go at first," said the colonel, "but the men drive them in, and if they turn round and come toward the shore again, the men drive them back with sticks and stones. After a while, one of them begins to see the people on the other

Various expedients for crossing rivers without a boat or raft.

shore who have already gone over, and as he finds he can not get back, he pushes on across the water, and then the rest follow him. Thus they all get over.

"But the greatest difficulty in such cases is about the baggage. If the men have a cart, they sometimes have the body of it made water-tight, and then they can use it for a boat to float the baggage over in. It is true that in this way they can only take over a little at a time, but by going several times they can get it all over. In such cases, if the stream is not very wide, they can draw the cart-body back and forth by means of ropes. To do this, part of the men stand on the farther side of the river, to draw it over with a load by means of one rope, and the rest stand on the hither side, to pull it back again by another, after it has been emptied. In this way, after a time, they get every thing ferried across.

"If any of the men can not swim, they have to be towed across," continued the colonel. "They get into the water, and take hold of the end of the cart, and when the cart is pulled over, they are drawn over too."

"But suppose they have not any cart," asked Bell, "what do they do then?"

"Then," replied her father, "they are obliged to resort to some other contrivance. One way is to shoot some large animal, such as a deer or a buffalo, and then make a sort of frame, and stretch his skin over it. This makes quite a good boat. The skin itself is water-tight, and the frame keeps it distended. Such a boat will carry a very considerable burden.

The canvas boat.

How to stop it from leaking.

Story of the sailors.

“ Sometimes, when no skins can be obtained to make a boat of, ingenious men have made them of canvas. They make a frame of poles and withes, and then stretch canvas over it. They make the canvas water-tight, or almost water-tight, by smearing it all over with tallow, or some other such substance impervious to water. By this means they get a sort of boat, which helps them very much in transporting their baggage and provisions, though it is not sufficient to carry men.

“ Once, though, I read a story of some sailors from a ship who went ashore in a boat, and while they were on the shore in a tent which they had pitched there, a party of savages came and stole their boat. At first the sailors were greatly at a loss to know what they should do, but finally they built a boat-frame of poles and basket-work, and covered it outside with the canvas of their tent. Then, to prevent the water from oozing through too fast, they plastered the inside of the boat all over with clay. They all got into this boat when it was finished, and put out to sea. The water came in a little through the clay, but not faster than they could bail it out. They were eighteen hours in this boat before they regained their ship.”

“ I never thought of clay,” said Stanley. “ The next time I get into a leaky boat, I mean to stop up the cracks with clay.”

“ Clay is very good for stopping water,” said the colonel. “ People use it to line the bottoms of artificial ponds with. If the bottom is formed of sand, the water soaks through into the ground.”

“ But sand is a better bottom to walk on,” said Stanley.

“ Yes,” said the colonel. “ that is true, and so people, after lining

The way to make artificial ponds.

Stanley's plan for a duck-pond.

Floats.

the bottom of the pond with a coating of clay, well pounded down to keep the water in, generally put a layer of sand over it for a covering. Thus they have a tight pond and a sandy bottom both."

"That's an excellent way," said Stanley. "I mean to make a little pond so some day for my ducks."

"That will be a very good plan," said the colonel; "but now about boats again. Boats made of basket-work, covered with canvas or skins, are usually not large enough to carry the men as well as the baggage. The men have to swim.

"When there are men that can not swim," continued the colonel, "they may be sometimes helped very much by means of floats put under their arms to buoy them up. Bladders make excellent floats; so do any of the other internal organs of animals that can be inflated. Sometimes the whole skins of small animals are used. They use such skins a great deal on the Tigris and Euphrates, in Asia, and have done so from time immemorial. In the old sculptures dug up at Nineveh, there are representations which were carved thousands of years ago, representing men swimming over rivers, with small inflated skins under them to buoy them up. They make rafts, too, at the present day, on the Tigris, with a row of inflated skins on each side, underneath. The skin is taken off from the animal as nearly whole as possible. Of course, the neck and the legs will be open. These are all tied up, however, but one leg, and through that the skin is inflated. Then that is tied up too.

"When the raft is made, the leg of each skin by which the skin is inflated is left out on the top of the raft, and I have seen it

The raft supported by an inflated skin.

Difficulty of inflating the float.

stated in books that when the air begins to get out of the skins, which the men know is the case by the raft settling down too much into the water, they can go all around and open the ends of these legs, and blow them all up ; but I should think that to do this would require pretty hard blowing."

"So should I," said Stanley.

"It would be much easier," said the colonel, "to inflate the skins when they are out of the water than when they are in it. This is obviously so, because, when a skin is below the surface of the water, it is pressed by the water on every side, so that, in blowing into it, you not only have to force the sides of the skin open, but you also have to force the water away which presses against the sides. You could try the experiment some time."

"But I have not got any skin to blow up," said Stanley.

"You could try it with a bladder," said the colonel.

"Yes," said Stanley, "so I could."

"Try it with a bladder," said the colonel, "the next time you go in a swimming. Put the bladder under a board, so as to keep it down beneath the surface, and then blow into it with a straw. Of course, you will let the neck of the bladder come up by the side of the board. You will find it much harder to inflate the bladder while it is beneath the surface of the water than it is while it is in the air.

"If the bladder were down deep in the water," continued the colonel, "the difficulty would be greater still, for the pressure increases very fast as you go down ; but you can not try the experiment in that form very well, for I don't see how you would man-

Colonel Markham's stories about adventures in crossing rivers.

age to keep the bladder down. Then, besides, you could not get a straw long enough to inflate it with."

"Well, now, father, tell us some more about getting across the rivers," said Stanley.

"At one time," said the colonel, "I had several rivers and streams to cross when I was making an examination of some country where I was going to locate a rail-road. I had two assistants with me, and we went on horseback. We had to go about ten miles and back the same day. There were several streams to cross, so we each took an India-rubber bag."

"What was that for?" asked Stanley.

"You will see," said the colonel. "We rode on across a great prairie, and at length, about ten o'clock, we came to the first stream. We all undressed ourselves on the bank, and put our clothes in our India-rubber bags. We tied the necks of our bags up tight, and then made a loop in the end of a long string, and after tying one end of the string to the neck of our bag, we put the loop over our arm and shoulder, so as that when we were swimming in the water the bag would come along behind us.

"When we were all ready, we drove our horses into the water, and then came in ourselves after them, taking hold of their long tails with our hands. The horses did not like to go very well, but we whipped them a little with sticks, and made them go, and if they attempted to turn round, we spattered water in their faces, and made them keep on."

Stanley laughed aloud at this comical way of getting across a river, and even Bell seemed quite amused with it.

How the travelers make water-proof bundles.

Raft-building.

"So the horses went on," continued the colonel, "drawing us by their tails, and we drawing our clothes-bags. When we got across, we opened our bags, took out our clothes, and dressed ourselves, and so went on."

"What would you have done if you had not had any India-rubber bags?" asked Stanley.

"Sometimes," said the colonel, "we take cotton cloth and wax it, and that answers almost as well, especially if we roll up our clothes in it over and over quite tight, and so as to have several thicknesses of cloth over the bundle. Then we cord up the bundle with twine, and scarcely a drop of water can get through. We generally have cotton cloth in the camp. If not, we can take some sort of cotton garment, and use that for the purpose."

"And how do you get the wax?" asked Bell.

"Oh, we can get wax enough in the backwoods," said the colonel. "There are plenty of bees. They make their honey in hollow trees, and the hunters cut the trees down and get it; and they can save as much wax as they want."

"Well," said Stanley, after drawing a very long breath, "that is a funny way of getting across a river; but, for my part, I would much rather go in a boat or on a raft."

"Yes," said his father, "it is much more comfortable to go on a raft even; but it takes some time, and it requires some skill to make a good raft. A raft not made well is very apt to come to pieces."

"Yes," said Stanley. "All our rafts that we boys make are almost always coming to pieces."

Difference between nailing and lashing the logs.

"I suppose so," said the colonel.

"Even if we nail the boards together," said Stanley, "they still come to pieces."

"True," said the colonel. "The motion of the water works the joints of the raft so much that the nails soon get loose and come out. In the woods we generally *lash* the parts together with some sort of cord or line. We first notch the logs at the parts where they are to come together, so as to make them fit each other, and then we lash them at the joints. Lashing is much better than nailing, for it *gives* a little."

"Gives?" said Stanley; "but you don't want it to give: you want it to hold."

"Yes," replied the colonel, "that is true; but the lashing gives a little to hold the more. That is the reason why they use ropes for rigging at sea instead of a frame of wood or iron. The ropes give a little in the beginning, but hold the more in the end. We may learn a useful lesson from that in respect to the conduct of life."

"What lesson?" asked Stanley.

"I can not stop to explain it to you now," said the colonel, "but I will do so at some future time, when I have a good opportunity. And now I can not talk with you any more. Make believe that Dorie is your horse, and that you are making him swim across a river, and so drive her out of the room."

Stanley accordingly drove Dorie out of the room, leaving Bell alone in the study with her father. The colonel was very willing that Bell should remain, because she was always so quiet and still.

Bell's drawing lesson.

The selection of presents.

Indeed, Bell had a desk near one of the windows in the study, and she now went to her desk, taking with her the drawing which her father had made for her of the men building the raft, and set herself at work to copy it.

CHAPTER III.

THE LESSON OF THE RAFT.

COLONEL MARKHAM had a good opportunity very soon to explain to the children the lesson of giving a little to hold the more, which had been suggested to him by the practice adopted by the backwoodsmen in building their rafts, of lashing the parts together instead of nailing them. The case was this:

On the day after the conversation narrated in the last chapter, the colonel had occasion to go to New York. He returned in the evening, bringing some presents for the children. He brought a pretty story-book for Bell, and also one for Stanley. He very seldom brought books for Dorie, for she could not read. Dorie would have liked books as well as the other children, for she liked to look at the pictures ; but her father and mother thought that she would be more interested in learning to read, if she understood that books were only to be given to those who knew how to use them. She had one or two books containing pictures and easy reading, and her father had promised her that, as soon as she could read the books that she had, he would not fail to give her more. In the mean time, when he brought the other children books, he brought Dorie playthings.

Dorie's plaything.

The jingling snake.

Playing prisoner.

I do not think it quite certain that Colonel Markham was right in this policy. It is not at all impossible that the present possession of books might have excited Dorie's ambition to learn to read them even more than the hope of obtaining them at some future time.

However this may be, the colonel usually brought Dorie some sort of plaything when he came back from New York, and on this occasion the plaything that he brought her was a small iron chain about four feet long. It was of the kind that may be found at almost all the hardware stores under the name of jack-chain. Dorie had had such a chain before, and she found it an excellent plaything. In the first place, she liked very much to jingle it about, and to draw it to and fro over the floor, waving her hand so as to make it twist and twirl like a serpent. She called it her jingling snake. She could use it in a great many other ways. Sometimes she would chain up Bell or Stanley with it, pretending that they were lions or bears. Sometimes her father would play with the chain with her. He would pretend that she was a criminal caught in a robbery, and would drag her off, apparently in a very rough manner, and chain her to a post in the yard. As soon as he turned to go away, she would unhook the chain and escape, shouting with laughter. Then he would come back to look for his prisoner, and pretend to be exceedingly astonished to find that she had gone. Indeed, such a chain as this is one of the best playthings that a child of five years old or under can possibly have. The hook is made in the end of it by just opening the last link a little with a pair of pliers.

How Dorie spoiled her first chain.

Bell shows her book to Dorie.

Dorie spoiled her first chain by leaving it out in the grass one day, and forgetting it, so that it lay there a week. During this time there came a rain upon it, and so, when Dorie found it again, it was all rusted and spoiled. Stanley scoured it for her afterward as well as he could, by rubbing it with his foot on a sandy place on the ground, and then washing it, but he could not make it bright as it was before.

Dorie was very much pleased with the new chain, but after she had played with it a little while she put it down, and came to Bell, who was sitting in the study, and asked to see her book.

“Well,” said Bell, “come and stand by me, and I will show it to you.”

Dorie stood a moment by her sister’s side, and looked at the pictures in the book, and then she wanted to take the book in her hand.

“Well,” said Bell, “go and get your little chair, and sit down by me, and I will let you take it. I am willing to have you take my books in your hand because you are so careful. You turn over the leaves very gently, and you give the book back to me so quick when I ask for it.”

Dorie was much pleased with this commendation, and when she had brought her chair, and taken the book, and sat down to look at it, she turned over the leaves more gently and carefully than ever, in order to sustain the excellent character which Bell had given her. It was very natural that she should do so.

Bell was desiring all this time to read her book herself, but she knew very well that Dorie would be satisfied with looking at it a

When Dorie asked to see Stanley's book, he refused.

very few minutes, and so she was perfectly contented to wait. Dorie turned over the leaves and looked at the pictures. Bell sat still all the time, watching Dorie, without, however, seeming to do so, and allowing her to take her own time, and to turn over the leaves in her own way. She very soon got through the book, and then, giving it back to Bell, she rose from her chair and went away. She wanted now to see Stanley's book.

Stanley was in the parlor, and so Dorie went into the parlor to find him.

Stanley was not willing to let Dorie take his book.

"No," said he, "Dorie, it will not do. I can not let you have it. Father always wishes me to be very particular about my books, and if I let you take this you will tumble it."

"Oh no," said Dorie, "I will be very particular. Bell let me see hers, and you must let me see yours."

"No," said Stanley, "you must not have it."

So saying, Stanley held the book high above his head, while Dorie stood up on tiptoe and tried to reach it, saying, at the same time, "Give it to me, Stanley;" but Stanley would not give it to her, and very soon Dorie went away mourning and complaining. She soon determined that, since she could not obtain the book by any open means, she would get it by stratagem. Accordingly, she sauntered about carelessly, as if she had given up all thoughts of the book, and then, watching her opportunity, when Stanley had resumed his reading, she snatched it out of his hands and ran away.

She had previously taken the precaution to open the door, so that she had free course out into the yard and garden. Stanley,

The contest.The children appeal to their father.

of course, sprang up and ran after her, calling out to her in a loud and angry manner to stop and give him back his book. But Dorie would not stop. Stanley overtook her just after she had entered the garden-gate. Dorie clapped the book under her arm, and held it there very tight. Stanley proceeded to take it away from her by force. He soon succeeded, of course, though in the struggle the book was considerably tumbled.

Stanley went back mournfully into the house, looking at the leaves of his book as he went, and declaring that he should go directly and complain to his father.

Colonel Markham was in his little shop. He had been there all the time when Bell had shown Dorie her book, and had heard the conversation which took place then, but he knew nothing in respect to the difficulty between Dorie and Stanley until Stanley came to tell him.

When Stanley went in to carry his complaint to his father, Dorie followed him timidly to hear what he would say.

"Father," said he, holding out his book, "see what Dorie has been doing to my book."

"Oh, Stanley," said Dorie, "I did not do it. You did it yourself taking it away from me. *I* did not hurt it at all."

Colonel Markham inquired into the particulars of the case, and Stanley explained them. The colonel, however, instead of looking displeased and troubled, as both Stanley and Dorie had expected, seemed to appear rather gratified.

"Yes," said he, "I understand it. I am very glad it happened. It is just what I wanted."

Colonel Markham's decision.Compensation.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Stanley.

"I don't mean that I am glad that your book has got tumbled," said his father, "but I am glad that the incident has happened. You will see by-and-by."

Colonel Markham then proceeded to explain to Dorie that she did wrong in attempting to take away the book from Stanley without his consent. "You see," said he, "the book was his property, and the rule of right is that every person is to have the entire control and disposal of his own property, without being molested or disturbed in it by any body. It would have been kind in Stanley to have let you have his book a few minutes, but whether he would do so or not was for him to decide, not you. It was his property, and he had a perfect right to refuse to let you have it, if he chose to do so. In taking it away from him without his consent you did wrong, and I think you are responsible for all the damage that was done in consequence of it."

Dorie hung her head and did not reply. A moment afterward she looked up again timidly, as if to see what her father was going to do about it.

"I think," continued the colonel, "that you ought to have some punishment for doing so. Perhaps the best punishment would be for you to give Stanley something of yours, to compensate him for the damage done to his book."

"Well," said Dorie, "only I don't know what to give him, unless I give him my chain."

So saying, Dorie looked down upon her chain, which she happened to have then in her hand.

How to smooth a tumbled book.

What will not yield must often break.

“That would be too much,” said Stanley.

“I might let him have it to play with a little while,” said Dorie, “if that would do.”

“Well,” said her father, “I think that would do very well. You might let him have the chain to play with long enough to compensate him for the damage. In the mean time, I will dampen the tumbled leaves of the book by holding them over steam, and then put the book in press, and that will smooth them out again almost as they were before.”

This arrangement was finally agreed upon, and then Colonel Markham proceeded to explain to the children why he had said that he was glad that the difficulty had occurred.

“The reason is,” said he, “that it gives me an excellent opportunity of teaching you the lesson which I said was to be learned from raft-building, in respect to giving a little at the beginning in order to secure a more sure and certain hold in the end. If the parts of the raft are nailed together, the fastening is perfectly unyielding and rigid. It will not willingly give way in the least; and if by any strain or concussion it is forced to give way, it can not recover itself. It is so far broken, and then, when the next concussion comes, it is broken more. It breaks because it will not yield.

“On the other hand, if the fastenings are made by lashing the parts together, the cords or lashings, whatever they are, will *give* a little when the strain or concussion comes, and then recover themselves by their elasticity, and bring back every thing as it was before. That is the way that Bell did in respect to her book.

Tenacity and gentleness. That which is one's fault is sometimes another's misfortune.

The urgency of Dorie's desire to see her book might be considered as a sort of concussion. Her kindness and gentleness of spirit was like the elasticity of the rope. She yielded a little, while yet she retained her hold in respect to the final end in view—that is, the taking care of her book. She did not lose sight of this, but held to it firmly. She was yielding in respect to the means, but tenacious in regard to the end.

"*Your* mode of managing, on the other hand," continued the colonel, "was like the holding of nails in a raft. They will not yield at all, and so they are worked loose, and the raft comes to pieces. You would not yield at all. You held your book high above Dorie's head, and would not let her look at it. Thus you made a difficulty which ended in your book being damaged. Bell yielded a little to Dorie's urgency, and then recovered herself, and so saved her book. You resisted it stiffly, and lost yours."

"But, father," said Stanley, "it seems to me that was her fault, and not mine."

"True," said his father, "it was her fault just as it is the fault of the winds and the waves that the raft is broken to pieces when the fastenings are wrong. But winds and waves will be violent, and the people that we have to do with in the conduct of life will act wrong; and the part of a wise man is so to regulate his conduct that he can go on safely and accomplish his purposes, notwithstanding the wrong-doing of others, just as the backwoodsman or the sailor must learn to make his raft, so that it shall go safely notwithstanding the violence of the currents and the rude concussions of the waves; and one important principle in doing

Stanley's resolve.

Substitutes for rope.

Withes.

this is that we should not be too stiff and inflexible in our bearing, but that we should yield in little things for the sake of better securing the great ends we have in view."

"Yes, father," said Stanley, "I believe I understand it; and the next time I'll let Dorie see my book."

"That's right," said the colonel; "and the next time you make a raft, I advise you to try lashing the parts together instead of nailing them. Take two long poles for the sides, and two shorter ones for the ends, and lash them at the crossings; then lay boards on, and lash the boards to the poles. This you can easily do if you bore holes in the boards at the proper places."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Stanley.

"You can use any sort of cord or string that you can find," said the colonel. "In the woods they employ a variety of materials for this purpose, because, you see, they do not always have ropes to spare. Sometimes they use *withes*. Withes make very good lashings, though it requires some skill to put them on well and strong."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I have seen the farmers use withes in building fences. They tie the stakes together with them. I have tried to do it myself, but I never could."

"It requires some skill and some strength," said the colonel. "Withes must be put on, too, when they are green, and when they are once put on they must be suffered to remain, for in drying they become stiff and brittle. You can not use them over and over again, as you can a rope. Still, they hold very well so long as they remain in the position in which they are first placed. In

The elm-tree roots.

Bark for lashings.

Another picture.

the water, too, I suppose they would remain supple and tough a long time.

"Besides withes," continued the colonel, "the *roots* of some trees answer very well for binding and lashing. There is the elm, for example, which has very long and slender roots. When I was a boy, we used to get them out for whip-lashes."

"How could you get them out of the ground?" asked Stanley.

"Why, the trees grew on the shore of a river," said the colonel, "and as the current washed away the bank, the roots were left dangling in the water. We used to climb down and cut off the longest ones that we could find. We cut them off with our jack-knives."

"That was a good way," said Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel; "and such long roots answer very well for binding and lashing; but what travelers use most for lashing rafts is the bark of trees, which they pull off in long strips."

"I should not suppose that bark would answer at all," said Stanley.

"It is only certain kinds of trees that have the right sort of bark," said the colonel. "And, now I think of it, I have another picture of making a raft, which shows the people stripping off the bark from the logs they are making it of, in order to use it for lashings."

So saying, the colonel went to his portfolio, and after looking over the pictures there, selected the one which he had referred to, and laid it down before the children so that they could see it.

Description of the picture of men preparing lashings.



BARK FOR LASHINGS.

"Here it is," said he. "The men are bringing the logs out of the woods. They have already brought several of them, and have thrown them down at the margin of the water. A little to the left, we see a man on the shore stripping the bark off from one of the logs. The bark seems to be very fibrous and tough, and very well suited to the purpose of lashing.

"In the distance, we see in the woods a man at work with an axe cutting down another tree."

Different kinds of bark.

Raw-hide lashings.

The broken gunstock.

The children looked at the picture very attentively, and especially at that part of it which represented the man at work stripping off the bark from the log.

"Some kinds of bark are brittle," said the colonel; "others are fibrous and flexible. Fibrous means stringy. This bark, you see, is fibrous, and the fibres run lengthwise of the stem of the tree. They are very strong, too, and so make excellent strings."

"Besides the bark of trees," said the colonel, "savages and backwoodsmen use thongs made of the hides of animals for lashings. Thongs make excellent lashings, they are so strong. We sometimes use them for mending broken things. If an axle-tree of a cart is broken, or a gunstock, we mend it by winding thongs of raw-hide round and round the broken place; or a piece of hide with the hair scraped off can be fastened round the broken thing. Once I knew a hunter who broke his gunstock all to pieces banging it against a tree in killing a bear. He put the pieces all carefully together again, and slipped a part of the skin of the leg of a buffalo over it. He had first softened the skin and scraped all the hair off. He also chose a part of the leg where the hide was just large enough to fit the gunstock, and drew it on tight, as you would draw on a stocking. The hide shrunk, of course, in drying, and it bound the parts together so as to make the gunstock almost as good as new."

"That was a good way," said Stanley.

"Yes," replied the colonel, "it was an excellent way. And now I can not talk with you any more at present."

So saying, the colonel resumed his work upon his instruments,

Stanley's game of the tame lion.

and Stanley and Dorie went away. As they went, Dorie said that she would lend Stanley her chain, to punish herself for running away with his book, any time he pleased to take it.

"Well," said Stanley, "I'll take it now; only you must play with me."

So Stanley made believe that he was a lion, and he began to call upon Dorie to chain him.

"I am your lion," said he, "your tame lion; but I begin to feel ferocious. You had better chain me up."

So saying, he began to growl and to prance about in a very alarming manner.

Dorie immediately seized him, and began to put the chain round his ankle, but Stanley went on growling, and bounding about, and pawing at Dorie with his claws, so that it was quite difficult for her to secure him. Dorie, however, at length succeeded, by speaking to him in a very authoritative manner, and striking him with her handkerchief, in subduing his ferocity so far as to get the chain secured round his ankle. She then led him off triumphantly toward the garden gate, and fastened him there to the post. She then said that she would go into the house and get him something to eat, and she went away and left him there, rolling about upon the grass and growling in a very terrific manner.

When she came back the lion had got away, and was prowling about in the garden and growling. Dorie ran to catch him again, and after some difficulty she succeeded in bringing him back, and chaining him to the post once more. She then fed him with a piece of bread which she had brought for the purpose. As soon

The end of the game.Good-natured punishments.

as Stanley had eaten the bread he ceased growling, and, resuming his natural tone of voice, he said, "There, Dorie, don't you think you have been punished enough?"

"A little more," said Dorie, in an entreating tone.

So Stanley went on playing lion a little longer, and got Dorie into a great frolic. At last they both concluded that the punishment had been carried far enough, and Dorie took her chain again and put it in her pocket.

It may seem strange that such play as this between Dorie and her brother should be considered as punishment in any sense whatever. And yet it did really serve as punishment, and it answered the purpose not at all the less efficiently on account of its pleasing and amusing Dorie instead of putting her to pain. It served just as well to fix and make permanent in her mind the impression that in carrying off her brother's book she had violated the rights of property and done wrong, as if she had been shut up in a closet for the offense, or sent to bed in sorrow and tears half an hour before the accustomed time.

Colonel Markham often resorted to such punishments as these. He called them good-natured punishments. He liked them very much for three reasons: first, they saved him and Mrs. Markham a great deal of pain; for, whenever any painful punishments were inflicted on the children, they pained him and their mother more even than they did the children; then, besides, they saved the *children* pain; and, lastly, in many cases they were more efficacious than any other plan that could be adopted in producing the intended effect.

Inadvertent offenses.

The picture of the great encampment.

I ought, however, to say, that such play punishments as these will only answer for slight faults, committed through mere inadvertence or thoughtlessness, and without any evil intent. Offenses which result from a deliberate and determined intention to do wrong, or from a disobedient and rebellious spirit of mind, must be managed in a very different manner; but then children who are well brought up from the beginning will seldom fall into faults of this serious character.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

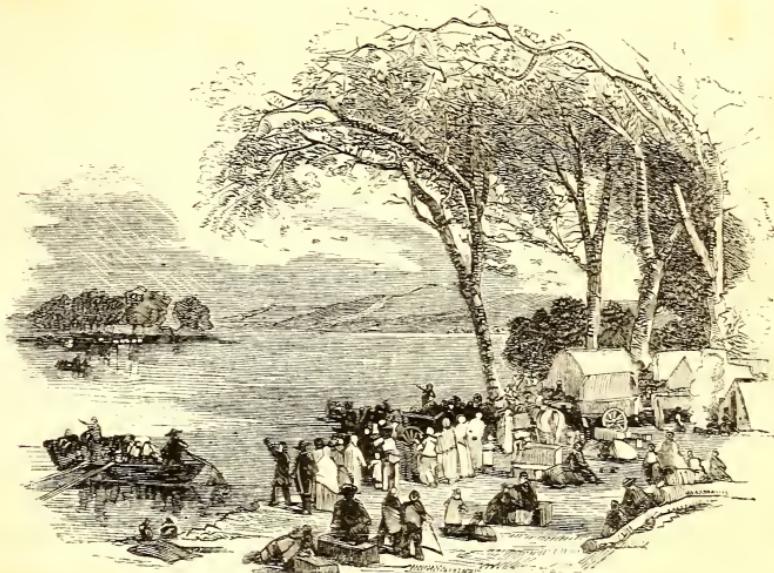
“THE picture which I am going to show you this evening,” said the colonel, as he opened his portfolio one evening, a few days after the occurrences described in the last chapter, “is a picture of a great encampment. It is an encampment of a large company of emigrants on the banks of a river. Indeed, I am going to show you two pictures to-night: one represents the company encamping on the shores of a river, and in the other we see them in a march across the plains.

These great companies are formed of emigrants going to settle on the new lands in the western country. I have often seen them in the course of my travels. The picture which I am going to show you first represents a company that I saw last summer.”

So saying, the colonel took the picture out of the portfolio and laid it upon the table before the children.

“You see it is a very large encampment,” said the colonel.

The emigrants about to cross the river.



THE ENCAMPMENT.

"There are a great many men, women, and children to be seen in the foreground, standing on the bank of the river. In the rear, to the right, we see some of the wagons. They are covered with canvas. Near them are several people sitting round a fire at the door of a tent.

"The expedition is about crossing the river. They have a large boat."

"Where did they get that boat?" asked Stanley.

"Perhaps they brought it with them," replied the colonel.
"When the expedition is large, they sometimes bring a boat or

Transporting the boats.Wooden, copper, and India-rubber boats.

two with them. A pretty good-sized boat can be slung under two pair of cart-wheels, so as to be brought along very easily, or it may be placed on the top of the load in one of the wagons. In such a case, they place it bottom upward, and thus it forms a sort of roof, and helps to shelter the goods underneath it from the rain.

"These boats are sometimes made of wood and sometimes of copper. There is a kind also made of India-rubber cloth."

"Which are the best?" asked Stanley.

"It is difficult to say," replied the colonel. "They all have their peculiar advantages. A wooden boat can be repaired if there are carpenters in the company, no matter how much it gets broken or damaged. But then it is comparatively heavy and clumsy, and it is very apt to get leaky by being carted over the land in the sun. The copper boats, on the other hand, though more difficult to make, requiring expensive machinery, are lighter, for copper is more tenacious than wood, and copper boats can be made much thinner than wooden ones. Then, again, if they are thrown against a rock in going down a rapid river, the sides bend but do not break, and the boat can easily be restored to its shape again by blows of a hammer. India-rubber boats are more portable, for they can be folded up and put in the bottom of a wagon.

"I rather think," said the colonel, "that the boats in this picture were not brought with the emigrants, but were made by them on the bank of the river."

"Have they got two boats?" asked Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel; "one has just left the bank of the

Halting to build boats.

Emigrant children.

river with a load of emigrants in it. The other is almost across the river."

So saying, the colonel pointed to the small boat which you see in the picture, in the distance, to the left. You can see also in the picture, beyond the small boat, a point on the other side of the river covered with trees, where the boats are going to land. Some of the party have been already conveyed across. We see them on the shore.

"What makes you think, father, that they built these boats?" asked Stanley.

"Because," said his father, "they look too large to be brought across the country. Besides, in so large a party of emigrants as this, they usually have a number of carpenters, blacksmiths, and other mechanics, and are abundantly supplied with all necessary tools, so that they can build boats very well by stopping a few days for the purpose, and a halt rests and refreshes the men and the animals very much."

"And the women and children too, I should think," said Bell.

"Yes," said her father, "and the women and children too. But then the women and children do not need to rest so much, for they usually ride in the wagons, while the men walk."

"I can see some children," said Dorie, "in the camp."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I can see two, a boy and a girl. The girl is sitting down, and the boy is standing by the side of her. I should like to be there with them, it is such a pleasant place."

"I should like to be there too," said Dorie, "only I should not like to go across that wide river in such a loaded boat."

Settling in the West.

Camping out.

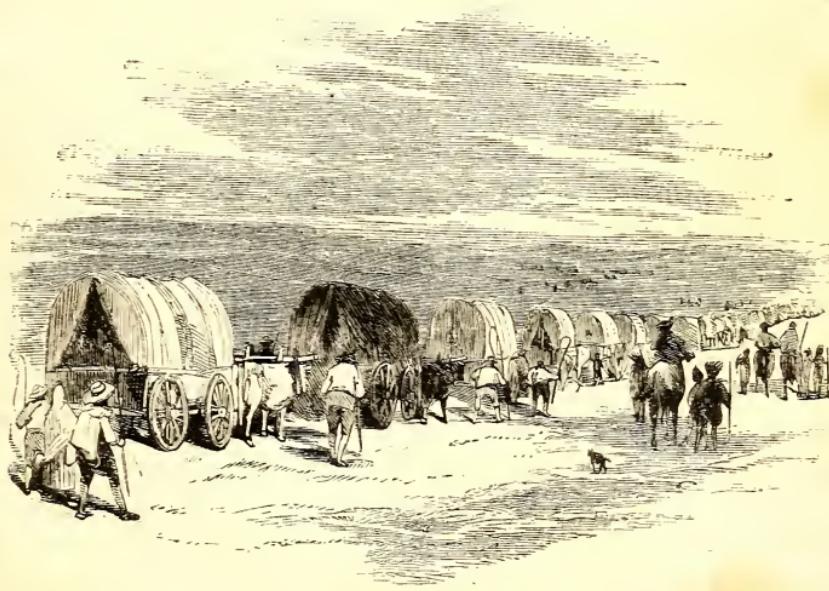
The processions.

"The great companies of emigrants that traverse the Western country in this way," resumed the colonel, "come sometimes from the Eastern states, and sometimes they come across the Atlantic from different countries in Europe. They band together—a great number of families in one expedition. They do this so as to protect each other better from wild beasts or from Indians, and to help each other along. Sometimes they continue their journey very far to the West, in order to find a place where land is cheap, and where they can buy a large number of farms in one tract. They go by the rail-roads till they get as far west as the rail-roads go. Then they buy wagons and oxen, and pack all their goods and baggage in the wagons, and set off across the country. They encamp at night in any sheltered place they can find. A grove of trees makes an excellent shelter. If there are no trees, perhaps they can find high rocks which will keep off the wind. If they have no better shelter, they get under their wagons, and pile up their baggage on the side toward the wind. Sometimes they carry tents with them. If the night is warm and pleasant, they often need scarcely any shelter at all, especially for the men. They lie down any where, with a bag, or a saddle, or a bundle, or almost any thing else for a pillow.

"When they come to a wide river, they usually encamp upon it for two or three days, to rest the party and to provide the means of going across. After they get across, they yoke the oxen, and load up the wagons, and set out on their journey through the country in a long train. I have got another drawing here to show you how the train looks."

The train of emigrants upon the prairie.

So saying, Colonel Markham took out another drawing from his portfolio, and laid it down upon the table. Here it is. It represents a long train of wagons advancing in a continuous line across an open prairie. The wagons are drawn by oxen, harnessed with yokes of a very simple construction. The men are seen walking by the side of the oxen. There are some persons on horseback to accompany the train.



THE WAGON-TRAIN.

The children gazed at the long train for some moments in silence. Stanley then undertook to count the wagons, but he did not succeed. He counted nine, but could not go any farther.

Traveling without roads.

Trails.

Mending the trail.

"Oh, there's a little dog," said Dorie.

So saying, she pointed to a little dog that you see in the picture near the foreground.

"There is one woman walking," said Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel, "the women sometimes walk a little while when they get tired of sitting in the wagons, but generally they ride."

"But, father," said Stanley, "I thought you told us there were not any roads in these countries. How can they get along with oxen and wagons without any roads?"

"In a great many places there are no roads," said the colonel, "and there are never any bridges across the streams. Strictly speaking, indeed, there are no roads any where. There is only what is called a trail. These trails are originally paths made by the Indians, or by wild beasts in going to and from the places where they find water. There are a great many of these trails in all parts of the country, and the hunters, and travelers, and the great emigrant trains naturally fall into them. The principal trails gradually get worn into some semblance of a road, but still the trains find a great many very bad places in them."

"And what do they do when they come to the bad places?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, they mend them up as well as they can," said the colonel, "and then go on. If the place is miry, they throw in bushes, and fagots of sticks, or bundles of grass, till they make it hard enough to go over. If it is stony, they throw the stones out of the way. If they come to a stream that is narrow and not deep,

Hunting parties.

Bear's meat.

The buffaloes.

they drive through it. If the banks are too steep for the wagons to go up and down, they dig them away till they make a gradual descent and ascent, unless, indeed, some other train has been that way before, and has performed the work for them. If the river, at the place where they come to it, is too deep to be forded, they follow up the bank till they come to a place where it is more shallow. They are usually guided to such a place by the trail made by parties that have passed that way before.

"They have to take a guide, too, to show them the way, for they very often come to branch trails leading off in various directions. Sometimes they send out parties to shoot animals that are good to eat, such as deer, bears, buffaloes, and wild turkeys."

"Are bears good to eat?" asked Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel. "I had a nice supper from the bear that your bearskin belonged to. I will tell you about it some day. But bears are not as common as deer and buffaloes. Buffaloes are found in immense herds. Here is a small herd of them in this picture of the wagon-train. They look very small because they are so far off."

So saying, Colonel Markham pointed to the herd of buffaloes that you see in the distance, in the picture of the wagon-train.

"I see some men," said the colonel, "going off toward them. I expect they are going to try to shoot some of them. If they can, they will carry the meat to the next camp, and cook it for the supper of the company. They cook it over their camp-fires. They have plenty of kettles, and spits, and gridirons, which they have brought with them in their wagons."

Sickness among the emigrants causes great suffering.

"I should think they would have an excellent good time," said Stanley. "I should like to go emigrating very much."

"They do have a very good time," said the colonel, "when they are all well, and the weather is pleasant, and they have plenty to eat and drink, and every thing goes prosperously with them. But sometimes these companies suffer dreadfully from fatigue, exposure, sickness, and famine. The cholera breaks out among them sometimes, or some other epidemical and fatal disease, and, at length, if a great many get sick, the caravan is compelled to travel so slowly that the provisions get spent, and then they are reduced to the greatest possible distress. There are some routes, such as those leading to Oregon and California, which are traveled by great numbers of caravans, following each other in succession, all summer long; and sometimes, especially when the season is very dry, the grass becomes exhausted, and the water dries up in many places, so that the cattle starve or die of thirst, and then, if the people themselves are attacked with cholera, their sufferings are terrible. Those who die can not rest in peace even in their graves."

"Why not?" asked Stanley.

"The wolves come at night, as soon as the caravan has gone on," replied the colonel, "and dig up the graves in order to get out the bodies and devour them."

"Dreadful!" said Bell.

"They ought to bury them deeper," said Stanley.

"They do bury them deep," said Colonel Markham, "and they resort to all sorts of contrivances to prevent the wolves from getting them. They pile stones or logs over the place, and try va-

Wolves.

Graves in the wilderness.

The coffin of barrels.

rious other modes of protecting it. A traveler who had followed one of these routes a few summers ago, a short time after the great caravans had passed, told me, that for many miles he found graves in great numbers that had been dug up by the wolves, and the bodies torn out and eaten. The clothing and the bones were scattered all around. Many of these graves had boards set up at the head of them instead of stones, with short inscriptions on them, some of which stated that the person had died of cholera."

"Could not they get grave-stones?" asked Dorie.

"No," said the colonel, "not very well. It would have taken too much time. Some of the graves were very deep. There was one which had a pen of logs built round it, to keep the wolves away. The logs were heavy, so that the wolves could not move them, but they dug down at the side and undermined them, and so got the body, though they had to go down five feet to reach it. There was another where the body had been put into two barrels. The head and shoulders had been put into one barrel, and then another had been placed over the feet in such a manner that, when the edges of the two barrels were brought together in the centre, the body was wholly inclosed."

"I understand," said Stanley; "it made a sort of coffin."

"Yes," said the colonel. "They had not time to make a coffin of boards, and probably they had no boards that they could spare. But these barrels had perhaps contained flour, and had been emptied, or nearly emptied, by the flour having been used."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I suppose that was the way. I think it was a very good contrivance."

Ingenious protection.

Suffering from thirst.

The bear.

"But it was not effectual," said the colonel. "The wolves gnawed through the barrels and tore the body out."

"The horrid monsters!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Yes, they are horrid monsters indeed," said the colonel. "There is, however, one way of protecting a grave from them, and that is, to make it very wide, and then, in filling it up, to throw in, with the earth, a great quantity of thorns, or briars, or prickly pears. Then the wolves can not dig, for the thorns and briars tear the skin and flesh of their faces as soon as they begin, and force them to desist."

"Companies of emigrants," continued the colonel, "often suffer dreadfully from thirst. They usually take provisions with them, but water they expect to find on the way, and when it fails them they suffer extremely. On the whole, it is a very serious undertaking to make a journey of a thousand miles or more across a desolate and uninhabited country, or one inhabited only by wild savages."

"Tell us something about the savages, father," said Stanley.

"I will do that some other time," said his father. "I have a drawing somewhere which represents a party of Indians. But now no more to-day."

CHAPTER V.

THE BEAR.

WHEN Stanley received the bearskin which his father brought home to him he was very greatly pleased, and he formed quite a

Stanley's plan for a sofa.

Other uses for the bearskin.

number of plans in respect to the disposition that he should make of it.

"I have a great mind, mother," said he to his mother, one day, "to make a sofa covering of it."

"Well," said his mother, "I think that would be *one* very good plan."

"I can make the frame myself," continued Stanley, "in my shop, and then spread the bearskin all over it, and nail it down. The sofa need not be very long—just long enough for me and Bell to sit on together, or for me and Dorie."

"Dorie and me," said Mrs. Markham, correcting Stanley's phraseology. He was very apt to mistake, in this way, the proper order of precedence when speaking of himself and another person.

"Yes, Dorie and me," said Stanley. "I think it would be a handsome little sofa to keep in the parlor."

"That is one very good plan," repeated his mother. "Now think of some more. Think of as many as you can, and then choose the best one."

"I might make a rug of it," said Stanley, "to spread down before the fire in the winter evenings. Then I could lie down on it and warm my feet."

"Yes," said his mother, "that is another excellent plan."

"Or I might make a sleigh-robe of it," continued Stanley. "I could have my name painted on the back of it, in black letters, so as to mark it as mine; and then, in the winter, when I go to take a sleigh-ride, I could spread it over my lap and around my feet, to keep my feet warm."

How to use a bearskin.

"That's an excellent plan too," said Stanley's mother. "Indeed," said she, "I think you might use it for all those purposes, provided only that you don't nail it to your sofa. You might have the skin cut square, and lined with some suitable stuff, and then keep it in that form to use in any way you please. You might make a wooden bench for a sofa, and spread the skin over it when you wished to use it in that way. Perhaps you could contrive some mode of tying it at the corners, to keep it from slipping off. Then, when you wished to use it for any other purpose, you could untie the strings and take it off. When you go out to ride in the winter, you could use it as a sleigh-robe. When you go a coasting, you could fold it up square, and make a cushion of it to put upon your sled. In the evening, when you come home, you can spread it down upon the carpet before the fire, and lie down upon it, or you can spread it down in a corner of the room, and you and Dorie can make believe that it is your camp."

Stanley was greatly pleased with his mother's suggestions, and he determined to adopt her plan. He accordingly took the skin to a saddle and harness maker who worked in the neighborhood, and had it trimmed square and lined, and then bound neatly around the edges; and in the course of the fall and winter following he used it a great deal in all the different ways that his mother had suggested, and in many others.

One cool evening in September, Stanley and Dorie were playing with the bearskin in the back parlor, when Bell came to call them into the study, saying that her father was going to show them another picture.

The story of the bear.Who killed him ?

“ Well,” said Dorie, “ wait till I unchain my bear.”

Stanley had wrapped himself up in the bearskin, and was pretending that he was a bear, and Dorie had chained him to one of the legs of the sofa. She, however, immediately released him at Bell’s call; and, after putting the bearskin and the chain away, all three of the children went into the study.

Stanley asked his father if he would not that evening tell them the story about how he killed the bear.

“ I did not kill him myself,” said Colonel Markham, “ and I don’t believe that you can find out in six guessings who did kill him.”

“ One of your men ?” said Stanley.

“ No,” said the colonel.

“ Some hunter in the woods ?” said Bell.

“ No,” said the colonel.

“ Oh, I know,” said Stanley; “ the Indians ?”

“ No,” replied the colonel, “ it was not the Indians.”

“ Was it another bear ?” asked Bell.

“ No,” said the colonel, “ but you are coming nearer to it.”

“ The wolves !” exclaimed Stanley, eagerly; “ the wolves !”

“ No,” said the colonel, “ it was not the wolves.”

The children could not think of any more suppositions to make, and so they gave up. Colonel Markham then told them that the bear killed himself, and he then proceeded to explain to them how it was done.

“ In the first place,” said the colonel, “ I will show you a drawing of the place. I made a sketch of it at the time. It was at

The log across the stream.

The spring-gun.



THE LOG.

a place where a large log was lying across a mountain stream. The bed of the stream was very rough and rocky, and we saw by the tracks that were near that a bear had crossed over on the log. We thought that perhaps he might go across again, so we set a spring-gun for him. I will explain to you how we did it.

"A spring-gun is a gun fastened by itself in some place, with a string tied to the trigger. The string is carried across the path where the animal that you wish to shoot is expected to come along, and the gun is fixed in such a position that it points directly to the place where the string passes across the path. A hunter who was with me at that time set the gun. I should not have known how to do it. Indeed, it requires great skill to set a spring-gun well."

"How did the hunter set it?" asked Stanley.

"First," replied the colonel, "he chose a small tree on the bank of the stream, a little way above the place where the log crossed it. He drove a stake down in the ground near the tree. Then he placed the gun against the tree and the stake in such a manner that the stock of it came against the tree pretty near the ground, and the muzzle came against the stake. He then lashed the gun firmly in this position."

How the hunter set a spring-gun for the bear.

"Was the gun loaded?" asked Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel, "he loaded the gun first. When the gun was placed in the proper position, the next thing was to rig a lever above it. The lever was a short bar of wood about two feet long. The lever was lashed by the middle to another tree just behind the gun. The lashing of the lever was made loose purposely, so as to allow the upper and lower end of it to move a little back and forth.

"The object of this lever," said the colonel, "was to change the direction of the force which the bear would impart to the string by running against it. If the end of the string that the bear was to run against had been fastened directly to the trigger of the gun, then the bear, by running against the string, would only have pulled the trigger *forward*; whereas the trigger must be pulled *back* to discharge the gun. This is effected by means of the lever. The string that the bear was to run against was tied to the upper end of the lever, and there was another short string tied from the trigger to the lower end of it. Then, you see, when the bear should run against the string, and so pull it, the upper end of the lever would be pulled forward, and that would cause the lower end to be drawn back, and so the gun would be discharged."

"Yes, sir," said Stanley, "I see."

"I don't understand about the trigger very well," said Dorie.

"No," said the colonel, "I don't think that you can understand it very well. It is not necessary, indeed, that young ladies should know much about guns and triggers. However, this you can understand, that the gun was placed on the bank in such a position

The report of the spring-gun.

The wounded bear.

Difficulty of entrapping animals.

as to point to the middle of the log ; and then that a string was passed across the log, a little way above it, so that the bear should run against it if he attempted to go across. One end of this string was fastened to the lever, so that when the string was pulled it should cause the lever to pull the trigger and fire the gun."

" Well, father," said Stanley, " did the plan succeed ? "

" Yes," said the colonel. " It is very difficult to set a gun in this way so that it will succeed, but it does sometimes, and it happened that it did in this instance. Our camp was at a short distance from the place. We set the gun in the evening, and the next morning, just after daybreak, we heard a report. We seized our other guns and ran to the place, and there we saw a monstrous bear floundering among the rocks in the stream, just below the log. He had been wounded by the spring-gun, and had fallen there, and could not get out."

" Good!" said Stanley, clapping his hands.

Bell did not seem to sympathize much with Stanley in the pleasure which he manifested on hearing of the result of the machination which had been planned against the bear. Indeed, she pitied the victim of the plot, and could not help wishing that he had escaped uninjured.

" It is very difficult," continued the colonel, " to shoot any wild animal by such a contrivance as this. They are generally too cunning to be entrapped in any such way. At least, sometimes they seem very cunning, and yet at other times contrivances of a very simple character indeed suffice to deceive them. It is said that the Hindoos catch wild ducks by putting a calabash on their

The calabash stratagem.

The artificial deer.

Scenting.

heads, and wading out into the pond where the ducks are swimming, holding nothing but their heads covered with the calabash above the water. The ducks think it is a calabash floating, and so the hunter can come as near them as he pleases, and take hold of their legs, and pull them under water one by one."

"Do you really think they do so?" asked Stanley.

"I do not know," said the colonel; "I have seen it stated that they do. At any rate, I know that in shooting deer, or other timid animals, the hunter sometimes cuts out the shape of a deer, or of some other animal that the deer would not be afraid of, in canvas, and fastens it upon a light frame in such a manner that he can carry it before him so as to conceal himself with it until he gets near enough to shoot the deer."

"Why, father," said Stanley, "the canvas deer would have to come up sideways."

"True," said his father; "but by going back and forth in a sort of zigzag direction, the hunter can manage to get near enough to the herd of deer after a while, but it requires a great deal of maneuvering and dexterity."

"Then, besides," continued the colonel, "the hunter, in such a case, must take care to come up to the herd on the side opposite to the wind, for if the wind blows from him toward the deer they smell him."

"Can they smell so far?" asked Stanley.

"Yes," said his father; "it is a curious fact, that there is a peculiar emanation that goes out from the body of man that is very distinctly perceived by almost all animals, though man can not

Animals have a remarkable power of the sense of smell.

perceive it himself. If a man touches any thing, or even walks over the ground, he leaves this scent behind him, and animals who come to the place know that he has been there, and often will not touch what he has placed there for them, on account of the scent which he leaves with it. Some people suppose that the scent of man is naturally repulsive and disagreeable to animals, and that it is for that reason that they fly from it; but this, I think, can hardly be the case, for dogs are extremely sensible to this smell, and yet they have no dislike to man whatever.

"Dogs can even distinguish the smell of one man from that of another. A good dog will track his own master along a road where several other people besides his master have been walking along.

"Indeed," continued the colonel, "if ten men, who each had a dog shut up at home, were to walk about in various directions over a wide field, and afterward go off in different ways, the dogs, when let out, would each follow his own master's track all over the field, and so away wherever his master went, just as if the different tracks were so many different colored threads lying on the ground."

"That is very curious," said Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel; "and this power to smell the traces of man interferes very much with the various plans of hunters to entrap the animals. And yet sometimes, in cases where you would suppose it would interfere, it does not seem to have that effect. For instance, the condor, an immense species of vulture, which inhabits the peaks of the Andes, and lives on the dead bod-

Catching the condor.

It is better not to exhaust all pleasures at once.

ies of animals, has a remarkably keen sense of smell. If an animal falls down the rocks and is killed, the condor can scent the body a great many miles. And yet the natives sometimes catch the condor by lying down on the ground and covering themselves over with a raw-hide which they have just taken off from some animal. The condor comes and alights upon the hide, thinking that it is a dead body. The hunter then catches him by grasping his legs with the hide round them."

"I should be afraid to do it," said Stanley.

"So should I," said the colonel.

The colonel then said to the children that he could not tell them any more at that time, and so they went away.

CHAPTER VI.

SYSTEM.

THE children would have doubtless liked very well to see all the pictures which Colonel Markham had drawn for Bell, in one evening, but the plan which their father adopted of showing them only one picture at a time was far better, for the whole amount of pleasure and instruction that was derived from them was thus greatly increased. It was on this principle that Colonel Markham usually acted in showing drawings or engravings to his children.

You will observe, if you take notice of the fact, that when you have a large number of paintings or engravings to examine, for a time each new one seen attracts great attention and awakens great interest: but as you go on looking at them in succession,

The limits of pleasures.The illustration of the sewing-girl's picture.

your interest in them gradually diminishes, you are satisfied with shorter and shorter periods of examination for each one, and at length, if the number is large, you pass over all the last of the series in a very rapid and cursory manner. The reason is that a person's power of taking pleasure in looking at pictures is a very limited power. It is like a person's power of taking pleasure in drinking water when he is thirsty. It is soon exhausted. No matter how much water he may have at hand, it is only one or two glasses that he can take any pleasure in drinking. So no matter how many paintings or engravings a person may have, his power of taking pleasure in looking at them will be exhausted with a comparatively small number; and though there may remain a sort of curiosity to see what the rest may be, which may lead him to turn them all over, he makes only a rapid survey of them, and receives very little pleasure.

It results from this, that the pleasure which the possession of drawings and paintings gives us does not depend much upon the number of them. A poor sewing-girl, who has only one picture in the world, and has hung that, in a pretty frame that she has bought for it, opposite to the place where she sits to sew in her little room, may feel a much stronger sensation of pleasure in looking at it than the wealthy and fashionable lady whose immense parlors have their walls covered with the most costly works of art. The sewing-girl's picture is like a little water to a person who is very thirsty. It gives him intense delight to drink it. Those of the fashionable lady are like a great pitcher full of water to one who has already had as much as he can drink.

Bell's system in drawing.

Stanley's mode.

So Colonel Markham knew very well that the pleasure which the children would take in looking at his drawings depended less on the drawings themselves than on the state of the children's appetite for them. He accordingly always took good care to keep their appetites good.

It was Bell's custom to copy all the pictures as her father showed and explained them. She copied them with great care, and so successful was she in the work that it was rather difficult to distinguish the copies from the originals. Stanley made some attempts to copy them, but he did not succeed very well, not from any deficiency of talent, but for want of system and perseverance.

Bell would always form a definite plan. She never took out her work without a distinct idea of what she was going to do at that sitting, and then she would not leave her work till she had accomplished what she had proposed. She would examine the drawing carefully, too, in all its parts, before she commenced her work upon it, and would consider what the different portions of the work would be, and the order in which she was to perform them, and she would make a general estimate of the time which each portion would require. Thus she would have her work all laid out, as it were, before she began it, and when she had once begun she would proceed regularly, according to the plan that she had formed, to the end.

Stanley's mode of proceeding, on the other hand, was the reverse of all this. He would make no estimates, and would form no plans, but would begin at any time when a momentary caprice seized him, and then leave off in the same manner at any moment

The stormy day.

Stanley stays at home.

The picture of the bear.

when he became a little tired or a little discouraged, or when any new object of interest presented itself to attract his attention. He very often became discouraged with his work and abandoned it unfinished. The reason for this was that he was very apt to undertake more than he could well perform.

The morning after Colonel Markham had told the children about the bear, there came on a very heavy rain. The water fell in torrents while the family were at breakfast. The colonel looked at the barometer which hung in his study, and also at the vane to ascertain the direction of the wind. The wind was east and the barometer was low—both signs that the rain would probably continue. So it was decided that Stanley should not go to school that day. He concluded that he would spend part of the morning in drawing with Bell, and he looked over the drawings which his father had already given Bell, in order to choose one of them to copy.

When he came to the picture of the log where the spring-gun had been set to shoot the bear, he said,

“I wonder why father did not draw the bear on it, and the spring-gun set to shoot him.”

So he took the picture into the little shop where his father was at work upon some of his instruments, to ask him the question. The colonel said that the reason why he did not draw the bear was because he made that sketch before he knew any thing about the bear, and he thought he would not draw it over again.

“Could not you have put the bear in afterward?” asked Stanley.

A boy needs head as well as hands to draw well.

"No," said his father. "If you wish to put figures in a picture, you must sketch the outlines of them at the same time that you sketch the general outlines of the piece."

"Well, father," said Stanley, "I will tell you what I mean to do. I mean to copy this piece, and have the bear in it tumbling off the log. I'll draw the gun, too, tied against the tree somewhere in the background. Do you think I can?"

"No," said his father, "I don't think you can, or at least I do not think you will."

"Why not?" asked Stanley.

"You have not got *head* enough," said the colonel.

"Oh, father!" said Stanley. "I don't draw with my head. I draw with my hands."

"You will find it will require some head to do that," said the colonel. "Bell might succeed, perhaps, but I do not think that you will."

"Oh, father!" said Stanley. "Why can not I as well as Bell?"

"Because she has more patience and more calculation. She thinks before she acts, and plans her work before she does it. You are very apt to act first and think afterward. However, you might both try and see what you can do."

"Do you think it would be a good plan?" asked Stanley.

"Yes," said his father, "I think it would."

So Stanley went back and told Bell that their father said he thought it would be a good plan for them both to copy the picture of the log lying across the stream, and to put the bear in it, either walking across the log or tumbling into the water.

Misrepresentation.

Stanley and Bell drawing.

Stanley's picture.

It was not quite right for Stanley to say this, for it conveyed the impression that his father had thought of this plan, and had recommended it of his own accord; whereas he had only assented to Stanley's recommendation of it, which was a very different thing. Children very often make this mistake in quoting the opinions or recommendations of their parents; and I have known many grown persons, who ought to be more careful, fall into the same error. They draw from the person they are talking with an expression of concurrence with something which they say themselves, and then represent it as an independent opinion expressed by the person whom they quote, when very probably he considered it as only a polite assent to a passing remark, made without thought or reflection.

So Stanley and Bell both undertook to copy the drawing and put in the bear, but they went to work in very different ways, and met with very different success. Stanley went on copying and drawing just as his father had made it, until he was tired of that part of the work, and then he began to draw the bear. He encountered two very serious difficulties. In the first place, he attempted to draw the bear from memory merely, and without any model before him to guide him as to its form, and so the figure looked very little more like a bear than it did like any other animal; and, secondly, as he did not begin to draw the outline of the bear until after he had nearly finished the background of the picture, the lines crossed and interfered with each other. To remedy the evils which he thus fell into, Stanley rubbed out his lines again and again, and tried to mend his work.

A poor workman complains of his tools.

Bell looking for a model.

But he only made a blur upon the paper, and spoiled the surface of it by continual rubbing, and soon gave up the attempt in despair.

"I can not do it," said he to Bell. "I don't think my paper is good—or else the pencil. It will not rub out well. Let me see yours."

So saying, Stanley began to look over Bell's work to see what progress she was making.

Bell had made a very faint outline of her father's drawing, and at the time when Stanley appealed to her, she was turning over the leaves of Dorie's picture-book to find the picture of a bear, in order to copy the form of the animal correctly. Dorie had brought her the picture-book, and was now playing with her chain in the corner of the room.

"Dorie," said Bell, "is there not a picture of a bear in your picture-book?"

"Yes," said Dorie, "there are two. One is standing up on his hind legs, and the other is walking along."

"Whereabouts are they?" asked Bell.

"They are pretty close to the end of the book," said Dorie.

Bell looked over all the leaves that were near the end of the book, but she could not find any picture of a bear. At length she called Dorie to come to the table and find it for her.

Dorie came, and when she saw that Bell was turning over the leaves that were toward the close of the book, she exclaimed,

"Oh, Bell, you are not looking in the right place. I did not mean the last end of the book; I meant the first end."

Bell's careful way.

Self-confidence is not all that is requisite.

"We commonly call that the beginning," said Bell.

"Well, then, it is pretty close to the beginning that you must look," said Dorie.

Following this new direction, Bell soon found the picture of the bear. The one that was walking along was just what she required for a model. She took a spare piece of paper, and made two or three copies of it in outline, for practice, before she attempted to draw it in her picture. When at length she found that she had become so far acquainted with the form of the animal that she could draw the outline of it pretty well, she sketched it lightly, in its place on the log, in her drawing.

"There!" said she; "now that I have finished the outline of the bear, and know exactly what space he will cover, I can finish the background of the picture without interfering with him, and so have nothing to rub out."

"I wish I had done so," said Stanley. "I mean to try again by-and-by. And I mean to draw the gun too, going off, and the bear tumbling into the water."

"It will be very difficult to draw all that," said Bell.

"Oh no," said Stanley, "it will not be difficult at all. I can do it very easily now I know how to manage it."

Stanley always evinced a great deal of courage and self-confidence in respect to any undertakings that might be proposed. But, unfortunately for him, in all undertakings in which any serious difficulties are involved, something more than courage and self-confidence at the beginning is required to insure success.

Stanley began his second drawing about the middle of the fore-

Bell succeeds in her copy.Stanley fails in his.



BELL'S COPY.

noon, but he did not proceed with it even as far as he had gone with the first. Bell, on the other hand, went on steadily with her drawing, and before noon she had made a very pretty copy of her father's drawing, with the bear standing on the log, as you see represented in the adjoining engraving.

At dinner, Colonel Mark-

ham asked the children how they had succeeded with their work.

"Pretty well," said Stanley; "that is, I began pretty well, but I spoiled it, and I am going to try again some day."

"Did you finish yours, Bell?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Bell: "I copied the bear from Dorie's picture-book."

After dinner, Colonel Markham wished to see Bell's drawing, and she brought it accordingly. Her father and mother were both much pleased with it. The conversation which it elicited awakened a new desire to draw in Stanley's mind, and he asked his father if he would not show them another picture from his portfolio then. "Because," said he, "it is such a rainy day, and Bell has copied all that you have already shown us."

Bell joined Stanley earnestly in this request, and at first Colonel Markham felt inclined to accede to it, but on farther reflec-

The colonel proposes to show the children some military pictures.

tion he thought that it was best that he should not exhaust his stock of drawings too soon ; so he said that he would show them some engravings from a book, and explain the meaning of them. The children said that this would do just as well.

“ I will show you some military pictures,” said the colonel.

“ That is just exactly what I should like,” said Stanley.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MILITARY PICTURES.

THE colonel directed the children to take their seats in the recess of the window, near their mother’s work-table, while he went to the study to bring the book that contained the pictures which he was intending to show them. The children all took their places accordingly, and Mrs. Markham sat down on the corner of a sofa near, in order that she might see the pictures and hear the explanations too.

“ I am going,” said he, “ to show you some pictures of cannons, and I am going to give you some explanations in respect to the different kinds of cannons and their different uses, so that, in reading the accounts of battles and sieges in history, you can understand them better.”

So saying, he went away into the study to get the book.

Both Bell and Stanley were much pleased to hear that their father was going to show them pictures of cannons, though they were pleased for very different reasons. Stanley liked guns and cannons for their own sake. He was always greatly excited when

Comparative velocity of light and of sound.

a train of artillery went by, and he was extremely pleased when he had an opportunity to take a position on some commanding elevation at a safe distance, and watch the firing.

It is not surprising that he felt this interest in the firing of artillery, for gunpowder is, indeed, a wonderful agent, and the discharge of a field-piece, or any other piece of heavy ordnance, is an astonishing phenomenon, and boys, who are always interested in all extraordinary phenomena, may well be greatly excited at this.

One thing that interested him very much in witnessing these firings was to observe the interval of time that elapsed between the flash and the sound, which interval was always greater or less according to the distance of the gun from the place where Stanley stood. Light moves almost instantaneously through the air, while sound goes quite slowly in comparison. The flash is thus seen almost at the moment when the gun is fired, while the sound requires about five seconds for every mile of distance. By counting the seconds, therefore, intervening between the flash and the sound, Stanley could estimate pretty correctly the distance of the gun.

Bell's interest in the subject was of a very different kind. She was afraid of cannons themselves, though she liked to read about them, and she wished very much to understand what she read. She never liked to see a train of artillery passing by, or to hear any firing, however distant; but to look at pictures of guns, and hear her father's explanations of them, was a very different thing.

Colonel Markham soon returned with the book, and took his seat with it before the children. He opened it, and showed them the picture of a company of men and horses drawing a cannon

Bringing a gun up into action.



THE FIELD-PIECE

Some account of the construction of field-pieces.

over very rough and stony ground. The carriage was turned and twisted on account of the inequalities of the ground, and the horses were struggling violently to get it forward. The men looked excited too, and an officer was coming by, riding on a prancing horse, holding a drawn sword in his hand, and giving the commands.

"Cannon that are intended to be used in the field," said the colonel, "must be made as light as possible, and so they are made of brass. They are called field-pieces. They are mounted on carriages of very peculiar construction. The carriages must be as light as possible too, and yet they must be very strong, for the cannon which they bear make a very heavy load for them."

"Oh, father," said Dorie, "you said that cannons were light."

"I said as light as possible," replied the colonel. "They are only light comparatively speaking—that is, light compared with other cannon, such as are used on board ships of war, or on the walls of fortresses. They are still, in reality, very heavy, for they are made of brass, and they must be quite thick and strong, or else they would burst. So, you see, a field-piece is quite heavy when compared to any ordinary load which a common cart, or wagon, or pleasure-carriage has to bear, though it is light compared to the great cast-iron guns of a fortress or of a ship of war.

"Brass is commonly used for field-pieces because it is tougher and stronger than cast iron, and thus a gun may be made lighter of it. But then it is expensive, as brass costs more than iron.

"Field-pieces are named according to the weight of the ball that they throw. If one is made so large that its ball weighs sixteen pounds, then the gun is called a sixteen-pounder. If the

It takes a great many men to work a field-piece.

ball weighs twenty-four pounds, then it is called a twenty-four-pounder, and so on.

"It takes a great many men to work a field-piece," continued the colonel.

"How many?" asked Bell.

"Not less than sixteen, usually," said the colonel. "Every one has a different duty to perform. One has to sponge out the inside of the gun after it has been fired, in order to wipe out all the dampness and smoke left by the burning of the powder; for, unless the inside of the bore of the gun is perfectly clean, the ball will not slide out quick and easily. Besides, sometimes a spark is left in the gun, and then, if they put in another charge of powder before it is wiped out, the powder goes off before they are ready for it. When the first man has wiped the gun out, another stands all ready to put in a fresh charge."

"Why could not the same man do that?" asked Bell.

"It would take too much time," said the colonel. "While he was putting down his swab, and getting the charge of powder to put in, a minute would elapse perhaps, and so with all the other operations. It is better, therefore, to have a man for each distinct operation, and thus, while one man is doing his work, the next is getting ready to do his, and thus every thing goes on in the most rapid manner possible. One swabs out the gun. The instant he withdraws the swab, another stands ready to put in the charge of powder. The instant that the powder is in, another man is ready with the ramrod to ram it down, and so on with every separate part of the operation. The work of loading and firing a

Use of field-pieces.The children look at the picture again.

field-piece is, in fact, quite a complicated work. There are a great many separate things to be done."

"I should not think that there would be as many as sixteen separate things," said Stanley.

"There are more than one would suppose," said the colonel, "including those connected with the care of the gun, and of the carriage, and of the horses; besides, they must have strength enough in the party to move and place the gun when the horses are detached from it.

"There is a reason," continued the colonel, "why field-pieces do not need to be so heavy and large as other cannon, and that is, that they are only intended usually to fire upon *men*, while other guns, such as are used in batteries and on board ships of war, are intended to fire against walls of masonry or great embankments of earth, and so they require much larger and heavier balls. Field-pieces are used only or chiefly to drive back columns of men that are advancing to battle. For this purpose they get up, if possible, to the top of some hill or rising ground, where they can see the army of the enemy coming, and then, as soon as they come near enough for the balls to reach them, they begin to fire. They are trying to get the field-piece up to the top of such a hill in the picture."

Here the colonel opened the book and let the children look at the picture again.

"I suppose that the enemy are coming over beyond the hill," said he; "the air is so full of smoke and dust that we can not see them. The men are hurrying on to get their guns in position.

The smoke of the battle.

Grape and canister shot.

Shells.

See how wild and excited they look. They are urging the horses forward, and the horses are struggling to get over the broken ground. The officer is calling out to them to press on. When they get to the top of the hill, they will stop and turn the cannon round, so as to point it toward the enemy. As soon as they imagine that the enemy are near enough, they will begin to fire."

"Can't they tell certainly when they are near enough?" asked Stanley.

"No," said his father, "not very well, on account of the smoke. They can only see a great smoke coming up every where all over the plain, and hear the sound of cannons and guns. The cannons make a heavy booming sound, and the musketry a sharp continuous rattling. They have to judge by the sound which way to point their guns and when to fire. If the enemy are a great way off, they fire solid balls at them, for solid balls will go a great way; but if they are near, they fire grape or canister shot.

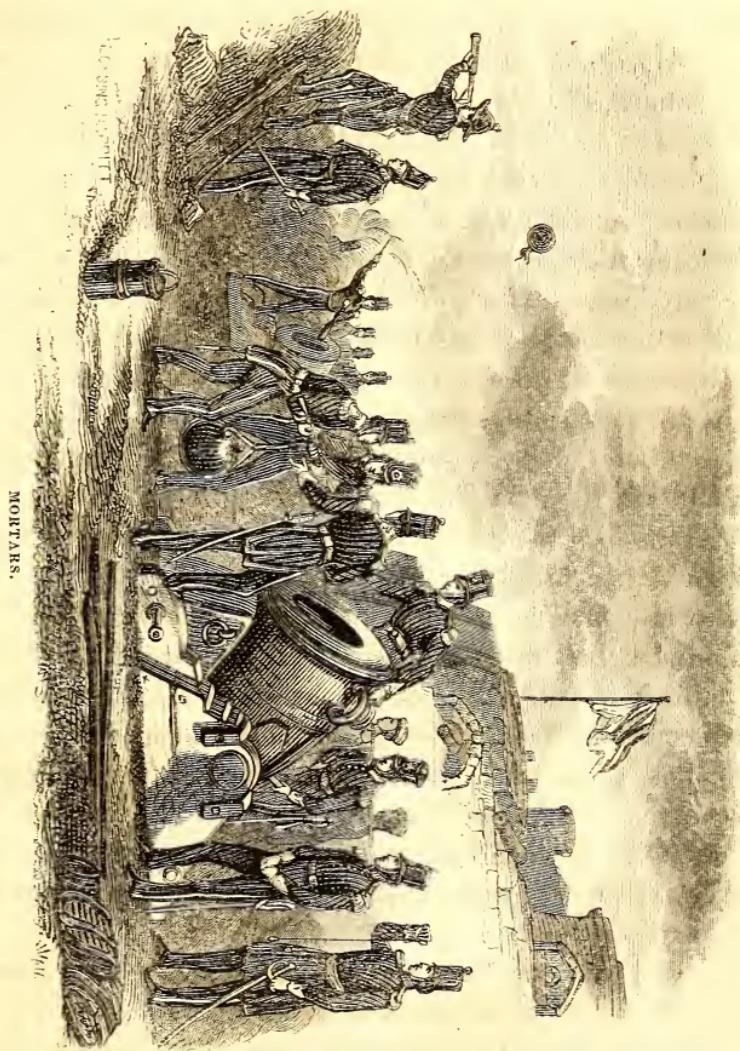
"Grape and canister shot consists of a mass of small balls put up together in canvas bags or tin canisters. The bags or the canisters are just big enough to go in at the mouth of the gun. When they are fired, the bags or the canisters burst, and the balls scatter in every direction, killing an immense number of men."

"It must be very dreadful work," said Bell.

"It is very dreadful work indeed," replied the colonel; "most sincerely do I hope that I shall never have any of it to do.

"And now," he continued, "we will look at the next picture." So saying, he turned over a few leaves in his book, and came to a picture of men firing what are called shells from mortars.

Throwing shells from a mortar.



Structure of a shell.

Explosion of it.

The fuse.

“Shells,” said the colonel, “are large iron balls made hollow and filled with gunpowder. They are fired up in the air from a kind of cannon called a mortar. This kind of cannon is short and very thick, as you see in the picture.”

“Yes,” said Stanley, “it looks like a mortar.”

“It does,” rejoined the colonel. “It is mounted on a very heavy wooden frame, which is called the bed. The men are just going to put in another shell. You see the shell is a great deal bigger than one of the men’s heads. It is filled with gunpowder. The shell, when it is fired, will go up very high into the air, and at length fall down upon the place where they wish it to go, and there it will burst. As it bursts it will tear up the ground or the houses, and kill the men that may chance to be near.”

“But how does the fire get into it,” asked Stanley, “to set the gunpowder on fire?”

“There is a fuse,” said his father. “There is a hole cast in the side of the shell, and when the shell is charged a fuse is put through this hole. One end of the fuse is in the gunpowder, and the other comes to the outside of the shell, and when the shell is fired from the mortar, the outer end of the fuse is set on fire by the discharge. The fuse keeps burning all the time while the shell is flying through the air, and when at length it comes to the ground, or soon after, the fuse burns in to the gunpowder, and then the shell explodes.

“It is very curious,” continued the colonel, “that they can calculate the length of the fuse very exactly, so as to have the shell explode almost at the instant that it touches the ground.

Shells ascend very high into the air.

Destructive effects produced by them.

When the shells are charged, they are often marked with white characters on the iron, to show how long the fuse of each is intended to burn."

"I should think that the wind would blow the fuse out," said Bell, "when it is flying through the air."

"No," replied the colonel, "it does not. The fuse is made of a very combustible preparation like gunpowder, which burns very fiercely, though the fire advances slowly. We can see the fuse burning while the shell is flying through the air. It makes a fiery tail to it, like the tail of a rocket. In the night, when an army of besiegers are shelling a fortress or a town, and a great many shells are flying through the air at the same time, the spectacle is sometimes very grand.

"Shells are thrown very high into the air. The reason of this is, in order that they may bury themselves in the ground where they fall, and so do the more mischief when they explode. They often kill a great many men, though that is not usually the chief intention in throwing them. They are thrown chiefly for the purpose of blowing up houses, or battering down walls, or tearing embankments to pieces. They are more effectual for such purposes than solid shot.

"For instance," continued the colonel, "look at the picture again. It is the picture of a fortress. You can see the walls of the fortress on the left. These mortars are on the outside of the walls, in a battery which has been constructed there. Such works outside the walls of a place are called the advanced works. The mortars are placed on a level area, which is called the platform of

Reconnoitering the enemy.

Commencement of a siege.

The trenches.

the battery. Along on the outside of the platform there is an embankment of earth, to defend the men who are serving the mortars from the shots of the enemy. Do you see the embankment?"

"Yes, sir," said Stanley, pointing, "there it is. There is a man standing up on a ladder to look over."

"Yes," said the colonel, "he is looking through a spy-glass to see where the enemy are and what they are doing."

"Is the enemy so far off," said Bell, "that he has to look at them with a spy-glass?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "very often, especially at the commencement of a siege. Mortars will throw shells two or three miles; consequently, in attacking a place, the besiegers have to begin back very far."

"How do they begin?" asked Stanley. "What do they do first?"

"They come up first as near as they dare, so as to be out of the reach of the shot and shells from the advanced works of the fortress, and encamp there. Then, in the night, they send a body of several thousand men a quarter of a mile or half a mile nearer, to open a trench, as they call it; that is, the men dig a long trench in the ground, wide but not very deep, and throw the earth that they get out of it so as to make a very high embankment along the side of the trench that is toward the fortress. In the morning the people in the fortress see the embankment, and begin to fire, but they can not do much mischief to the men who have made it, because they are sheltered by it. During the day, the men continue to make the embankment thicker and higher by keeping be-

Comparative effects produced by shot and shells.

hind it and throwing the earth over. The people in the fortress do all they can to hinder the work by throwing shells at the place. Solid shot would do very little harm ; for either they would pass over the embankment, and, of course, over the heads of the people behind it, or, if they struck the embankment, they would simply bury themselves in the earth.

“Shells, however, work very differently. Coming down, as they do, from a great height in the air, it may happen that they will fall into the trench, and, bursting there, kill the men ; or if they fall into the embankment and burst there, they tear a part of it to pieces, and so make more work for the men behind it to repair the damage. That, I suppose, is what they are doing in the picture. The besiegers are yet at a great distance, as is indicated by the officer observing them with a spy-glass. They have probably just commenced opening the trenches, or at least have not advanced far with them, and the garrison of the fortress are shelling them from the advanced works in order to impede their operations as much as possible.”

“I should think,” said Bell, “that the shells would tear their works all to pieces.”

“So should I,” said Stanley. “I should think it would be perfectly impossible for them to do any thing at all.”

“It would,” said the colonel, “if the shells could be directed so that they could generally hit where they are aimed. But very few of them strike either in the trenches or on the embankments of the besiegers. You must recollect that the distance may be perhaps a mile or more, and to throw shells up into the air by

Escaping from a shell.

Parapet.

A bold fellow.

means of a mortar, so that they shall come down exactly upon the place you want to hit, a mile or more away, must be a very difficult operation. It is only a very small portion of the number thrown that usually do any damage. The rest strike in the open field or on the rocks, and explode without doing any harm. If they strike upon the soft ground, they sink into it several feet, and when they blow up they make a large hole ten or twelve feet in diameter. But this does no harm if there are no persons near.

"Sometimes," continued the colonel, "when a shell falls into the trenches it does no harm, for the men, seeing it fall, run from it in all directions. The fuse, burning fiercely with a loud, hissing noise, gives them a very effectual warning. Oftentimes they entirely escape in this way. Instances have been known of soldiers taking up the shell while the fuse was burning, and throwing it over the parapet."

"What is the parapet?" asked Bell.

"The top of the embankment," said the colonel. "A parapet is part of a wall or of a redoubt that shelters the men when they are standing behind it to fire upon the enemy. I read an account once of a party of soldiers who were seated in the trenches eating their dinner, when a shell struck the embankment above their heads and rolled down among them, the fuse blazing and hissing all the time with great fury. One of the soldiers seized it, and scrambled up the bank with it till he got near enough to the top to throw it over. It rolled down on the outside, and a moment afterward burst with a terrific explosion."

"He was a brave fellow," said Stanley.

The besiegers repair their works in the night.

"He was a reckless fellow," said the colonel. "The wisest course would have been to run with the rest. However, I will go on with my account of how the besiegers proceed in taking a fortress.

"Whatever damage the besieged do to their embankment by shelling it during the day, they repair in the night, and they also extend the embankment each way, and open new ones in new places. The garrison of the fortress do not know where they are at work, and so can not interfere with them. They can only, in the morning, see what they have done. In this way the besiegers gradually advance toward the fortress, bringing the intrenchment nearer and nearer, in zigzag lines, until, at last, when they think they are near enough, they level off a platform behind a portion of the embankment, and bring up some heavy guns or mortars, and establish them there, so as to cannonade or shell the fortress in their turn.

"While one portion of the army have been approaching the fortress in this way in one part, another portion has usually approached it in another part, and thus they often open several batteries at a time against the fortress. Sometimes they throw shot from these batteries, and sometimes shells. What they wish to do is to tear the embankments of the advanced works to pieces, and batter down the walls, and dismount the guns. If a shot passes in through an embrasure and strikes a gun, it usually knocks it over, and then the men can not use it any more."

"Can't they set it up again?" asked Stanley.

"Not very well," said the colonel. "Often the gun itself is

The gun-carriages.

Embrasures.

The casemated battery.

damaged, and, at any rate, the carriage is usually broken to pieces, so that the gun can not be used again till the men have time to mount it on a new carriage. They can do this sometimes the next night, if they have their carriage-frames ready."

"And what do they do if they have no frames ready?" asked Stanley.

"Then," replied the colonel, "they can not do any thing, and that gun is silenced. The besiegers go on firing until they have silenced as many of the guns of the fortress as they can. Sometimes they silence them very fast if the embrasures are not guarded."

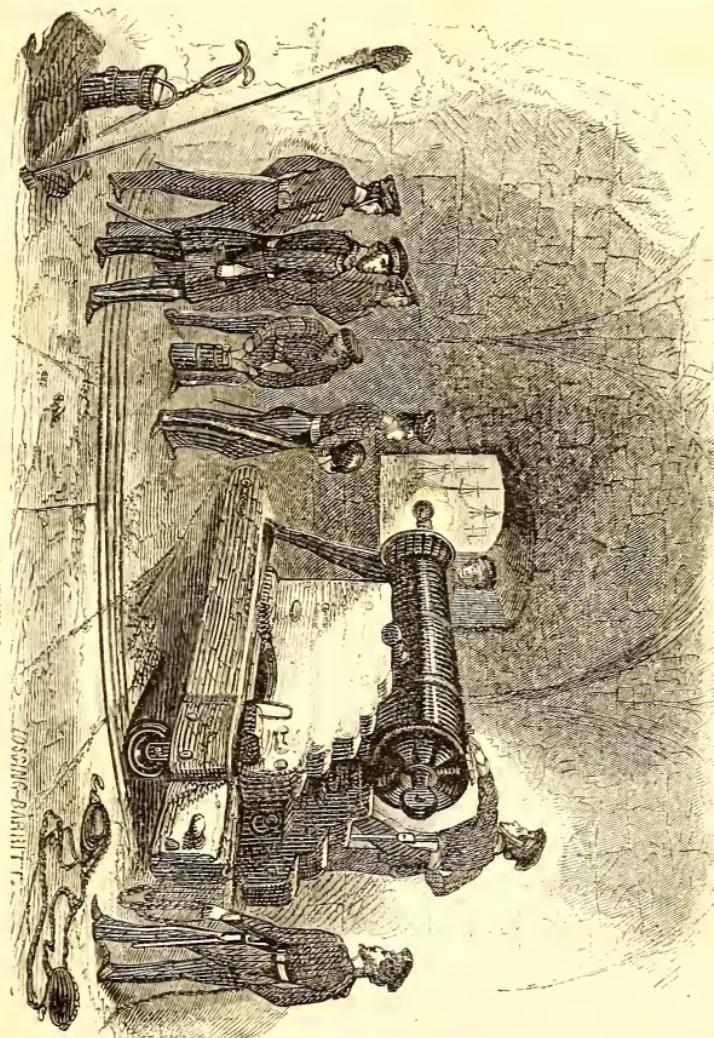
"What are the embrasures?" asked Bell.

"They are the openings in a wall, or in an embankment, to fire through. Sometimes the embrasures are walled up, with only a small opening left for the mouth of the gun. When a battery has its embrasures guarded in this way, it is said to be casemated. Casemated batteries are very strong. I will show you a picture of one."

So saying, the colonel turned over the leaves of the book, and presently he found the picture of the casemated battery. You will see the picture on the opposite page. It represents a party of men firing a gun from a casemated battery.

In the centre of the picture, a little to the right, stands the gun. It rests on a massive carriage. The muzzle of it is pointed toward an opening in the wall. The wall is very thick, and is formed of very massive blocks of stone, so as to resist the concussions of the shot and shell striking upon the outside of it. Over it is a vaulted roof, made very thick and strong, to protect the place from shells

Picture of the battery.



THE CASEMATED BATTERY.

LOSING-BARRETT.

Effect of the discharge on the gun itself.

The recoil.

falling from above. This roof is supported by arches, the lower sides of which are seen in the engraving.

“What a clumsy gun-carriage!” said Stanley.

“They are obliged to make gun-carriages very massive,” said the colonel.

“Why?” asked Stanley. “So as to have them strong?”

“They must be very strong,” said the colonel, “but that is not enough; they must be heavy too, so as to resist the recoil. When a ball is thrown from a gun by the force of the powder, the gun is thrown back with just the same force as that by which the ball is thrown forward. In other words, the explosion of the gunpowder takes effect both ways, and tends to throw the gun one way and the ball the other.”

“Yes,” said Stanley, “we call it the kicking of the gun.”

“Yes,” said the colonel, “and men call it the *recoil*. Now, the more massive and heavy the gun is, the less the recoil will be, and the more completely will the explosive force expend itself on the ball.”

“One of the men is just touching off the gun,” said Stanley, looking at the picture.

“No,” said the colonel. “He is only stopping the touch-hole while they are ramming down the charge. Do you see the man ramming down the charge? You can see the end of the ramrod projecting from the mouth of the gun. They always stop the touch-hole when they are charging the gun, as an additional security against an accidental discharge. There might be a dormant spark inside the touch-hole, which the current of air produced by

Operation of loading.

The children wish to see more pictures.

ramming home the charge might fan up so as to explode the charge while the man is ramming it down: If this were to happen the man's arms would be blown off.

"As soon as the powder is rammed down, the ball will be put in. There is a man bringing the ball.

"The end of the gun-carriage that is toward us is mounted on trucks. We can see one of the trucks. These trucks traverse on iron rails laid on the floor. By moving the breech of the gun round, this way or that, along these rails, the muzzle may be pointed in any direction."

This was all that the colonel explained to the children about the military pictures.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAKE PICTURES.

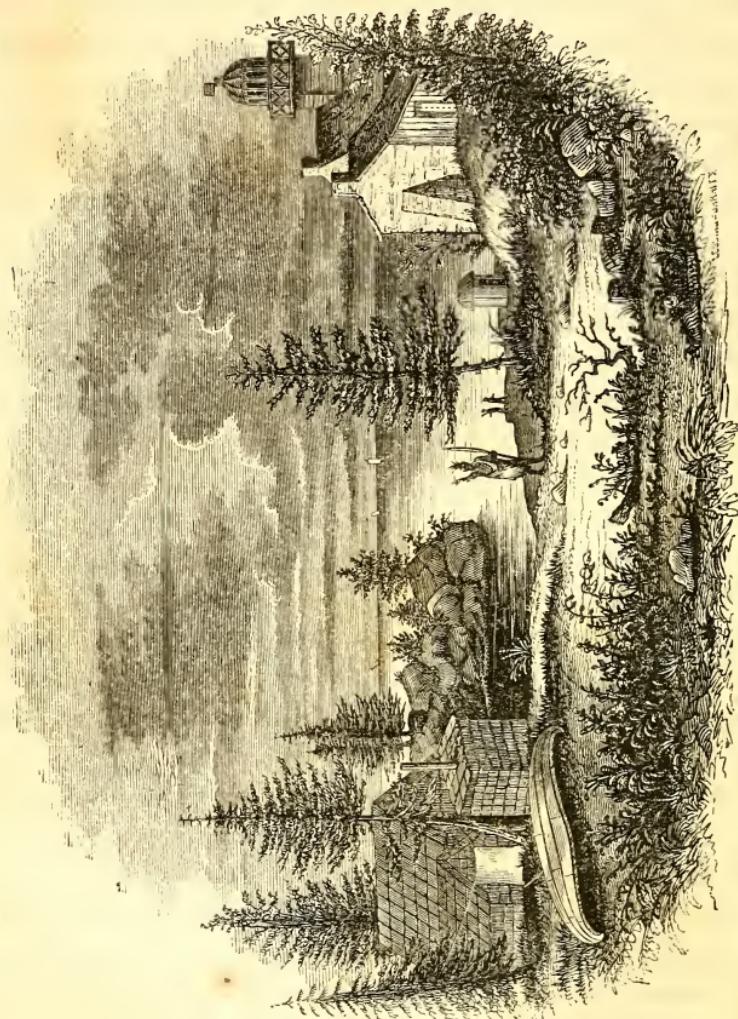
AFTER tea, on the evening of the day when Colonel Markham showed the children the military pictures, Bell called Stanley at the usual time to go into the study with her, to ask her father to show them another of his drawings.

"Haven't I shown you pictures enough for to-day?" said the colonel.

"No, sir," said Stanley, "not half enough."

"Well," said the colonel, "I will show you one, but I can not spend much time in explaining it to you this evening, because I spent so much time with you at noon; so I will look out a picture that does not require much explanation."

Beautiful view on the shore of a lake.



SHORES OF THE LAKE.

The children describe the picture.

The buildings.

So the colonel took out his portfolio, and after turning over the pictures that it contained a few minutes, he finally selected one, and laid it down upon the table where the children could see it.

"Look at it," said he, "and tell me what you observe."

"I see an Indian," said Stanley, "with a bow and arrow, standing by the water."

"He is standing on the shore of a beautiful lake," said Bell.

"What a noble bow!" exclaimed Stanley. "It reaches up higher than the Indian's head."

On the opposite page you see the picture.

"What a beautiful picture!" said Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel, "I thought it was a very pretty view, and so I made a drawing of it for you. It is a view on the shores of Lake Superior. Lake Superior is very large. The water, you see, extends to the horizon, as if you were looking off upon the sea.

"Do you see any buildings?" asked the colonel.

"Yes," said Stanley, "there are buildings on both sides—on the right and on the left."

"Describe them to me," said the colonel. "First you, Stanley, may describe the buildings on the right."

"There are two of them," said Stanley, "and the largest one has got a cupola on the top of it. Perhaps it is an academy, or else it is a church."

"No," said the colonel, "it is a light-house. What you call the cupola is the lantern where the lights are contained. The light-house is to light the vessels in the night when coming into the harbor. Do you see any vessels on the lake?"

Dorie describes some of the buildings.

The Falls of Niagara.

"Yes," said Stanley, "I see two. Three! I see three!"

"Now, Dorie," said the colonel, "you may describe the buildings that you see on the left."

"Well," said Dorie, "let me see. There are three of them; and there is a sheet hanging out on a clothes-line to dry; and one of the houses has got a stove-pipe for the chimney."

"Those houses are made of bark," said the colonel. "So is the boat that is lying down upon the ground. The boat is an Indian canoe. The Indians make a frame of wood, and then cover it with sheets of birch bark. Do you see any thing else?"

"Yes," said Dorie, "I see two other Indians near the water."

"There are a great many large lakes like this in the West," said the colonel, "with narrow passages leading from one to the other, so that you can sail through them all in the same steam-boat—all except one, Lake Ontario. You can not sail into that."

"Why not?" asked Stanley.

"Because," replied the colonel, "it lies several hundred feet lower than the rest of the lakes, and the water from all the other lakes has to fall down over a rocky precipice nearly two hundred feet high to get to the level of it."

"What a mighty waterfall that must be!" said Stanley.

"Yes," rejoined the colonel; "it is Niagara."

"Is that what makes the Falls of Niagara?" asked Bell.

"Yes," said her father. "All the great lakes but one are nearly on the same level, and that level is an elevated plain. The one lake lies several hundred feet below, and the water flowing out from all the other lakes falls down to it. Ontario is the low

Picture of the Straits of Mackinaw.

Indian name.

lake, and Erie is the last of the high lakes ; so that the Falls of Niagara come between Erie and Ontario. Of course, no vessels can pass between those two lakes. The great lake navigation begins at Erie.

"In the straits that connect all the other great lakes the water is nearly level. I have got a sketch of one of them."

So Colonel Markham opened his portfolio again, and produced a sketch, long and narrow. This is it.



STRAITS OF MACKINAW.

"It represents a strait leading from one of the great lakes to another. There is an island in the middle of it. We see a steam-boat on one side of the island, and a sail vessel on the other."

The children asked their father what strait this was, or, in other words, what the two lakes were that it connected ; but Colonel Markham said he would rather they would look upon their maps and find out themselves.

"I will only tell you that the name of it is the Straits of Mackinaw. It is spelled sometimes Michilimakinak—that being the old Indian name—though, in speaking the word, it is pronounced Mackinaw. Look on your maps some time this evening, and see if you can find it, and in the morning tell me where it is."

Water.

Great want sometimes experienced.

Modes of procuring it.

CHAPTER IX.

WATER.

ONE of the greatest and most imperious of the wants of the traveler, in journeying over an uninhabited country, is a supply of water. In some countries streams and springs are very numerous, and the expedition is meeting with supplies every few hours. At other times the region consists of extensive plains, where a party might continue their journey many days without coming to any.

In such cases, old and experienced hunters have many curious ways of discovering and procuring water. If they are near mountains, they go to them. It usually rains more on the tops of mountains than on the plains below, and then, besides, the water stands there longer after the rain than on the plain; for the cavities in the rocks hold it, while on the plains it soaks into the ground.

If there are no mountains near, the hunters observe the flight of birds through the air, or the tracks of animals on the ground, and by following them they are often conducted to water; for all these animals must drink, and they know where the streams or springs of water are to be found.

Sometimes the paths which the hunters thus follow lead them to the bed of a brook which contained water once, but is now dry. In this case the men do not despair, but follow the brook up and down, in hopes to find water left in low places where deep pools were formed when the brook was running. We all observe that

Beds of brooks dried up.

Bogs.

Draining water from mud.

when a brook dries up in the summer, there are places where the water remains long after it has disappeared from the general channel.

If they do not find any standing water in these low places, they sometimes can find it by digging down a little way in the sand at the bottom of them. If they find that the sand and gravel become moist as they go down, they are encouraged. Sometimes, after they have dug a pretty deep hole without finding any water, if they leave it for a time the water oozes in.

Of course, however, it is only very small supplies that can be obtained by such methods as these, but travelers in wild countries are often reduced to such great straits that every drop is precious. Sometimes they spread out a blanket, or even their clothes, to catch the dew, if there is any, and then wring the moisture out; and sometimes, when they can find only mud in a swamp, but no water, they take up a quantity of the mud in a bag, and catch the drainings of it. Of course, they must be reduced to great distress to have occasion to resort to such contrivances as these.

It is surprising how much planning and maneuvering is sometimes necessary to provide for the want of water in traveling over countries where there are no sufficient natural supplies. The ingenuity and resources of the commander of the expedition are often taxed more severely for this purpose than for almost any other.

In one part of the American continent, between the Valley of the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, there lies an immense desert of rocks and sands, which caravans of travelers often have to cross, and where they often suffer greatly from want of water. On the following page is a view of this desert. It consists of an



VIEW OF THE GREAT DESERT.

Great desert.

Description of it.

Scanty herbage.

immense plain of sand, with rocky islands rising here and there all over the surface of it.

Companies of travelers often cross this desert on their way to California or to New Mexico. Sometimes they go in large caravans, with horses and cattle; at other times the parties are small. They use mules a great deal, for mules are more hardy than horses, and bear the fatigue better, and can subsist on more scanty fare.

In the picture we see a small detachment of men, sent off from one of these parties of travelers to explore the ground for water, and to find a suitable place to encamp. One man is leading his mule. Two others are in advance of him, looking for water.

Large portions of this desert consist of dry and sandy plains, or of rocks heated by the sun, on which nothing but lichens can vegetate. Here and there, however, in nooks and corners, a scanty growth of grass and herbage is found, where the mules can get just enough of food to give them strength to go on another day. Some vegetation of this kind appears in the foreground of the picture. Among the other plants, a sort of cactus, called the prickly pear, is often found growing among the rocks. You can see some of them in the engraving. The cactus is a plant that is fitted by nature to grow and thrive in the most dry and barren sands. It derives the greater portion of its nutriment from the air.

The masses of rock which rise here and there above the plain are sometimes very striking and picturesque in their forms. On the next page is a representation of some of them. Colonel Markham said that he thought it would be an excellent lesson in rocks for Bell and Stanley to draw.

View of the rocks in the great desert.



ROCKS IN THE DESERT.

"What are the men doing there?" asked Stanley.

"Those are two men," said the colonel, "that belong to a party of travelers. They have wandered away a short distance from the encampment in hopes to find some game."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I see one of them has got a gun."

Account of the Indians.

The Diggers.

Party of travelers.

"Both of them have guns," said the colonel, "and one of them is pointing to something. He seems to see something at a distance."

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Dorie.

"I don't know," said the colonel.

"I wish I knew," said Dorie.

"It can't be any thing to shoot," said Stanley, "for if it were they would start up and go after it."

"No," said the colonel, "I don't think he sees any game. Perhaps he is pointing out the way that they are going the next day, or he may be pointing to the camp, and saying it is time for them to go back to it. It is possible that he may see some Indians."

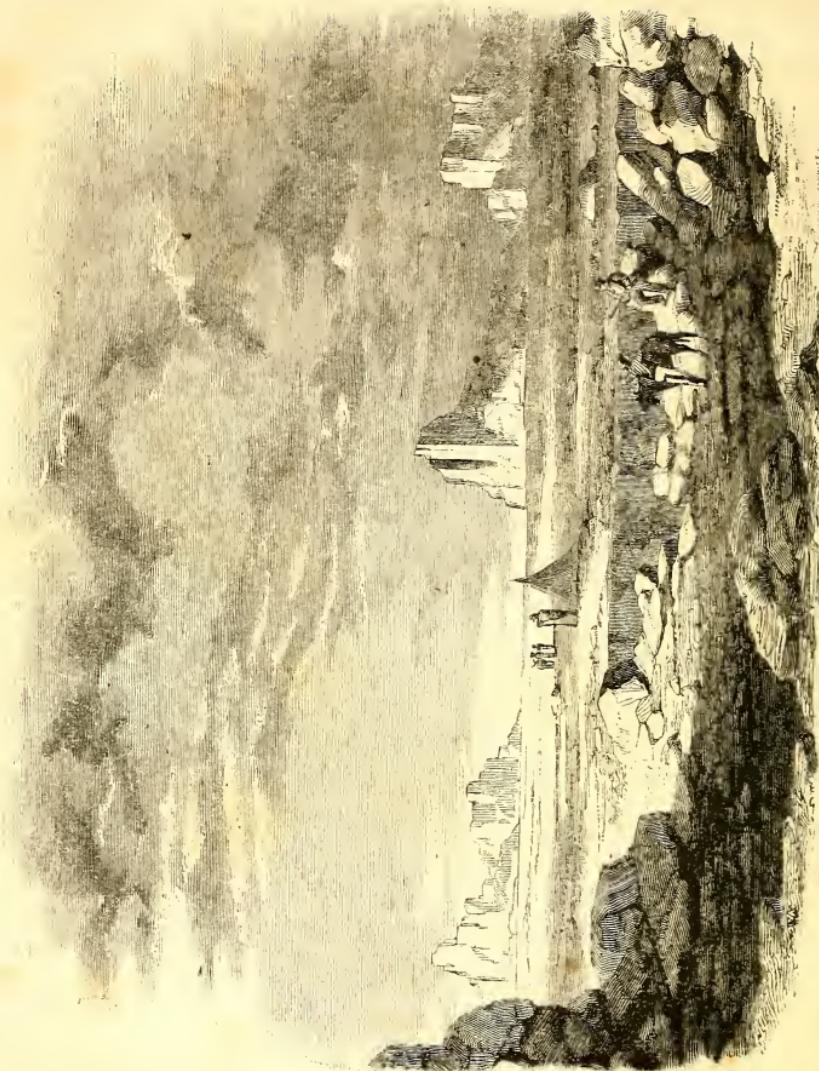
"Are there any Indians in the desert?" asked Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel, "there is a very singular race of Indians called Diggers. They are so called because they live on roots and animals that they dig out of the ground. They sometimes attack travelers, and rob and murder them. I have got a picture of some of these Indians waylaying a party of travelers, and throwing down rocks upon them from the top of a precipice."

"Let us see it, father," said Stanley, eagerly.

"Not to-day," said his father. "That will be for another time. To-day I wish to show you another picture of the desert, with a tent pitched on the sand."

So saying, the colonel drew out the picture represented on the following page. It gives a view of a small party of travelers, with their tent pitched for the night on the plain. Near the tent is one of the travelers leaning on his gun. The whole region around him is desolate and silent. He seems to despair of finding any



THE TENT IN THE DESERT.

Description of the picture.Food for the mules.

game. Beyond him, at a little distance, are two other travelers with a mule. They have unladen the mule, and put the packs in the tent, and now they are leading the mule away to see if they can find something for him to eat.

In the foreground we see two other travelers, who have brought the other mule in this direction. Their object is the same—to find, if possible, some grass or herbage which will serve the mule for food. But they do not appear to succeed. The rocks look smooth and bare, and scarcely a blade of grass is any where to be seen. They have given up the search in despair. The mule stands still, quite discouraged, and the man who was driving him leans upon his back, and does not know what to do next. His companion is seated on a rock near by, with his gun lying idly across his lap. He seems to think there is no prospect or hope of finding any game.

"What do they do," asked Stanley, "when they can not find any thing at all for the mules to eat?"

"They usually bring some grain with them," replied the colonel, "and when they can't find grass or herbage at all, they feed the mules a little with that, just so that they can go on; but this does not happen very often."

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIANS.

IN traveling through some parts of the Western country, it is necessary for the party to take many precautions against the In-

Severity of the whites toward the Indians.

Anecdote.

dians, who sometimes show a very hostile disposition. This is especially the case in traversing the great desert, which is inhabited by a race of savages as wretched and barbarous as any that are to be found on the face of the globe.

The hostile spirit which the Western Indians so often show toward the whites is provoked, in a great degree, by the wrongs which they themselves suffer from the rudeness and violence of the travelers who intrude into their country, and treat the native inhabitants sometimes in a very despotic and tyrannical manner. Indeed, many whites seem to think that the true and proper policy to pursue toward such barbarians is to overawe and intimidate them, and that there is no safety in any other course. Thus they lord it over the poor savages, whenever they encounter them, in the most imperious manner, and punish the slight offenses which any among them may commit with extreme severity. This provokes a spirit of retaliation, and thus continual quarrels arise, which lead to much bloodshed, and sometimes to protracted wars.

"This is the way it works," said the colonel, in explaining the subject to the children. "One day a company of travelers were encamped on the banks of a small and shallow stream. Some poor miserable Indians came to visit them at their camp. In the course of their visit, one of the Indians saw a tin cup, and conceived the design of stealing it. He had no pockets, for he had no clothes, or scarcely any, and thus he could not conceal the cup about his person. So, watching an opportunity when he thought no one would see, he tossed it across the stream into the tall grass which grew on the other side. He thought it would remain con-

The Indians exasperated by the cruelty of the whites.

cealed there until the company of travelers had gone on, and that then he could go and find it."

"That was an ingenious plan," said Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel; "the Indians are often very cunning. But this plan did not succeed. The owner of the cup heard it fall, and looked up just in time to detect the Indian who had thrown it."

"And what did he do?" asked Stanley.

"He seized the Indian by the neck, and pushed him into the stream," said the colonel, "and then stood on the bank aiming his pistol at him with his right hand, while with the left he pointed across the stream at the cup, and made gestures for the Indian to go and bring it back.

"The Indian was of course greatly frightened, thinking that he should be shot unless he went immediately and brought back the cup. So he waded across the stream and brought it back; and when he gave it to the traveler, the traveler struck him on the head with the butt of his pistol, as a punishment for having stolen it."

"I think he was a very cruel man," said Bell.

"I think so too," said the colonel; "though perhaps he acted in this severe manner, not from cruelty so much as from an idea that it was necessary to be very decided in such cases, so as to overawe the Indians, and inspire them with a great dread of the vengeance of white men. But such things, instead of overawing them, only irritated and exasperated them, and inspired them not so much with a dread of our vengeance as with a determination to take vengeance themselves.

"At any rate, that was the effect in this instance. The poor

They follow the travelers and waylay them.

Indian submitted for the moment to his fear of the pistol, but a strong feeling of resentment was awakened in his mind. In this feeling his friends and comrades shared, and they resolved to follow the travelers secretly that day, and in the night to steal one of the mules.

"This plan they carried into effect. They followed the party of travelers all that day. At night they stole up secretly to the place where the mules were fastened, and took one of them, and began to drive him away. The other mules neighed, and so gave the alarm. The white men started up and seized their guns, and one of them fired at the Indians as they were making off with the mule. The Indian who had the mule was killed, but the rest made their escape. They were, however, now more exasperated than ever, and more than ever determined on revenge.

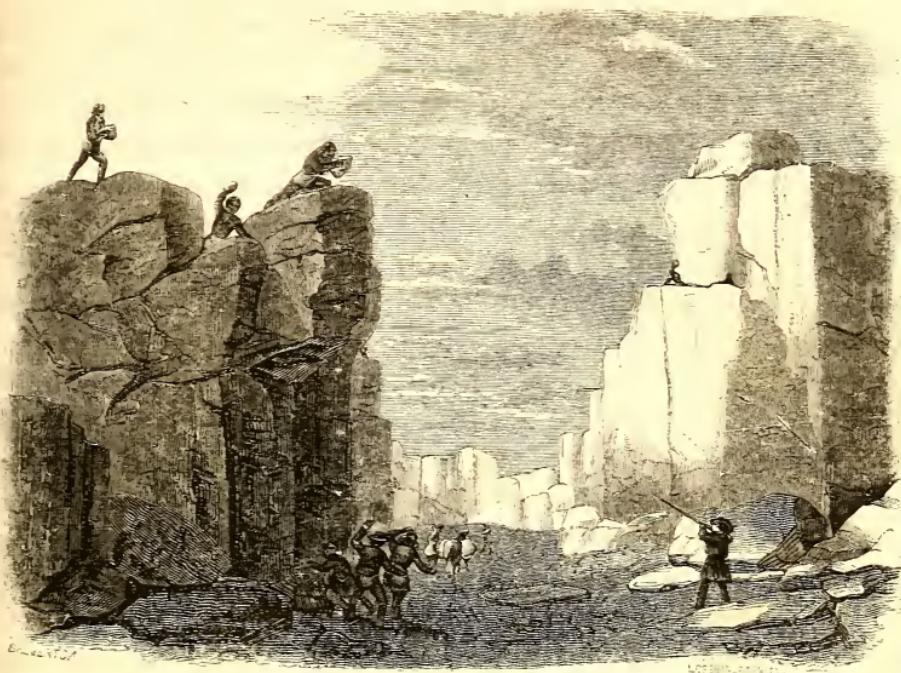
"So they went forward to a place where there was a narrow pass between the rocks, which they supposed the party of travelers would have to go through, and lay in wait there, with a great many stones ready to throw down upon the travelers when they should come by. I have got a picture of this scene."

So saying, the colonel took out the drawing from his portfolio. You may see the same picture on the opposite page.

"There," said the colonel, "on the left, upon the top of the rocks, we see the Indians. They are throwing down big stones upon the heads of the travelers. The travelers are struck with sudden consternation. They are trying to shield themselves as well as they can from the falling stones. The men who had charge of the mules have hurried on, and are trying to get out of the way

The Indians on the rocks.

Taking aim at them.



THE SURPRISE.

as fast as they can. One of the travelers has gone off to the right to a place where he can get good aim, and is pointing his gun at the Indians on the rocks, ready to fire. Perhaps he may hit one of the Indians, and perhaps not. Even if he hits him and kills him, it will do no good, as it will only exasperate the Indians the more against the party, and make them the more determined on revenge."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I should think it would."

"It is all the fault of the white men," said Bell. "If they

The colonel's opinion in respect to the Indians.

would treat the Indians well, then the Indians would not trouble them at all."

"They would not trouble us so much," said the colonel, "or, rather, they would not be so likely to trouble us; but I don't think we could rely entirely on our kind treatment of them for our safety. They are savages after all, and they are often very ferocious, especially when they are very hungry. They are not much better than a species of wild animal at best; and when they are on the point of starvation, they are like so many wolves."

"Then, besides," continued the colonel, "any one party of travelers may resolve to treat the Indians with the greatest kindness and consideration, and yet they may have been preceded by some other party that have outrageously wronged them. In such cases the Indians make no distinction, but they take their revenge on the first party of white men that come within their power."

"That is very unjust," said Bell.

"True," said the colonel; "but almost all nations, civilized and savage, do the same. If the government of one Christian nation has a quarrel with the government of another, they make a descent anywhere on the coast, and burn the towns and destroy the people, without ever stopping to inquire whether the persons thus made to suffer were in any way guilty in respect to the causes of the war."

"I think it is very wrong to do so," said Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel, "it seems very unjust and cruel, but such is the invariable custom of war. At any rate, the Indians make no distinction between the innocent and the guilty. If they

Proper place for a camp.

Indian arrows.

Ambuscades.

are injured by one white man, they revenge themselves on the next one they meet, be he who he may.

"It is consequently always necessary," continued the colonel, "when we are traveling through a country inhabited by Indians that there is the least reason to suppose unfriendly, that we should keep up a constant watch and guard. When night comes, we have to choose our place of encampment with great care. Sometimes, when we think there is a good deal of danger, we like to have the camp in the middle of an open plain, far away from any hiding-places where the Indians might lie in ambush."

"But I should think it would be better to be near the hiding-places," said Stanley, "and so hide in them yourselves."

"No," replied his father, "that is not so safe, for the Indians might creep up under cover of the hiding-places in the night, and shoot us while we are asleep."

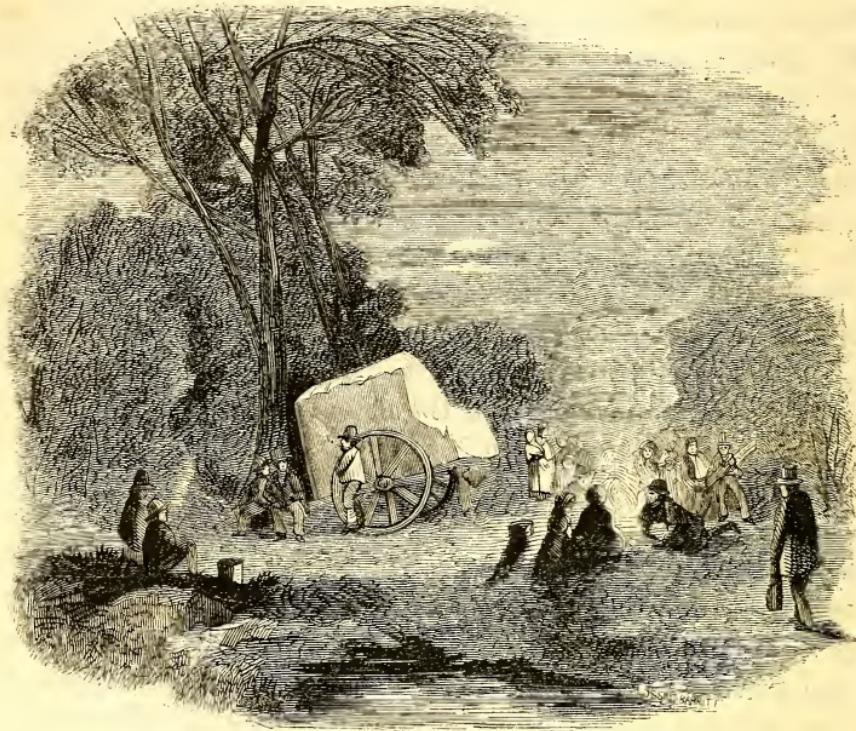
"Do the Indians have guns?" asked Stanley.

"Sometimes they have guns, and sometimes they have bows and arrows," said the colonel. "The arrows are poisoned, so that the least prick from one of them is sure to kill. The Indians find out where the camp is by the smoke of the fire, and then they creep up to it when it is dark. They keep away at a little distance, where they are themselves concealed by the darkness, but they see the white men by the light of the fire which shines upon them.

"For this reason," continued the colonel, "it is not safe, when unfriendly Indians are near, to stand or sit about the fire in the evening or night, as they are doing in this picture."

Picture of emigrants around a camp-fire.

So saying, the colonel showed the children another drawing. It represented a considerable party of emigrants standing and sitting around their camp-fire. Here is the picture.



THE CAMP-FIRE.

"The party is quite large. It consists of men, women, and children. It is a party of emigrants going to find a new home in the West.

"They have a wagon with them, drawn by horses or oxen.

Description of the picture.Danger from hostile Indians.

They have unharnessed the horses or oxen, and have sent them away to feed upon the grass which grows near by. Of course, one or two of the party keep with the animals to watch them. We see the wagon itself in the picture, under the tall trees. It is covered with a canvas to keep the goods and provisions dry. Two men are sitting on the shafts, talking together, and resting from the fatigues of the journey. Another man is standing near them by the wheel. He seems to be smoking a pipe.

"A little to the left of the wagon is a fire, with the emigrants sitting around it in groups. One man is bringing more wood to put upon it. Two women are sitting upon the ground, with their backs toward us and their faces toward the fire. By the side of them is a box or bag of some sort, which I suppose contains provisions to be used for their supper. Beyond the fire, a little to the left, we see a group of women and children. One of the women has a child in her arms.

"The light of the fire shines upon the people that stand around it so as strongly to illuminate their faces and forms, and make it very easy for Indians to aim at them, if there should chance to be any hostile Indians lurking around. A hostile Indian might, in such a case, creep up into the thickets until he came in sight of the groups by the fire, and then shoot an arrow into one of the men with very little difficulty or danger to himself.

"This, however, is an excellent place for an encampment, provided there are no hostile Indians near. The thicket of trees and bushes affords shelter, and keeps off the night wind. The ground is smooth too, and the neighborhood furnishes grass for the cattle.

The children wish to see more pictures.

Boulders.

And, what is more important still, there is a good supply of water at hand for the cattle and for the emigrants themselves to drink. We see the water in the foreground. It comes from a fountain. The water forms quite a pretty little pool, with grass and flowers growing on the margin of it."

"I think it is a very pleasant place," said Bell.

"Yes," replied the colonel, "it is a pleasant place, and people can spend the night very comfortably in such a place, if it is a pleasant season of the year, and if they have plenty of food and of warm clothing, and if they have no fear of Indians near. I have got another very pretty picture of an encampment to show you some day."

"To-day, father," said Stanley. "Show it to us to-day."

"No," said his father. "It would make too much for Bell to draw. I don't wish to show you the pictures any faster than you can draw them, and, unfortunately, it happens that the pictures of the prettiest places are the hardest to draw. I have got somewhere a picture of a great rock which would be very easy to draw, though the place would be a dismal place to encamp in. The rock is a boulder."

"Let us see it, father," said Stanley.

"What is a boulder?" asked Bell.

The colonel began to look in his portfolio for the picture of the boulder, and as he looked he explained what a boulder was.

"The name boulder," said the colonel, "is the name that geologists give to large detached rocks that lie loose upon or in the ground, as if they had been brought to the spot from some other

Picture of a big boulder.

Estimate of its size.



GREAT BOULDER.

place. Ah! here it is," he added, when he had found the drawing. " You see it is the picture of a large loose rock lying upon the ground. Such rocks are called boulders. Rocks, on the other hand, that form part of a solid ledge, are said to be *in place*. The boulders are supposed to be *out of place*.

"Boulders are not usually so large as this," continued You can see how large it is

the colonel. "This is a monster. by comparing it with the size of the man who is standing by it."

"Yes, sir," said Stanley. "I can imagine that I am standing where that man is and looking up. The rock would look very high indeed."

"Yes," said the colonel; "it is as high as a four or five story house. It is very large for a boulder. There are some cliffs in the distance, on the right, that look very high. They are, in reality, much higher than the boulder, but then they are *in place*. Rocks in place are often thousands of feet high, but it is very rare to find a boulder that is even fifty feet high."

Account of the mode of bivouacking.

Building a hut.

CHAPTER XI.

BIVOUACKING.

“WHAT is bivouacking, father?” asked Stanley.

“It is encamping in the open air, without any tents, or huts, or artificial shelter of any kind,” said the colonel.

“Do they encamp in huts sometimes?” asked Stanley.

“Yes,” replied the colonel, “very often. If the party have no tents, they generally build a hut of some kind, if they have materials for building one. The best materials are the small trees with the leaves on them, or the branches of large trees.

“If it is a cold night, but clear,” continued the colonel, “you do not need a very thick covering over your head. All that is required is enough to keep off the wind and the dew. The way to build a simple hut is to drive four stakes into the ground, with crotches at the upper ends of them. Two of these stakes ought to be about six feet high. Those two are to make the front of the hut. The two which are to form the back of the hut need not be more than two or three feet high.

“Across these crotched stakes you lay poles, to form the roof of your hut, and you cover the whole with branches. You also stand up branches against the two sides and the back of the hut to make walls. The front you leave open. You place the hut in such a position as to have the back of it toward the wind. Thus you are entirely sheltered, although the front is left open. If there is much wind, or if the wind is very chilly, then you must bank

The way to make a bed in a camp.

Leaves instead of feathers.

up the back side of the hut very thick with bushes and brands, or else the wind will come through in the night, and make you cold.

“The next thing is to make your bed. You must have something to keep you off the ground, unless, indeed, the ground is unusually warm and dry. In some very dry and sandy places among the rocks, where the sun has been shining warm all day, it is safe to lie down upon the bare ground, with just a blanket over you; but generally the ground is cold and damp, and you must have something for a bed to lie upon.”

“And what do we make our bed of?” asked Stanley.

“Dry grass and weeds are the best,” said the colonel, “if you can find enough. Sometimes, in the fall of the year, there is a great abundance of dry leaves lying upon the ground, especially if you are on the margin of a forest. If you can not find any dry herbage, that which is green will do; but then you must cover it with a blanket, or something of that kind, before you lie down, or else it will feel damp and cold to you during the night.”

“And small branches of trees will do, I suppose,” said Stanley, “with the leaves on them.”

“Yes,” said the colonel, “but not so well. The leaves are soft enough, but the branches themselves, especially the ends of them, make hard places in the bed.”

While the colonel was thus speaking, he had been looking over his portfolio to find the picture of an encampment in a pretty place, which he had mentioned to the children the evening before. He now found the picture, and, taking it out from the portfolio, he laid it down before them.



PLEASANT CAMPING-GROUND.

Description of the picture.

Way of hanging a kettle.

The chain.

It was a very pretty picture indeed. It represented a beautiful landscape among the mountains, with picturesque groups on either hand, and level and fertile land in the centre and in the foreground. On this level land were to be seen a small party of travelers gathered round a fire. It was the middle of the day, and they seemed to have stopped to rest and to eat their dinner. There was a kettle on the fire. This kettle was suspended by a chain from three sticks, which were set in the ground around the fire, in an inclined position, in such a manner that the tops met together above, and formed a point of support for the upper end of the chain. One of the men was lying down upon the ground. The others were reclining in various positions and attitudes, which, however, all indicated that they felt quite comfortable and at their ease.

"That's a good way to hang a kettle over a fire," said Stanley.

"Yes," replied the colonel, "it is an excellent way. You and Bell might make candy so, out in the field, some day. Make a little fire, and hang the kettle over it by means of three stakes set in the ground. Another way is to set up two stakes in the ground, with crotches in the upper part of them. You then lay a pole across from one crotch to the other, and hang your kettle from the pole. Have you got a chain?"

"I've got a chain," said Dorie. "See!"

So saying, Dorie drew out her chain from her pocket, to show it to Stanley. At first Stanley thought that it would not be strong enough, but Colonel Markham said he thought it would be.

"And, at any rate," said he, "you can double it, and then there

A party bivouacking.

The messes.

Division of the food.

will be no doubt. It will be better for you to set up the poles and hang the kettle before you build the fire ; then the smoke and the fire will not trouble you while you are adjusting the chain. You must hang the kettle pretty low, too. The lower you hang it, the less fire you will require to make it boil.

“ But now about bivouacking,” continued the colonel. “ The people in this picture are bivouacking, for you see that they are in the open air. They have no shelter of any kind. Indeed, they do not need any shelter, for it is in the middle of the day, and the weather is very pleasant. The air is almost calm. See how gently the smoke floats away from their fire. One of the men has got a pipe. The rest of the men are talking about their journey, and relating stories to while away the time. They belong to a large company of travelers. The general camp is not very far off, but these men have come away to a pleasant place by themselves, to cook and eat their dinner together. They belong to one *mess*.”

“ What is a mess ?” asked Stanley.

“ All large companies of travelers or of soldiers are divided into small parties called *messes*, ” said the colonel. “ Each mess keeps its food separate from the rest, and they cook it and eat it together. The man who has the charge of the general stores serves out a portion to each mess, and they take it, cook it, and divide it—each around its own separate fire.”

“ But, father,” said Stanley, “ you did not finish telling us about building the hut.”

“ No,” said the colonel, “ I did not quite finish, though I did

Building a fire.

A good stock of wood must be laid in.

pretty nearly. I told you, I believe," he added, "that you leave one side of the hut open."

"Yes, sir," said Stanley.

"That is the side where you build the fire," added the colonel. "You go into the woods before you go to bed, and get a quantity of wood—the bigger the logs are, the better. With this wood you build a large fire opposite the opening of your hut. The light from the fire shines into the hut where you are lying on the bushes, and makes it very pleasant. The warmth, too, comes in, and keeps you comfortable all night."

"That is," continued the colonel, "provided you get wood enough to keep up a good fire all night. I advise you always, when you encamp in this way, to lay in an abundant stock of wood before you go to bed; for if your fire burns out in the night, and it becomes cold, and you have no more wood to put on, you will have to suffer patiently till morning."

"Why, could not we get up and go and get some more wood?" asked Stanley.

"Not very well," said the colonel. "It requires a great deal of resolution to get up in the middle of the night, and go groping about in a dark wood for fuel. Indeed, it is very dangerous to do so. There is no knowing what traps and pitfalls you may tumble into, or how many wild beasts you may stumble upon. Besides, there is something inconceivably dismal and gloomy in a dark forest at midnight; and a great many hunters, who are extremely courageous by day, will rather suffer a great deal from cold in their camp than to go groping about after fuel in the forest at midnight."

It is not safe to have a bright fire.

Way to make roofs.

"If there are any hostile Indians near," continued the colonel, "such a camp as this is not safe, for the Indians can see you in it by the light of the fire which shines in, and can shoot you as you lie asleep; but if there are no Indians near, you can get along very comfortably in such a hut as this, provided it does not rain."

"And what if it rains?" said Stanley.

"If there is any probability that it will rain," said the colonel, "you must build the hut somewhat differently. You must make the roof a great deal steeper, and cover it thicker with boughs. The way to make the roof steeper is to have the front posts longer, and those behind shorter. Indeed, sometimes it is best not to have any posts at all behind, but to let the ends of the poles and branches which form the covering for the roof come down quite to the ground. This will give the roof a greater *pitch*, and cause it to carry off the rain better; but even then it requires some art to dispose of the branches in such a way that the foliage shall carry off the rain instead of letting it come through. I don't think you would succeed very well."

"I should like to try," said Stanley. "I mean to try some day when I go out in the woods."

"Well," said his father, "you can try. Get some good strong boys to help you; and remember that the steeper you make your roof the better. The Indians always make their roofs very steep. Opposite is a picture of a wigwam that shows this very well. The covering of it is made of skins sewed together. The frame is made of poles set in the ground. Don't you see the ends of the poles coming out at the top?"

Steep roofs.

Directions for placing the poles.



STEEP ROOF.

"Yes," said Stanley, "I see them."

"Let me see them too," said Dorie. So saying, Dorie looked over the picture, and seemed to be examining it very eagerly. "What! those little sticks coming out at the top?" said she.

"Yes," said the colonel; "those are the upper ends of the poles. The lower

ends are set in the ground. You might make a hut in this way, slowly. You might make the holes in the ground with a crow-bar, and thus set the lower ends of your poles into them."

"But then how can I get up to tie the upper ends together?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, you must tie them together before you put them up," said the colonel. "You get your poles together—six would be about the right number—and you lay them on the ground, the tops all one way, and the butts the other. Then you tie the tops together with a cord, or any thing else of that kind. Then you make your six holes in the ground; arrange them in a circle as large round as you wish your hut to be. Then you take up your bundle of poles, and raise the top ends up into the air. This you can do easily if you have one or two boys to help you. Then, while the upper ends are in the air, you spread the lower ends around

Covering for the roof.

Place for the door.

Way of making it.

on the ground, so as to bring each one to its proper hole, and put it in and crowd it down as far as you can. Then your frame is complete."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I see now. That is an excellent way."

"Then, for covering," said the colonel—"if you only want your hut for pleasant weather, and if you have plenty of bushes or branches of trees at hand, you can make a pretty good covering by standing them up against the frame all around. In this manner you can make a hut that will afford you a very good shelter from the sun and wind, though it will not keep out rain."

"It would keep out snow, I suppose?" said Stanley.

"Oh yes," said his father, "it would keep out snow very well indeed, and so it would answer well for the winter. If you were to make such a hut in the winter, you must use the limbs of evergreen trees to cover it. You must take care, too, to have the door toward the warm side—that is, toward the sun and away from the wind. You can build your fire inside of it; or, if the hut is not large enough for that, you can build it outside, just opposite the door."

"And how do we make the door?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, you only leave the space between two of the poles open," said the colonel. "If you think that the space that naturally comes between the poles is not going to be quite wide enough for a door, then, when you are making the holes in the ground to set the ends of the poles into, you make the space wider between two of them, where you want the door to come."

Stanley listened to the account which his father thus gave of

Stanley determines to make a hut.His success.

the mode of building a hut with great satisfaction and pleasure, and he determined that he would take an early opportunity of trying his skill in accomplishing such a work.

"I'll do it," said he, "the first time I go into the woods, when I have some boys to help me. I would make one here in the yard if I could only get branches and bushes to cover it, and then Bell and Dorie could play in it too."

"You might cover it with some old blankets or carpets," said the colonel. "Then it would be more like the picture of the wig-wam which I showed you—the one that was covered with skins."

"So we could," said Bell, "and I could help you."

Colonel Markham was pleased to find that Bell took an interest in this plan, for he thought that out-door works and exercises of this kind would tend very much to re-establish her health. So he told Stanley that he might take some poles out of the garden to make his hut with whenever he pleased, and that he would come himself and show them how to fasten on the old carpets or mats to make the covering.

This plan was accordingly carried into effect. Stanley made a very good hut. It stood in a corner of the yard. He and Bell covered the floor of it with an abundance of clean straw which Stanley brought from the barn, and he had two good bundles of straw besides for seats. Some of the children of the neighbourhood came to visit Stanley and Bell in their hut, and they played in it many days.

Great hardships sometimes encountered by travelers.

CHAPTER XII.

HARDSHIPS.

"IN crossing the Rocky Mountains," said the colonel, "and in many other wild and uninhabited regions in America, the traveler often encounters very terrible hardship and suffering. Sometimes a single traveler gets separated from his company and loses his way, and so is obliged to journey several days perhaps alone."

"How does that happen?" asked Stanley.

"It happens in various ways," rejoined the colonel. "Sometimes he gets lost by going away from the camp a little distance to hunt for game, and then he can not find his way back again."

"He ought not to go away in that manner," said Stanley.

"Why, it may be that he is obliged to go," said the colonel. "The party may be short of provisions, and it may be necessary for them to scatter in various directions with their guns in order to increase the chance that they may shoot something which will keep them from starving. In such a case as this, they may some of them be enticed away by game farther than they are aware, and so not be able to find their way back again."

"They ought to have some marks," said Stanley.

"Yes," replied the colonel; "but it is very easy, in such a case, to mistake the mark, and so get bewildered and lost. I knew a hunter who went away from his party in this way on the great desert, trusting to his being able to find his way back again to the camp by means of his own tracks in the sand. But a wind

The traveler who lost his way.

Lying in the snow.

came up and blew the sand, so that, when he attempted to retrace his path, he found the tracks all obliterated."

"Hoh!" exclaimed Stanley. "And what did he do?"

"He found his way back again after a while," replied the colonel. "Men often lose their way in this manner in traveling over the snow. A new snow falls, or a wind begins to blow, and the path is entirely covered up so as to become totally invisible."

"But, father," said Stanley, "I thought they did not travel in the winter."

"They generally travel in the summer, if possible," said the colonel, "but in crossing the Rocky Mountains they often encounter the snow. I have got a drawing in my portfolio of a man lost among the snows in the Rocky Mountains. The drawing shows you how he bivouacked at night."

Thus saying, the colonel took out this picture from his portfolio. It represents the traveler lying in a bed of bushes which he has made for himself in the snow. He had no means of making a hut, or of building a fire, and so he broke off branches from the fir-trees that grew near, and made a bed with them. He also cover-



BIVOUACKING IN THE SNOW.

Danger from the wolves.

Fir-trees.

Their usefulness to the traveler.

ed himself over with them after he had lain down in the bed which he had thus made.

"He said that he slept quite warm and comfortable until the morning," added the colonel.

"I wonder the wolves did not come and eat him up," said Stanley.

"I wonder at that too," said Bell.

"There was some danger, perhaps," said the colonel.

"I see the tracks that he made walking about in the snow before he lay down," said Dorie.

"Yes," said the colonel. "The tracks are in the foreground. In the background we see the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, far away."

"And in the foreground there are some fir-trees," said Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel. "Fir-trees grow in these cold regions, and as they are evergreens, and so preserve their foliage all the year, they often afford the traveler a very comfortable shelter."

"Why did not this man make his bed under the fir-trees here?" asked Bell.

"I suppose, perhaps, because there were not enough growing together to make a good shelter," said the colonel.

"At any rate he got branches from them to make his bed with," said Bell. "They did him some good."

"So he did," said Stanley.

"Now I have got another picture to show you," continued the colonel, "of the same traveler at the encampment in the snow after he had rejoined his company."

The traveler by his camp-fire.

Firs and snowy mountains in the distance.

So saying, the colonel took this picture from his portfolio. It represents the traveler standing under a tree near his camp-fire. He has his gun over his shoulder. He is looking out for game. There is a large sheet of water on the plain before him, which, though it is partly covered with ice, is partly open. He is looking to see if there are any ducks or aquatic birds there. The other men of the party have gone off in different directions with their guns, to see what

they can find to shoot for their breakfast.

In the foreground is the fire, with the kettle hanging over it. The kettle is suspended over the fire by means of three stakes united together at the top in the manner represented in a preceding drawing.

In the distance are mountains covered with snow.

Sometimes a party of travelers are overtaken on the mountains by a violent snow-storm, during the progress of which the snow falls so deep that they can not pursue their journey. In this case their situation becomes extremely critical. They can not go on, for the snow soon becomes so deep that they can not wade through it. Nor do they know which way to go, for the air be-



ENCAMPMENT IN THE SNOW.

Shelter afforded by a forest.

Danger in a snow-storm.

comes so thick with the snow that they can see but a very little way before them ; and, besides, the falling flakes are driven into their faces by the wind, so as nearly to blind them. If they stop they can not build a fire, nor if they are in an open country can they have any possible shelter.

If they could come to a forest at such a time, all their troubles would at once be ended. The foliage would shelter the ground, so that, however violently the wind might rage and roar over the tops of the trees, the air would be calm below, and the flakes would fall there gently to the ground. The branches of the trees would furnish the party with the means of making a hut, and the fallen trunks and broken limbs with abundant supplies of fuel. They might also very probably find some animals in the wood to shoot for food.

But when a party is caught by a snow-storm in an open plain, they are exposed to the most imminent danger. They can not go on, and if they stop it would seem that they must certainly perish from cold and exposure.

"What *can* they do then ?" asked Stanley, when his father explained this to him : "must they certainly die ?"

"They do often die," said the colonel, "and the next summer the parties of travelers that follow them find their bones whitening on the plain ; but sometimes they save themselves. I once heard of a party of six men who kept themselves alive till the storm was over in this way : they scooped out a place in the snow large enough for them to sit down in a circle close together, with their knees all together in the middle. Then they all sat down but one.

Company of travelers overtaken by a snow-storm.

He spread a blanket over the heads of the others, bringing the sides and corners down into the snow. Then he banked up the snow all around the blanket, so as to keep it from being blown away, and also to keep the cold wind from coming through upon the backs of his comrades. He left the blanket open on one side, so that he could have a place to crawl in himself. Finally, when he had banked up the snow enough all around, except at the place where he had left an opening, he crawled in himself, and crouched down with the rest. Thus they were protected from the storm and kept warm, the natural warmth of their breaths and of their bodies being all saved."

"But, father," said Bell, "I should think that they would have been frozen quicker to be covered up in that way in the snow."

"No," said the colonel. "Snow makes very good blanketing."

"But, father," said Stanley, "snow is cold, but blankets are warm."

"We often say that blankets are warm," said the colonel, "but what we mean by that is that they are good to keep *us* warm when we are wrapped up in them. They are no warmer in themselves than any thing else. If you go into a chamber in the summer when the thermometer is at sixty degrees, you will find every thing in the room of that temperature, blankets and all. There may be water in a tumbler on the table, and a blanket on the bed. They will both be of the same temperature—sixty degrees. And yet the water would feel cold to your hand, while the blanket would not."

Non-conductors of heat.

An experiment proposed with two snow-balls.

"Well, but, father," said Bell, "if the water is really just as warm as the blanket, what makes it feel so cold?"

"Because it carries off the warmth of your hand faster. Warmth can not pass through a blanket easily. Consequently, if you wrap up any thing in a blanket that is already warm, it keeps warm. The warmth can not get out through the blanket. If, on the other hand, you wrap up any thing cold in a blanket, it keeps cold. The warmth can not come in through the blanket to warm it."

"You might prove this some morning very easily, when there is snow on the ground, by means of a pretty experiment."

"How?" asked Stanley. Stanley was always very much pleased with trying experiments.

"Take two stones," said the colonel, "as nearly as possible of the same size—about as large, for example, as an orange. Put them both down together before the fire, and heat them hot. Heat them as nearly alike as possible. Also make two snow-balls, as nearly as you can of the same size, and of the same hardness. Now wrap one of the snow-balls up in a piece of flannel, or blanket, or thick woolen cloth. The more you wrap it up, the better. When it is thus wrapped up, put it on a plate on the kitchen table. Put the other snow-ball in another plate, but without wrapping it in any thing. Then you will have one snow-ball wrapped in a blanket, and the other exposed to the open air."

"Now do the same with the hot stones, only in this case it is not necessary to put them in plates; you put them directly on the table. Then you will have one hot stone and one snow-ball

Stanley mentions a difficulty.

The colonel's reply.

wrapped in a blanket or something of the kind, and the other stone and the other snow-ball exposed. Leave them so for half an hour or more, and then come and examine them. You will find that the stone in the blanket is warmer than the one out of it, while the snow-ball in the blanket will not be as much melted as the other; that is, the blanket will keep the hot thing hot, and the cold thing cold. The reason is, that the nature of it is such that it does not allow warmth to pass through it easily either way. If the thing within it is warm, the warmth can not get out, and thus it can not get cooled. On the other hand, if the thing is cold, then the warmth can not get in, and so the thing can not get warm."

"Yes," said Stanley, "I understand it now; only I should think, according to that, that if we were cold when we go to bed, the blankets would keep us cold instead of warming us."

Colonel Markham laughed, and said that Stanley's inference would seem, at first view, to be pretty fair.

"To explain the difficulty," said he, "we must consider how it is that we expect to get warm in the night when we go to bed cold and cover ourselves with blankets. Where is the warmth to come from?"

"Why, from the blankets, I suppose," said Stanley.

"No," replied the colonel. "Children often suppose so, but that is a mistake. The warmth is all produced *within us* by the action of the heart and lungs. All that the blankets do is to keep the warmth that is thus generated from getting away. The blankets keep it in, and so it accumulates, until finally we become quite

Various non-conductors of heat.

Experiment with a pin and a candle.

warm. A blanket fills people with warmth just as a dam fills a pond with water. A dam does not produce any water; it only keeps what comes in by the stream from flowing away. So the blanket does not produce any warmth; it only keeps what is produced by the heart and lungs from escaping into the air.

“Any thing that does not permit heat to pass through it easily is called a *non-conductor* of heat; that means that it does not conduct heat easily. Wood is a pretty good non-conductor of heat. Iron, on the other hand, is a conductor. Heat passes through iron very easily. If you put one end of an iron rod in the fire, and hold the other end in your hand, in a short time the outer end will become too hot to hold. The heat is conducted along through the substance of the iron. So it is with a pin. Hold one end of a pin in a lamp or candle, and in a minute or two the heat will run along the metal and burn your fingers.”

“Yes,” said Stanley, “I’ve burned my fingers so many a time.”

“And now,” said the colonel, “I can not talk with you any more to-night, but I have got one more picture to show you.”

So saying, the colonel took out from his portfolio the picture represented on the opposite page.

“It is a picture,” said he, “of men in the woods reduced to extreme distress. Two of them, who are religious men, have gone away from the rest into a retired place in the woods, and are kneeling down to pray to God to have mercy upon them and save them from the great danger they are in.”

“Have they lost their way?” asked Stanley.

“Yes,” said the colonel, “they have lost their way, and they

Picture of men in extreme distress.

Forest scene.

are out of provisions, and are worn out and exhausted with long and fatiguing marches, and they know not what to do. It is a



EXTREME DISTRESS.

great comfort to feel, in such times of great danger and distress, that God is our friend, and that we can go to Him, and commit ourselves to his keeping and care. To do this soothes and quiets our minds, and comforts us exceedingly."

A snow-storm.

Dorie rejoices.

She hopes for a sleigh-ride.

"Did these men get out of the woods at last?" asked Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel, "most of them did. Some of them died, but most of them succeeded in finding their way to the settlements, and so were saved."

CHAPTER XIII.

SNOW.

ONE day in December, when Colonel Markham was taking the children out to ride in a sleigh, he gave them a curious account of a snow-shoe mail that is established on a certain route in the winter, near the head-waters of the Mississippi River.

The snow that made the sleighing for the children's ride was the first fall of the season. It began one afternoon. The children were very much pleased when they saw it beginning to snow.

"Now," said Dorie, clapping her hands, "we can have a sleigh-ride to-morrow, if the snow comes deep enough."

So she went to the window often, to watch the progress of the storm, and to see if there were any signs that it would stop. It did not stop. It continued to snow as long as Dorie could see, and, when she went to bed at night, though it was then so dark that she could not see the falling flakes, she could distinctly hear them clicking against the windows.

Dorie was disappointed in her hope of having a sleigh-ride the next day, for a reason exactly the opposite of the snow not being deep enough. It was too deep—so deep, in fact, that the roads were almost impassable all that day; and as the snow continued

The children go to ride.

Account of the snow-shoe mail.

falling, and the wind blew so as to drift it heavily, it was of very little use to attempt to break out the roads. On the evening of the second day the storm abated, and on the morning of the third the sun came out bright and the air was calm. The country people came out with oxen and heavy sleds to break out the roads, and by the middle of the day the pleasure-sleighs began to go by in great numbers, the bells jingling merrily. In the afternoon Colonel Markham took the children to ride, and it was in the course of that ride that he told them about the snow-shoe mail.

"Snow, you see," said the colonel, "helps the traveling a great deal, and makes it easier, provided there is traveling enough over one road to keep the path well broken; otherwise it hinders it. The first persons that go along a road after a deep snow has fallen, if they intend to make a road there to be regularly traveled, have to break through the drifts, and trample down the snow, which is a very laborious work. When the road is well broken out, it can be traveled very easily, for runners will slip over it much more readily than wheels can be drawn on any common road."

"But on this mail-route that I am going to tell you about," continued the colonel, "there is scarcely any traveling. The mail goes once a fortnight, and that is all; and as storms come as often, upon an average, as once a fortnight, the mail-drivers, if they were to attempt to travel in the usual way by going *through* the snow, and beating it down, would have to be breaking out roads all the time; so, instead of going through the snow, they contrive ways and means for going *over* it."

"How do they manage that?" asked Stanley.

Description of a snow-shoe.	Mode of using snow-shoes.	Sleighs.
"They use snow-shoes and dogs," said the colonel. "The dogs, being light, do not sink much in the snow, but can run along nearly upon the top of it, and can draw sleds, which, if they are made light and have broad runners, will not sink much either. The men are kept up by their snow-shoes."		

"The snow-shoes are broad and flat shoes, a foot wide and a foot and a half long. They are round before and pointed behind, and are made of some sort of basket-work, or of thongs braided together. They are fastened to the foot by straps. They prevent the feet from sinking down into the snow. It is rather hard to walk on them, but it is much easier to do so than to wallow through soft snow. When the snow is hard, the men take the snow-shoes off and walk without them."

"What! barefooted?" said Dorie.

"Oh no," said the colonel. "When people wear snow-shoes, they always have other shoes or boots besides. The snow-shoes are not to keep the feet warm, but only to keep them from sinking into the snow."

"They have to make the sleds, too, of a peculiar fashion, to prevent them from sinking. A sleigh or a sled that is to run upon a hard road may have its runners narrow—in fact, it is much better to have them narrow. But if the snow is soft, the runners ought to be wide; and if it is very soft indeed, they ought to be *very* wide. In the sleds used on this snow mail-route, the whole of the bottom of the sled is runner. Indeed, the sled is made very much like what the farmers call a drag."

"Each sled is drawn by two dogs. It is followed and attend-

Loading of the sleds.

Difficulty of walking on snow-shoes.

ed by one man on snow-shoes. Then comes another sled, drawn by two more dogs, followed by another man, and so on through the whole train.

“The men are loaded as well as the sleds. They each carry fifty pounds or more, and on the sleds they put about two hundred and fifty pounds. This load consists of the mail-bags, which are filled with letters and papers, and also of supplies of provisions for the men and the dogs on the journey. Besides the mails and the provisions, they have to carry a small axe on each sled, and some simple cooking utensils and other such things. Then there are usually some passengers. These passengers are men who have to go to and fro on business in the winter, and so, for safety, they always make the journey in company with the mail. The passengers walk like the rest, wearing snow-shoes. They travel thirty or forty miles a day.”

“I should not think they could go so far,” said Stanley.

“Nor I,” said the colonel ; “but, after people get accustomed to traveling on snow-shoes, they can get over the ground pretty fast with them. Then, besides, they do not have to wear the snow-shoes all the time. It is only when the snow is deep and soft that they are necessary. If the snow is not deep, or if it is hard enough to bear them, they take off the snow-shoes and put them on the sleds.

“They generally have no track to guide them on their journey, for every fresh fall of snow covers up the track made by them when they went that way before. Often they are guided by a line of blazed trees. Do you know what I mean by blazed trees ?”

Blazed trees.

The sun.

The compass.

Preparing for an encampment.

The children said they did not know, unless it meant trees blackened by having been on fire.

“No,” said the colonel, “it does not mean that. It means trees marked with an axe. They have a way of marking trees by hewing off a small spot on the side of them, to denote the line of the road. The party follow these marked trees in going through woods. When the country is open, they usually know their way by the general aspect of the land. When it is pleasant weather, too, they have the sun to guide them ; and if it is cloudy, they go by the compass.

“They travel so all day long ; and although the cold and the snow impede them in some respects, they help them a great deal in others, for all the bogs, and morasses, and small streams of water are frozen hard and solid, and chasms, and holes, and pitfalls are filled up, so that they go along smoothly and easily where in the summer it would be impossible to go at all.

“The party do not usually stop at noon to encamp, but travel all day. When night comes, they look about for some sheltered place where they can encamp. They find, if they can, some ravine where there is water and a supply of dry wood for a fire. Here they deposit their loads, and the dogs lie down on the snow to rest. The men prepare the place for the encampment by digging away the snow down to the ground, and throwing it up in a bank three or four feet high all around. In doing this, they use their snow-shoes for shovels.

“While some are employed in this way preparing the camp, others cut wood for fuel, or trim off small branches from the ever-

Mode of constructing the hut.Cooking the supper.

green trees that grow around the spot to spread upon the ground for a bed. One man busies himself in making a fire. He trims off birch bark from the neighboring trees to kindle the fire with, and then piles up dry sticks on each side of the little flame and over it, and at length puts on larger and larger logs, so that soon he has a substantial fire. The light from the fire gleams cheerfully on all the surrounding objects, and rejoices the hearts both of the dogs and the men.

"While one party is thus employed in building the fire, another is occupied in constructing a hut over the place where the snow was dug away. They lay poles across from the top of the snow-bank, thrown up on one side, to that on the other, and then cover the frame-work thus formed with boughs of trees. This is sufficient to keep off the cold wind and also the snow, if any snow should fall in the night."

"And how about the rain?" asked Stanley.

"They have no fear of rain," replied the colonel. "It seldom or never rains in that cold season of the year.

"Then they begin to cook their supper. If they have any fresh meat, obtained from game that they have shot on the way or bought from the Indians, they roast it before their fire. They set up tall pine sticks in the snow before the fire, with their tops bending over, and then hang strips of meat from them by means of strings. In this way the meat gets roasted after a fashion, though they are very apt to find, when they come to eat it, that it is part roasted, part burned, and part raw. However, the men are hungry enough to make it all taste good."

The frying-pan.

Going to bed.

Snow in the night.

"Yes," said Stanley, "I think it would be excellent good fun to cook supper so."

"If they have no fresh meat," continued the colonel, "they always have a supply of salt meat—beef and pork—which they have brought with them. They generally fry this."

"But where do they get their frying-pan?" asked Bell.

"Oh, they bring a small frying-pan with them," said the colonel. "The frying-pan has a short handle, so that it may not take up much room in carrying. They have biscuits to eat with their meat, and altogether they make an excellent supper. They feed the dogs, too, at the same time. They all eat a prodigious quantity, for this is the only regular meal they have for twenty-four hours.

"After they have finished their supper they prepare to go to bed. They take off their moccasins and their stockings, and spread them before the fire, or hang them up on sticks to dry them. They unpack their blankets too. Then they all crawl in under their hut, and lie down, dogs and men together, on the bed of hemlock branches made there, like so many birds in a nest. Here they sleep soundly all night, the logs of their fire burning and glowing with a gentle and pleasant warmth all the time, just at the mouth of their hovel. If it is a stormy night the snow covers their hut all over, and in the morning there is nothing of it to be seen but a great mound of snow, with a low opening on one side like the entrance to a cavern.

"They get up very early in the morning—usually long before daylight."

Movement in the morning.

Packing.

The march.

"What do they get up so early for?" asked Stanley.

"Why, they have a great way to go," replied the colonel, "and they can not travel fast, so they must begin very early. The first thing you see is that some of the men begin to move, and to crawl out of the hut. Then a dog or two comes. Those who first wake up begin to make a noise and bustle, and to wake up the rest. They stir up the fire, and throw on the rest of the wood, and this enlivens the scene. Very soon they are all in motion. They get their moccasins and put them on, and pack up their blankets, and eat up what was left of the last night's provisions, and harness the dogs, and in a very short time the train is ready to set out again. The dogs do not like to be harnessed, and sometimes they moan and whine piteously, but they are compelled to submit. When all are ready, the men sling their packs on their shoulders, and they set off, following each other in a long line over the trackless snow."

"Do they have their snow-shoes on?" asked Stanley.

"That depends upon the condition of the snow," replied the colonel. "If there has been a fresh fall of snow during the night, or within a few days, they do; but if the snow is old and hard, so that they can walk upon the top of it, they do not. In that case, they pack their snow-shoes on the sleds, and walk in their moccasins.

"They set out thus on their march in the very coldest time of the day."

"Is the morning the coldest time of the day?" asked Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel, "very early in the morning is, just

Bitter cold.

The men keep warm by the exercise of walking.

before sunrise. The sun warms the ground somewhat in the course of the day, or, at least, renders it less cold; but that effect goes off gradually in the course of the night, and toward morning the temperature of the earth, and of the air above it, sinks to the lowest point. Sometimes, when these parties begin their day's journey, it is bitter cold. The thermometer is down far below zero. The breaths of the dogs freeze on their hair along their sides and cover them with frost-work, and the beards of the men, and the handkerchiefs about their necks, become whitened in the same way; but they all get along very well. They keep themselves warm with the exercise of walking."

"I should think their feet would be cold," said Stanley.

"They wrap up their feet very warm with stockings and moccasins," said the colonel.

Here the colonel paused, having finished his story.

"Well," said Stanley, after thinking a minute or two of what his father had been saying, "well, I should like to go on such a journey; at least I should like to try it one day."

"I should like to try it a little while," said Bell, "provided they would draw me on one of their sleds."

The children had a very pleasant sleigh-ride that day. They came home again in about an hour.

Colonel Markham promises to draw a picture.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TROPICS.

OF course, while Colonel Markham was taking the ride with the children, he could not show them any pictures. Indeed, he had no pictures that represented the journey of the mail-carriers through the snow which he had described during the ride, and it was partly on that account that he chose that subject for conversation at that time.

“Father,” said Stanley, that evening at supper, “have not you got a picture of the mail-carriers encamping in the snow?”

“No,” said the colonel, “I have not, I am sorry to say.”

“Well, father,” said Dorie, “could not you draw us one?”

“Why, yes,” said her father, “I suppose I might possibly draw you one some time when I am at leisure.”

“I wish you would, father,” said Bell. “I should like to see a picture of the camp very much; but it must be a dreadful thing to travel in such a cold country as that, in such a wintry season of the year.”

“No,” said Colonel Markham; “on the contrary, it is usually much more safe and much more comfortable traveling in the most bitter cold weather in the winter, in northern countries, than it ever is in the tropical regions of the south.”

“Oh, father!” exclaimed Bell.

“I have got some pictures of a party traveling in tropical regions, which I will show you after supper,” said the colonel.

The colonel shows the children a picture from a book.

"Did you draw them, father?" asked Bell.

"No," said the colonel, "they are in a book."

After supper, Colonel Markham brought the book, and showed the children the pictures. This was the first one.



TIRED OUT.

"They have got a raft," said Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel. "They traveled through the woods and thickets until they became almost exhausted, and so, coming to a river, they built a raft, and undertook to sail down the river

Rapids.

Party tired out.

Long hair and beard.

upon it. But they came to a great many crooked places and rapids, and they had a great deal of hard work to get the raft along. At last they came to this place, where some trees have fallen across the stream, so that they can not possibly go any farther without cutting the trees away. And now they don't know what to do."

"Can't they walk a little way now?" asked Stanley.

"They are all very tired," said the colonel, "and one of them is so exhausted that he says he can not and will not go any farther. So he stays on the raft. The others are trying to persuade him to come, but he won't move."

"Yes," said Stanley. "One of them is pointing down the river the way they must go."

"And one is dipping up some water in a bowl," said Dorie. "I suppose he is going to take a drink."

"True," said the colonel. "There are two of them that are lying down on the ground. They are very tired too, but they are willing to try to go on if the others think it is best. One of the men that are lying down has leaned his gun against a tree."

"How long their beards have grown!" said Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel. "They can not carry shaving-apparatus very well, or even stop to shave, when on such expeditions as these; so the men begin to look pretty shaggy when they have been some time in the woods.

"There are various reasons," continued the colonel, "why traveling in tropical regions and in warm weather is more laborious and uncomfortable than it is in cold regions in the winter. In

Nature of tropical vegetation.

Cutting wood.

the first place, men can not endure so much when exposed to heat as when exposed to cold. The very exercise and labor of traveling is a remedy for the cold, while it only aggravates the heat, and sometimes makes the suffering occasioned by it almost intolerable. Then cold is healthy and stimulating. Heat is unhealthy and enervating.

"There is another thing to be considered," continued the colonel. "The nature of the vegetation in tropical countries makes traveling much more difficult there than it is in the colder countries of the North. In northern latitudes there is a great deal of entirely open country, where there is nothing but grass to impede the progress of the traveler; and often, where the country is covered by forests, there is no undergrowth in the way, and the traveler can go on without any difficulty wherever he pleases between and among the trees.

"In tropical countries it is very different. The land is almost every where covered with dense and almost impenetrable forests. The trees are enormously large, and the spaces between them are filled up with shrubs, bushes, and briars, the whole bound together with the stems of vines and climbing plants, and with long festoons of moss, which hang from branch to branch, and twist and twine about among the trees in endless convolutions. You can not even make your way through such a forest with axes, for the stems of these tropical plants are so tough and gritty that they take the edge off from any tool almost immediately."

"Then how can you cut wood in such a forest to make a fire?" asked Stanley.

Very little fuel required in tropical regions.

"You can not cut it at all," said the colonel, "or, at least, only with great difficulty; but then there is one comfort for you, and that is, you do not need any fire. It is always warm, day and night, and summer and winter."

"But, father," said Stanley, "we should want a fire to cook our supper."

"Hardly," said the colonel. "In tropical countries people need a fire almost as little for cooking as they do for warmth; for they have very little appetite for cooked food. They live chiefly on fruits, and other vegetable productions which require very little cookery. They do not live much on animal food."

"Indeed," continued the colonel, "very few animals are produced in tropical countries that are good for food. The animals that thrive in such a climate are lions, leopards, tigers, and other ferocious beasts, that not even cannibals would eat. As we go north we come to regions where grass grows and the various kinds of grain, and there we have animals which are good for food, such as the ox, the sheep, the deer, and, among birds, the turkey, the duck, the goose, and the hen, all of which furnish excellent food for man. In these climates, accordingly, man is provided with an appetite for animal food. His constitution seems to require it. He can not become healthy and strong on fruits alone, as he can in the tropics."

"The farther we go north, the more marked and striking this change becomes, until we get into the Arctic regions, where no fruits grow, and where there are scarcely any vegetables which are proper for food. The inhabitants of these countries are conse-

Difference in the wants of man in different climates.

quently compelled to live almost altogether on animal food. They eat the flesh of bears, deer, fish, seals, and even whales. They like this kind of food, too, better than any other. It is necessary for their constitutions. If we were to offer them figs, oranges, and bananas, in ever so great abundance, instead, they would not be satisfied.

"So you see," continued the colonel, "that the appetite of man and the demands of his constitution change in different climates, so as to adapt themselves to the food which each several climate produces. Thus the people who live in warm climates, where fruits grow in great abundance, and even travelers who merely pass through those countries, have an appetite for fruits, and so they do not generally require much fire for cooking."

"Still," said Stanley, "if I were going to stay all night in the woods any where, I should want a fire."

"So should I," said the colonel. "I should want it for the cheering influence of its light. Besides, a fire has a great effect in keeping away wild beasts, and venomous reptiles and insects. And this reminds me of another thing that makes traveling in tropical countries much more difficult and dangerous than it is in cold countries, and that is the number of noxious beasts that are found there. You are in perpetual danger from them. The air is full of mosquitoes, gnats, and stinging flies of all kinds. The crevices in the rocks are the homes of vipers, lizards, or rattlesnakes and adders. You are journeying along through the forest, and, the first thing you know, a tiger pounces down from a tree upon one of your company, and carries him off as a cat would carry off a

Scorpions and centipedes.

Bears in the winter.

The torpid state.

mouse. You go to bed at night in your hut or your tent, and, just as you are composing yourself to sleep, your eye, half closed, falls on a scorpion, or a centipede, or some other hideous reptile crawling over your head."

Here Bell uttered a sort of shuddering exclamation of disgust and horror which it is impossible to express by any written word.

"In cold countries," continued the colonel, "and especially in the winter season, the traveler is safe from all these things. There are bears, indeed, but then the bear, though he is very strong, and sometimes gets very hungry, is, in the main, an honest and good-natured sort of animal, that will generally let men alone if they will only let him alone. Besides, in the winter, he is almost always asleep."

"Asleep!" repeated Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel; "bears go into their dens when the cold weather comes on, and lie there in a sort of torpid state, as if they were asleep, all winter. There are a great many animals that lie torpid in this way in the winter."

"What do they have to eat?" asked Stanley.

"Nothing," said the colonel. "They don't require any food when they are in this torpid state. I believe they come out once in a while in warm days and find something to eat, and then go in again."

"That is very curious," said Bell.

"Yes," said the colonel, "it is very curious indeed. It is one of the wonderful provisions of nature for cold climates where half the year is winter. Of course when the ground is frozen up, and

Three modes of providing for animals in the winter.

the whole country is covered with snow, and nothing grows, animals ~~can~~ not find any food. The wisdom of God has contrived three ways to meet the difficulty.

"I will tell you the three ways in their order :

"1. The first plan is to provide the animal with an instinct to lay up food for the winter in his nest or his hole. Ants do this ; so do squirrels. The squirrel is busy all the fall in carrying off nuts and acorns, and hiding them in his hole. Thus he has an abundant supply for the winter. He does not think any thing himself about the necessity of this supply. He does not know any thing about it. I don't suppose he even knows what he is doing when he is carrying the nuts off to his hole. He is impelled by an instinct. He eats part of the nuts that he finds, and the rest he carries off to his hole. He does not make any calculation in respect to how many he will want, but he keeps on collecting blindly till the snow comes and covers the nuts up. Then he goes into his hole."

"And does he always have nuts enough ?" asked Stanley.

"Not always," said the colonel. "Sometimes he has a great many more than he needs, and sometimes he has not half enough. It is just according to the plentifullness of the year, and the convenience of the hole to the trees where the nuts grow. He makes no calculation. The quantity becomes greater or less, just as it happens.

"And suppose he has not enough to last all winter ?" asked Stanley.

"Then," replied the colonel, "he burrows around under the

Laying up food.

The bees.

Large animal that lays up food.

snow from time to time, to find something to keep him alive until the spring, and sometimes, on sunny days, he comes out above the snow, and gnaws the bark or the buds of the trees, or perhaps finds some remaining nuts on the branches."

"Well, father, and what other animals lay up food for the winter?" asked Bell.

"The bees," said the colonel. "The bees do more than to lay up food. They *make* it. They spend all the season of flowers in flying about to collect the sweet juices, and to make them into honey. They don't make any calculation either. They keep at work all the time, as long as the flowers last, and if they have a convenient hive and plenty of flowers near, they make a great deal more honey than they need."

"It is very curious," said Bell. "But what other animal is there, father," she asked, "that lays up food for the winter? Is there any other?"

"There is one *large* animal that does this," said the colonel. "He lays up a variety of things for food, chiefly seeds, and also roots that he digs out of the ground."

"What animal is it?" asked Bell.

"And he makes vessels to put them in too," said the colonel, without replying to Bell's question. "The vessels are different from those of the bees, but some of them are almost as ingenious. There is another thing that is very curious indeed about this animal, and that is, that he not only lays up food from plants, but he kills other animals and puts pieces of their flesh down in his hole to keep for the winter."

The hole.	The torpid state.	Migration.
The children were very curious to know what animal this was, and at last the colonel told them it was man.	"Why, father," said Stanley, "man is not an animal."	"Yes," said the colonel, "the word animal includes every thing that has life, and that can move from place to place."
"Well, he has not any <i>hole</i> , at any rate," said Stanley.	"Yes," said his father, "he digs a large square hole to keep his stores in for the winter. He calls it his cellar."	Here Stanley laughed outright. The idea of calling man an animal, and the cellar of the house his hole, seemed to him extremely queer.
"And now," said the colonel, "there are two other ways that I was going to describe to you, by which provision is made for the wants of animals in the winter.	"2. The second is going to sleep. Some animals are endowed with such constitutions that, when it becomes cold, they go to sleep and become torpid, and remain so, without requiring any food till it becomes warm again, when they wake up. This is the way with the bears, as I told you.	"3. And the third way is migration. Some animals, particularly birds, have an instinct which compels them, when the cold weather comes on, to fly away to warm climates at the South, and to stay there where it is warm, and where they can find plenty of food, until the spring comes on. Then they fly back again. In taking these journeys they sometimes fly thousands of miles.
		"I have got something more to tell you about traveling in tropical countries, but I must put it off till to-morrow."

The influence of the weather on the facilities for traveling.

CHAPTER XV.

RIVERS.

THE next evening, Colonel Markham resumed his conversation on the subject of traveling in tropical regions as follows :

"The influences of the weather in tropical regions," said he, "tend to make traveling more difficult, while in cold regions, and in the winter, they tend to make it more easy. Rains abound usually in warm countries, and they soften the ground, and fill the land with ponds, morasses, bogs, and flowing streams, that sometimes make the country almost impassable.

"In the winter of cold countries, the weather makes every thing firm and solid. The bogs and marshes are all hard, so that the heaviest teams can go and come over them in all directions. The ponds are frozen over too, and the rivers. It is true, the snow sometimes impedes the traveler in some degree in his motions, but then, on the other hand, it often assists him. It fills up the inequalities of the ground, and makes smooth running for sleighs and sledges. Sleighs and sledges go much more easily over the snow than wheels do over the ground, and, besides, it is much easier to make a sledge than a cart. A man can hew out runners very readily with an axe, but it is a work of great labor to make a wheel.

"In tropical countries, instead of winter and summer, they have a rainy season and a dry season. In the rainy season, the streams

The colonel shows the children a new picture.

become torrents, and the poor travelers have to get across them as they best can. I will show you a picture of a party of travelers in a tropical country wading across one of these swollen streams."

So saying, the colonel took down a book from the library, and showed the children this picture.



FORDING THE RIVER.

"You see," said he, "it represents a party of men fording a torrent swelled by the rain."

Description of the picture.

Wading.

The man tries to keep his gun dry.

"Yes, sir," said Stanley; "one of them is just wading out into the middle of the stream. He is holding his gun up high above his head. I declare I should like to be in his place."

"Oh, Stanley!" exclaimed Dorie, "you would not dare to be in his place."

"Certainly I should," said Stanley. "It is excellent good fun wading across brooks."

"But this is a river," said Dorie.

"Or rivers either," said Stanley, "provided the water is not deep enough to be over your head."

One of the men in the picture is, as Stanley said, advancing toward the middle of the stream. The water is about up to his waist. He is holding his gun above his head to keep it from getting wet. Other men are coming on behind him. Some are up to their ankles; others are up to their knees. One of them has a long pole in his hands. He seems to be using this pole to sound the depth of the water with.

The water in the middle of the river is flowing with great velocity and force. It sweeps past the men as they wade through it, and threatens to carry them away down the stream. If it becomes much deeper, I think they will not be able to stand in it; but I presume that it does not become much deeper, for four of the men have already got safely across, and are now to be seen standing quietly on the rocks on this side. One of them has but just reached the shore. He is just coming up out of the water.

All these men have their guns in their hands. One of them is standing on a rock, and is looking back to watch his comrades who

Buoyancy of the water.

Way of counteracting it.

Animals.

are coming through the water. He holds his gun under his arm. This is the way that hunters and soldiers hold their guns in wet weather, in order to protect the lock from the falling rain.

"It is very difficult," said the colonel, in explaining this picture, "to ford a rapid river when the water is deep, for the buoyancy of the water lifts you so much from the ground that the current has great power over you to float you away. Sometimes travelers attempt to counteract this tendency by carrying some heavy weight in their hands, to weigh them down."

"Is that a good plan?" asked Stanley.

"Not very," said the colonel. "That is, it does not do much good, for the load encumbers you very much, and then the bulk of it increases the surface for the water to press upon. When the water gets very deep, you usually have to let go the bottom and swim, and in that case you often get carried very far down the stream before you reach the shore.

"Animals get floated off their feet more easily than men," continued the colonel, "for their bodies are somewhat lighter, and then they are broader and longer, and expose more surface to the water; but then, if they get lifted off their feet, it is easier for them to swim. I will show you a picture of some mules swimming in this way across a wide river."

So saying, the colonel took out from his portfolio the picture which you see on the opposite page. There are three mules to be seen in it swimming across a river. Only their heads are seen above the water. They seem to be looking about very earnestly, not knowing exactly which way to go. There are some men on

Picture of the mules swimming a river.

MULES SWIMMING.



Getting up upon the bank.

Crossing a river in the face of an enemy.

the opposite shore watching them, and encouraging them to persevere by calling them on.

"I don't see how they are going to get up on the land when they get across," said Stanley, "the bank is so high."

"Oh, they will manage to get up," said the colonel. "Mules will scramble up almost any where. Besides, the men can dig away a little, if it is necessary. Travelers don't mind such difficulties as those very much. Indeed, they can surmount almost all *natural* difficulties in crossing rivers, provided they can go to work in peace and quietness, with nothing but the elements to contend with. The great trouble and danger is when there are Indians or other enemies on the bank to dispute the passage."

"And what do they do in that case?" asked Stanley. .

"It is very difficult indeed to cross a river in the face of an enemy," replied the colonel, "the water gives the enemy so great an advantage over you while you are passing through it. You see, the Indians, when they know you are coming, can hide in the bushes, or in some other ambuscade, and then shoot arrows at you while you are in the water, and thus can not defend yourselves."

"That is not fair," said Stanley.

"They consider it fair," said the colonel. "Indeed, savages consider almost any thing fair in carrying on their wars with white men; and, to confess the honest truth, the white men are about as unscrupulous as the savages. They trick and deceive them in every possible way. They call the tricks stratagems; so the Indians consider themselves justified in practicing all sorts of treachery in return."

Stratagems for deceiving the Indians.Remarkable case.

"In crossing rivers, however, while hostile Indians are near, it is necessary for travelers to resort to a great many stratagems that are very innocent. For instance, once I knew a party of travelers that arrived on the bank of a river, and, seeing Indians on the other side, were afraid to cross, not knowing whether the Indians were friendly or not; so they set off to go down the river, as if they intended to cross at a certain ford a mile or two farther down. They set out in sight of the Indians, but after they had gone a short distance, and had got into a wood where they were concealed, they took a circuit, and went several miles *up* the river, and there crossed in safety in a solitary place, while the Indians were all watching for them at the lower ford."

"That was a good contrivance," said Stanley.

"Yes," said the colonel, "and it was an innocent contrivance. Those same travelers afterward came to another river, which was so wide and deep that they had to build a raft to convey their goods over. They were emigrants, and they had a great deal of baggage. There was not time to take over all the baggage in one day, and at first they did not know what to do, for they did not like to divide the party, as that would weaken them too much, and they did not like to leave half their baggage on either side of the river exposed.

"So, when night came, and half their goods had been transported across the river, the men all came back to the camp on this side, and then they set some men to fire across the river every few minutes all night. They thought that the Indians would hear the guns, and hear the balls whistling among the trees if they came

Picture of a company of emigrants building a bridge.

to steal the goods, and so be frightened away. The next day they moved over the rest of the goods, and the women and children, and thus accomplished the whole transit in safety.

"But now," said the colonel, "I have one more picture to show you, and that is the last one in my portfolio."

So saying, he took out this picture, and laid it down on the table for the children to see.



BUILDING A BRIDGE.

Description of the work.

Bridges and rafts compared.

“What do you think it is?” he asked.

“It is a company of emigrants building a raft,” said Stanley.

“It looks like that,” said the colonel, “but what they are building is really a bridge, and not a raft. It is a floating bridge, however, that they are building, so that, after all, it might almost be considered as a raft—a sort of stationary raft.”

“The men are all standing in the water,” said Dorie.

“Some of them are,” said the colonel, “and others are at work on the shore. Some of them are floating logs down the river from the place where they cut the trees on the banks above. In the foreground of the picture, four men are placing some logs together to make a frame. This will make one section of the bridge. One man is holding the frame with a rope, which he has tied to one of the corners of it. In the background we see the tents, with the people sitting at the doors of them. Beyond the tents I see some wagons.”

“I see them too,” said Dorie.

“They are going to make a bridge so as to take these wagons across over it. When a company is small, a raft is sufficient to convey them over a river; but if the company is large, it is better to build a bridge, if there are materials at hand sufficient to build it. When armies cross rivers that are too deep to be forded, they almost always make a bridge.

“And now, children,” said the colonel, “this is all. I have shown you the last of the pictures I made for you, and have told you all about them. You have listened attentively, and the in-

Stanley conceives the design of forming an encampment.

formation I have given you will be very useful to you if you remember it, for it will help you to understand better the books of history and of travels that you read."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

STANLEY was so much interested in the accounts which his father had given him of emigrant expeditions and encampments at the West, that he conceived the design of going out with a party of boys some day, to encamp in the woods for play. His original plan was to build a hut and stay there all night, but this his father thought would not be prudent; so it was concluded that the expedition should return at sundown.

He proposed the plan to a number of the boys at school, and they all entered into it very cordially. There were six boys in all who joined the party. Several of them had sisters who went too. Some were a little older and some a little younger than Dorie. Bell did not go. She said she was afraid to go with so many boys. Dorie, however, was not afraid at all. Indeed, she said that the more boys there were, the safer it would be to go with them.

The boys were to walk, but the girls were to ride on sleds. The boys were to draw them. Besides the sleds that the girls were to ride on, there were other sleds loaded with buffalo skins, tools, and provisions. Stanley took his bearskin with the rest of the baggage, intending to spread it on a log at the camp, to make a comfortable seat for the girls to sit upon.

The expedition sets out.The great northern trail.

The expedition rendezvoused in the yard of Colonel Markham's house, and set out about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The party proceeded in a long train down through the garden, and thence through an open gate into a field. They traversed this field very successfully, and then entered a deep ravine, which they followed for some distance along the bank of a brook. The brook was frozen over in most places, so that the expedition could cross and recross at pleasure, wherever they found the smoothest place to go. There was deep snow on the ground, but it had become consolidated by repeated thawings and freezings, so that it would bear up the boys perfectly as they walked upon it. They were very glad of this, for if the snow had been loose and soft, they would have needed snow-shoes, Stanley said, and they did not know how to make them.

When they reached the head of the ravine, they ascended a steep slope which brought them out of it. The girls got off the sleds here and walked up, as it was too steep for them to ride. After ascending this slope, they went on for some distance till they came to a pair of bars. They took down the bars, and the whole expedition went through. Here they entered a wood, and presently they came out into a great turnpike road which leads from New York to Albany. The boys called this the great northern trail.

They followed this trail for about a quarter of a mile, and at length they turned off from it to the right into another wood,* and after traveling about a quarter of a mile farther, they came to the place which they had chosen for their camping-ground.

* See Frontispiece.

The encampment.

Unloading.

The cookery.

Conclusion.

Here they stopped and unloaded their sleds, and made preparations for their encampment. Some gathered sticks to make a fire. Others cut down bushes to build a hut with. The hut, however, consisted only of a heap of bushes piled along between two trees, to make a little shelter toward the north; for, as the party were not intending to spend the night at their encampment, they wisely concluded that it was not necessary to make a roof over their hut.

The fire soon blazed up very cheerfully, and the cooking processes were commenced under the care of the girls. These cooking operations were very simple, it is true; they consisted chiefly of the roasting of apples, and the warming of cakes and pies. While the girls were thus making the supper ready, the boys made some excellent seats, by laying long piles of bushes in a convenient place, and covering them with buffalo skins. The centre seat was covered with the bearskin.

The party had a very merry time eating their supper, and about four o'clock they packed up their baggage again, and set out on their return home. On the way they pretended to have an alarm from the Indians, and the whole expedition ran down a long descent over the snow at their utmost speed, so as to frighten the girls on the sleds not a little. Indeed, the sled that Dorie was upon got upset, and Dorie was tumbled out upon the snow; but she was not hurt, and so she said she did not care.

THE END.





HOTELS AT INTERLACHEN.

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RAMBLES

AMONG THE ALPS.



NEW YORK:
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TO THE READERS.

WHEN traveling in Europe last summer, I often wished that I could have the eyes of the readers of the Story-books with me to witness some of the strange and curious scenes through which I was daily passing, and at length, in Switzerland, I resolved to write an exact account of what I saw in rambling a fortnight among the Alps, and to make a Story-book of the narrative. Whether you will find the account interesting or not, I do not know; but there is one thing that you may rely upon, and that is its truth. Every thing that the book contains is an exact transcript of what actually occurred, even to the words that are spoken; and every part of the journal was written at the time of the date of it, so that the statements which the book contains are in every respect truthful and exact.

The object of the book is not to describe extraordinary or wonderful adventures, but only to give as faithful and exact a picture as possible of the every-day scenes presented to the view of the traveler in rambling among the Alps.



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A RAMBLE AMONG THE ALPS.

LETTER I.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARDS AND THEIR GOATS.

Description of Cluses.

The lofty mountains bordering it.

The river.

Cluses, Savoy, Saturday, Aug. 14.

I AM sitting at the window of an inn at a small village in Savoy, among the Alps. Imagine a vast plain, eight or ten miles in extent, perfectly level and extremely fertile, and all laid out in fields, gardens, orchards, and meadows, forming the richest and most beautiful scene that can be conceived. This plain is the bottom of a valley. It is surrounded and closely hemmed in on every side with precipitous mountains, the summits of which reach above the clouds.

There are no fences or any inclosures of any kind on the plain, and pretty paths and roads lead over it in every direction, along the margin of the fields and gardens, and under the shade of the trees. There is a torrent of a river, however, flowing through the centre of it, over a very broad, pebbly bed; but there are bridges across the river here and there, by which we can pass easily from side to side. Indeed, a boy might wade across it any where, only I presume he would find it extremely cold; for the water of this river, a few miles farther up the valley, comes out from under the

The slopes of the mountains.

Lofty precipices.

The zigzag paths leading up.

ice of an immense glacier, five hundred feet high. The name of this river is the Arve.

In rambling over this plain by the roads and paths I have spoken of, you see the immense mountains rising in full view all around you, and you can survey the slopes of them from the top to the bottom. In some places they form precipices of naked rock; in others, the craggy slope recedes a little, and small tufts of shrubbery and grass grow in the angles and interstices, like moss in the crevices of an old wall. Farther up, there are slopes that are feathered with forests of fir-trees, with furrows cut through them at intervals by the avalanches, which slide down from above in the winter and spring; and here and there, above and beyond these, away up in the sky, you can sometimes see, with a glass, a broad extent of green and cultivated fields or pasturages, with hamlets or scattered houses, and sometimes even the spire of a church among them. The people there seem literally to live in the sky.

On every side of the valley zigzag paths have been cut in the mountains, by means of which the peasants can go up and come down. These paths were made—most of them—a thousand years ago, and have been traveled by all the generations of peasants that have inhabited these mountains since that time. The paths are broad, but very steep. They are roughly paved with large and irregular stones; they go by a zigzag course up the mountain-side. In some places the space for them has been cut out of the solid rock; in other places it has been widened by laying down the trunks of tall trees on the outer edge of them, where there was a gap or a chasm to be spanned. It is hard work going up these

The pleasure of ascending the zigzags. Our opera-glass. The surprise of the children.

zigzag paths unless you go very slowly ; for, notwithstanding the zigzag course that they run, they are very steep. But it is pleasant ascending them, on account of your having at every turn so grand a view of the valley, and of the mountains around it. You look down upon the fields, and gardens, and orchards, and pretty farm-houses that fill the valley, just as if you were in a balloon ; and with your glass you look across to some other zigzag paths on the face of the opposite mountain, where you perhaps see a man coming leading a horse, or a group of children, or a woman with some burden—such, for instance, as a great bundle of hay—poised on her head !

The glass that we use for this purpose is a large opera-glass of great power. We amuse ourselves when we sit down to rest by calling the little Sayoyard children that we see going by to come to us, and then letting them look through it. It is amusing to see them laugh at each other, at the awkward attempts they make at first in putting the instrument to their eyes—first shutting up one eye and then the other, and making queer faces, when they ought to keep both eyes open, and make no faces at all—and then to listen to their exclamations of surprise at seeing distant objects brought so near to them, and made to look so bright and plain.

“ Ah ! look,” they say, “ look ! look ! Only see the mountain brought up so close to the side of me.”

At the upper end of the valley the mountains seem to close entirely across it. There is, however, a narrow chasm where the River Arve comes in. This chasm is bordered on each side by stupendous mountains five or six thousand feet high, with precipices

Vast chasm.

Situation of the village.

Diligences going up the valley.

almost perpendicular rising from the banks of the river at the base of them. This chasm seems to have been originally only just wide enough for the stream, but as the only way of getting in among the mountains beyond lies through it, men have contrived to get room for a road along the bank.

The village is built just at the entrance of this gorge, and the inn, being almost the last house in the village, seems to stand in the very jaws of it. At night, when I come to the window and look out up the chasm, and gaze up to the crests of the precipices towering above it, there is something extremely solemn and almost fearful in the awful grandeur of the spectacle.

We have not been through this gorge yet, and I have only an imperfect idea what we shall find there. We are going up to-day, and I shall, perhaps, in my next letter, describe what I see. I know that there is very sublime and beautiful scenery there, in among the mountains, for the road is a great thoroughfare for travelers visiting the Alps. Three or four diligences loaded with passengers go by the windows of our inn, each way, every day, in and out of the gorge, and there are a great number of other vehicles besides. We are going in a carriage of the country called a *char à banc*. We are to set out at three o'clock, and it is now eleven. In the mean time, I have taken my pen to give you an account of the little Savoyards whom I saw the other night on the mountain side, and of the goats which they were tending there.

This valley is in a country called Savoy, and the people who live in Savoy are called Savoyards, so that by the little Savoyards I mean the children of Savoy.

Savoy.

An evening walk.

Sounds on the mountains.

I was walking two or three evenings since in a pleasant little road which led along by the margin of the valley, just at the foot of the mountains. After we had passed by the village and the little gardens that were on the borders of it, we sat down upon some smooth logs that lay by the road-side, and began to look out upon the valley. Of course, the side of the mountain was behind us.

It was a very calm and still evening, and we could hear various distant sounds coming to us from far down the valley, such as the tinkling of bells, the barking of dogs, and the voices of men. Presently we thought we heard voices behind us, like those of children, and we turned round to see where the sounds came from.

"Can it be possible," said Mar, my companion, "that there can be children up upon those rocks?"

We listened, and we could distinctly hear the voice of a boy far up the mountain side, singing, and in another direction two other voices, as of children talking and laughing together.

"They certainly are children," added my companion. "Where can they be?"

We accordingly changed our places on the log so as to face the mountain. The whole side of it, for a mile each way, and five thousand feet high, was in full view before us, and it seemed almost a perpendicular precipice of rocks, with tufts of trees and small patches of grass growing here and there in nooks and interstices. We could hear the children now more distinctly than ever, and we began to examine the mountain side with the glass, to see if we could find them.

We explore the mountain side with the glass.

The goats.

Children following them.

"Do you see any thing?" said I to my companion, who held the glass.

"I can not see the children," said she, "but I see something moving up there along the face of the precipice, among some tufts of grass and bushes. It is a goat. Yes, it is a goat, and there is another, and another. There are several of them, walking along one after another."

By looking very attentively in the direction which she indicated, I could now see the goats myself with the naked eye. They looked like little white specks slowly moving along the face of the mountain at a vast height above us.

"Is it possible," said she, "that the goats can climb up to such places as those?"

I then took the glass, and began to look at the goats. They were walking along, one behind the other, some of them apparently on the brink of precipices a thousand feet down. When they came to any grass or shrubbery, they would stop to browze a moment, and then walk on as unconcernedly and as much at their ease as if they had been walking along a wide road on level ground.

I continued to explore the rocks and tufts of bushes on that part of the mountain, and presently I caught sight of the two boys. They were following the goats along from rock to rock, and from shelf to shelf, to drive them down the mountain. It seemed impossible that boys could come down so steep a declivity. They appeared, however, perfectly at their ease, and called to one another, and sang, and shouted, like boys in America driving home the cows from a green and gently sloping pasture.

Boys calling to each other.Goat in difficulty.

There was one boy apart from these two, singing all by himself, from mere gladness and joyousness of heart. He seemed to be seated on some shelving rock, for we could only see his head through a little clump of bushes, and he remained motionless in the same place a long time. He was a great way off from us, so that we could only see him through the glass; but so calm and still was the evening air, that we could hear his song as distinctly as you can hear that of a bird in a still May morning.

When the other boys, too, called to each other, and to the goats that they were driving, we could hear every word they said, though we could not understand them. Sometimes they threw a small stone at some goat that lingered behind the rest, in order to urge him on. In this case the stone came bounding on from rock to rock, and from precipice to precipice, down the whole side of the mountain, and did not stop till it reached a green slope at the foot of it, just above where we were sitting.

At last two of the goats strayed away from the rest, and got down upon a series of shelves, where the grass grew very luxuriantly, and there they stopped to feed. We watched them with the glass. One of the two got back again and rejoined the flock. The other came down lower and lower, until at last he leaped down to a shelf where the grass was very rich and green, but where it seemed to me he was entirely isolated. I did not see how he could possibly get up or down. The place where he came down seemed too high for him to leap up again, and below him, for a long distance, was what appeared to be a mass of bare and perpendicular rocks.

Group of children coming along the road.

Conversation with them.

"Let us see what he will do," said we. "It seems as if it would be impossible for him to get up or down."

Just then we saw a party of children coming along the road, by the side of which we were sitting. They looked like peasant children; and though their faces were bright and beaming, they wore old and tattered clothes, as if their mothers were very poor. The oldest of them was a girl, apparently about ten years old, with sparkling eyes, and curls of pretty auburn hair, though the clothes that she wore were as old and tattered as those of the rest.

As these children came up to us, they all courtesied in a very polite manner, and said, speaking in their language, which is a species of French, "Good evening, gentleman and lady."

The little Savoyards are all taught thus to salute the strangers that pass them or that they meet on the road.

"Good evening," said we; and then pointing to the goat, we said "Look!"

They all turned toward the mountain. This goat was so low down that he could be plainly seen by the naked eye. The girl said, after she had seen what it was,

"Yes, sir; a goat."

"Don't you think he will fall?" said I.

"Oh no, sir," said the girl.

"Don't the goats ever fall on the mountains?" said I.

"Oh no, sir," said the girl.

Then I held up the glass to her, and said "Look." I made a sign for her to look through the glass at the goat and at the mountain.

Their awkwardness in looking through the glass.

Now an opera-glass is a sort of double spy-glass, there being one tube for each eye. The tubes are short, but quite large round, and in using the instrument you use both eyes, which is much more convenient than to have to shut one eye and look with the other, as is necessary in using a spy-glass.

But the little Savoyard did not know any thing about this, and so she winked the left eye, and held up one of the tubes of the opera-glass to the right one, making use of the other tube as a handle.

"Ah! you must look with both your eyes," said I; and I showed her how to place the glass so that she could look through both tubes. She immediately caught sight of the goat, and uttered an exclamation of the utmost surprise and delight.

"Ah! look there! look there!" said she; "it makes the goat close by us." Then she took away the glass and looked at the mountain side with her eyes alone, and then put the glass to her eyes again to compare the effect, and seemed to be very much delighted. She then returned the glass to my hands, and, making a low courtesy, she smiled, with an expression of great pleasure upon her countenance, and said, "I thank you, sir, very much."

I then put the glass successively into the hands of the other children, and they all got into a great frolic looking through it at the goat.

In the mean time, I saw one of the boys coming down the rocks toward the place where the goat was standing. I pointed to him, and asked the girl what he was going to do.

"He is going to disembarrass the goat," said she.

The boy climbs down to rescue the goat.

Powers of climbing.

Disembarrass, or rather the French representative of that word, is the word that Savoyard children use to describe the getting a goat down from such a situation.

It seemed to us utterly impossible that the boy could get down to the place. He, however, came on, descending from one rock to another; and when at length the crags became too steep for any other mode of descent, he lay on his back and slid himself gradually down, keeping himself from going too fast by putting his heels in to the clefts and crevices of the rock, and clinging by his hands to the projections or to bushes. In this way he descended, till at length he came pretty near to the place where the goat was standing.

You see him coming down thus in the picture on the adjoining page. The picture represents the boy and the goat as they appeared to us in looking through the opera-glass.

For a time the goat was entirely out of the boy's sight, being hid by the projections of the rocks, but the boy knew where he was by his bleating. The goats have an instinct to keep up a continual bleating when they are separated from the rest of the flock, and this assists very much in finding them when they are lost.

They are provided, also, with a peculiar conformation of feet, and also of muscles, which gives them great power and skill in climbing. Their hoofs are small, nearly flat at the bottom, and pointed, and they are formed of a substance that does not slip at all upon the rocks, so that they can walk along very easily on rocky slopes almost precipitous.

Picture of the little Savoyard going down for the goat.



DISEMBARRASSING THE GOAT.

The muscles, too, of their fore legs are prodigiously strong, so that they can lift themselves up by means of them to the brink of a rocky ledge, above where they stand, in the most remarkable manner. The *chamois*,* which is the wild goat of Switzerland, possesses this power in a still higher degree. He can draw himself up with ease to any place that he can reach with his fore feet.

But to return to the story.

* For a picture of the chamois, see the vignette on the title-page of this volume.

He drives the goat down.

The goat walks along the rocks.

The boy could not get down quite to where the goat was, so he stopped on the shelf above, and then broke off a bush, and, leaning over, he reached down and tried to make him go either one way or the other. But the goat seemed afraid to move. He walked along a few steps, and looked up, but it was too high for him to leap up, and too steep for him to climb. Then, as the boy continued whipping him, he contrived to turn round, though there was scarcely room for him to do so, and went a step or two the other way, till he got to the lower corner of the shelf where he was standing, and looked down to the rocks below, but he seemed to be afraid to leap down.

In the mean time, however, the boy continued whipping him with the switch, and at last he leaped. He came down upon a place where the rock was entirely bare, and it seemed to us, from where we viewed it, to be perpendicular. There he began to walk along, and it appeared precisely to us as if he were walking along the face of a precipice fifty feet above any place where there was the least footing. Of course, the rocks where he walked must have really sloped outward to afford him support, but that was wholly invisible to us, and he seemed to be actually walking in the air along the face of the precipice. After going along in this way six or eight steps, he came at length to roughnesses and projections, and, leaping from one of these to another, he finally gained the summit of a steep green slope two or three hundred feet long, by which he descended to the level ground.

We waited at the foot of the mountain for some time, talking with the children, and amusing them by letting them look through

Conversation with the boy when he came down.

Up the valley.

the opera-glass at various objects seen in the landscapes that were spread before us on the slopes of the mountains around, until the goats had all come down, and then the boys who had been driving them came to us too. We talked with them for some time, and let them look through the glass. The one who had climbed down to rescue the goat did not appear to be more than twelve years old. He was a very bright and happy-looking boy, and seemed quite proud of his powers of climbing about on the side of the mountain. He looked much pleased when we told him that we had been watching him while he was climbing by looking at him through the glass.

But it is now almost three o'clock, which is the hour at which the char is to come that is to take us up through the gorge of the mountains to some place above, so I must close this letter. We have very little idea what sort of a place we shall find; but, as I have already said, we are sure there must be something remarkable up that road, on account of there being so many diligence-loads of passengers going up every day. Besides, we know that it leads to a very celebrated valley, which lies at the foot of Mont Blanc, and is surrounded by *high* mountains.

For, notwithstanding all that I have said about the stupendous grandeur of the mountains that hem in this valley on every side, they are not, after all, *high* mountains for Switzerland. Though they are five or six thousand feet high, they are green and summer-like on the very summits. In some places in the valley, it is true that we can see, through openings between the nearer mountains, a few peaks where there lie some scattered patches of snow,

The snow-capped mountains.

Some account of Chamouny.

in sheltered places and hollows. These peaks are a great deal higher than the nearer mountains, but still, for Swiss mountains, they are not very high. We are going up the valley to places where we shall see immense ranges, which rise so high that they are covered sometimes, for fifty miles, with continuous beds of snow that never melt, but remain of the same dazzling whiteness and brilliancy from summer to winter, and from age to age. We can not see these lofty summits from this valley, but we are going where they will be in full view. We intend even to ascend among them.

LETTER II.

UP TO CHAMOUNY.

Vale of Chamouny, Friday, Aug. 17.

CHAMOUNY, where I am now writing, is one of the most celebrated valleys of the Alps. It lies, in the first place, very high. To get to it, we have to ascend roads so steep that large carriages can not go. Indeed, the valley is so high, and it lies so surrounded with craggy peaks, and glaciers, and mountains of snow, that it was a long time before it was known at all to the rest of the world that there was any such valley there; and long after it was known, the way that led to it was a path so rough, and steep, and narrow, and rocky, that very few people ever went up to it.

The way to Chamouny from Cluses, where I wrote my last letter, lies through the narrow gorge between the mountains, which I have already described as opening up the valley from very near

The baths of St. Gervais.

Sallenches.

The small carriages.

the hotel. I had heard that the valley widened again farther up, and that at one place there was a branch valley, or rather deep ravine, which penetrated in among the mountains to a spot where there were natural springs of hot water, which possessed medicinal qualities ; and that there was a large hotel there, and a great deal of company, consisting of persons who came there to drink the water for their health, and to bathe in it. The name of this place is the Baths of St. Gervais.

I was desirous to see how a large hotel and a great concourse of company would seem in such a wild place among the mountains, and so I determined to stop there one night, at least, on the way.

There was also quite a large town in an open part of the valley before coming to St. Gervais, which I was also desirous to see. The name of this place is Sallenches. Sallenches is the place where the good road comes to an end in going to Chamouny, and the steep part of it begins. There the diligence stops, and the travelers take small carriages, like little covered wagons, for the rest of the way.

These little carriages are of very curious forms and fashions, and there is a great variety of them. Almost every one that you see is different from the rest, but they are all very peculiar, and entirely different from any thing to be seen in other parts of the world.

The diligences, too, are peculiar. They are very large and exceedingly well made. They contain four compartments, and in this respect they are like the diligences of France ; but they differ

Some account of the different carriages.

The char à banc comes to the door.

from these last in being made in such a manner that the tops of all the compartments but one will turn down, like the top of a barouche, and thus leave the seats all open to the sky, so that the company of travelers can have an unobstructed view of the mountains around them as they ride along.

In the French diligences the compartments are closed at the top, and the baggage is placed above. You will find a picture of one of these diligences in THE MUSEUM Story-book. These Swiss diligences being made to open at the top, some other place, it is plain, must be contrived for the baggage; so they have made a sort of long box for it underneath the coach, and there it rides very safely, serving for ballast, also, in the mean time, to prevent the diligence from upsetting. This is quite an important advantage on these dangerous mountain roads.

We thought that we would go to Sallenches in a carriage of our own, so I asked the servant-girl to engage me one. When the carriage came to the door, I found it was of the kind called a *char à banc*. This is a very common kind of carriage in Switzerland, but I believe it is not made in any other part of the world. The door is in one side of it, and the seat is on the other side, so that in riding you go sideways. Some people describe it by saying that it is a short sofa placed on wheels, covered with a top, and drawn along endwise. Others say that it is like a very short and very small omnibus, with a seat only on one side, and the door on the other. But I think that Mr. Doepler can give you a better idea of it than any description would afford, so I shall ask him to make a drawing of it to be inserted here.

Picture of the char à banc.

Inconvenience of it.



THE CHAR A BANC.

The char à banc is certainly a very funny carriage, and I should think that a party of children might enjoy a ride in one exceedingly. But we did not like it very well. In the first place, it is not pleasant to ride sideways; then the top of our char à banc was so low, that we had to put our heads out in the most awkward and inconvenient way, to see the cliffs and summits of the mountains—they were so high, and the top of the carriage was so low.

We went on, however, up the valley, and enjoyed the ride very

Impressive aspect of the mountains.

Stone bridge leading to Sallenches.

much indeed. It was quite impressive to look up to the summit of the mountains that overhung our heads, and see the green fields and pretty farm-houses away up in the sky, and higher still the craggy rocks towering above them, with tall trees on the summits, dwindled in the distance to so small a size that we could scarce discern them.

At length the valley widened, and we came to a place where there was quite a broad expanse of beautiful and fertile country below, though it was bordered by the same stupendous mountains on either side. In some places the cultivated land extended high up the side of the mountains, and the view of it was as if half the sky was laid out into green fields and smiling pastures, with forests and cliffs of rocks above. At other places, the mountain land rose suddenly from the level plain in perpendicular precipices thousands of feet high, with broad slopes of cultivated land above, which ascended till they were lost among the fleecy clouds of the sky.

At last we came to a place where there was a stone bridge, which led across the river to the town of Sallenches, on the other side. In turning to cross the bridge we came into view of an immense mass of snowy mountains, which were seen through the opening of the valley above us. The highest summit of these mountains was Mont Blanc. The whole range was covered with immense fields of snow, that glistened in the evening sun, and looked as cold and wintry as if it were January there, while yet the sun was shining so warm in the valley where we were that we suffered from the heat, even though we were well shaded by the carriage top.

View of the sides of the mountains from the windows of the inn.

We spent the night at Sallenches. From the window of our room at the inn we had a full view of the snowy peaks, and also of the immense slopes of green and cultivated land on the sides of the lower mountains that were nearer to us. Directly opposite the inn, for example, about a mile from us across the valley, there was one vast mountain side spread out before us, with pastures, groves, forests, fields, villages, and hamlets rising one above another to the clouds. With the glass we could examine every thing in the most minute detail. We could see the men and the women going in and out at the cottage doors; we could see the zigzag paths leading up and down, with the boys ascending and descending, and driving goats or cows before them. It was as if a belt of land near where you live, in America, two miles wide and three or four miles long, were to be lifted up on its edge, as it were, before you, so that you could survey it all from your chamber window, and, with a spy-glass, examine every thing that it contains. Such a supposition as that will give you some idea of the views of scenery we have among the Alps, when looking at the slopes of the lower mountains. Then, if you suppose a range of immense precipices of gray rocks, with here and there a group of tall pinnacles rising above them, to be placed at the upper edge of the landscape so displayed to your view, and, finally, above and beyond all, a group of mountain summits formed wholly of ice and snow, you will have quite a correct conception of Swiss scenery.

From Sallenches to the Baths of St. Gervais the distance is not very great, and there was a sort of omnibus that went and returned every day, so we went in the omnibus. We took care,

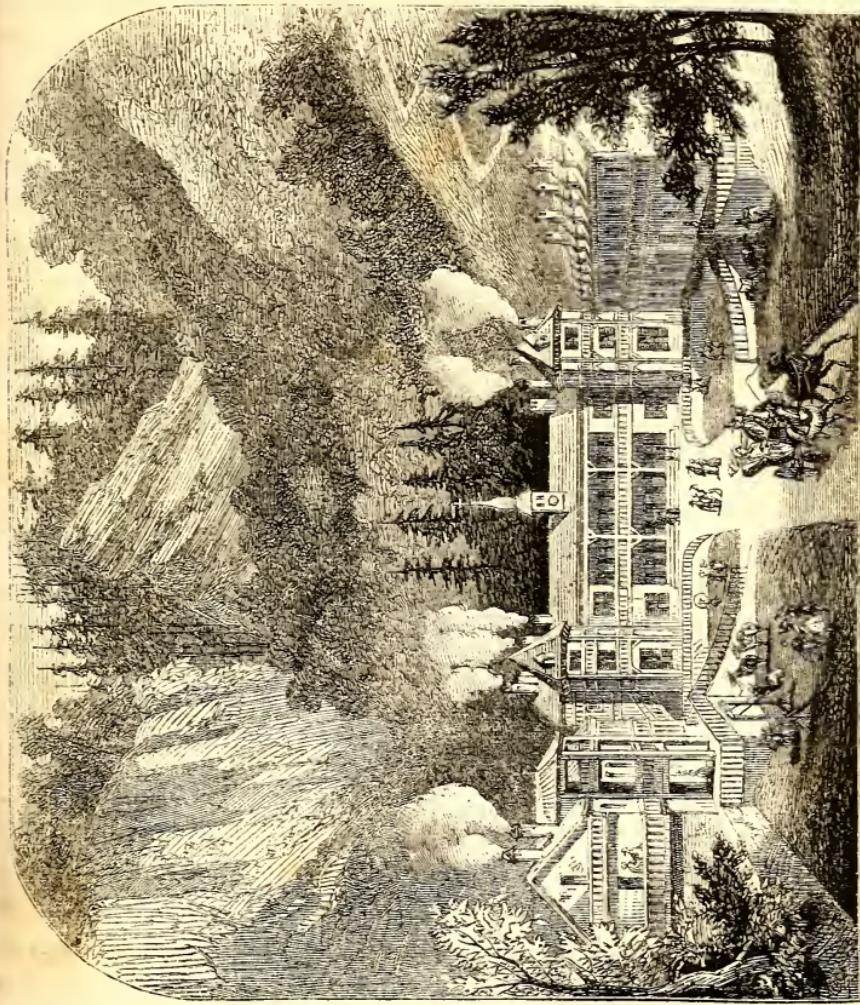
Advance up the valley.Situation of the Baths of St. Gervais.

however, to get up upon the top of it, so that we could have an uninterrupted view of the scenery.

We rode along the open valley for an hour or two, in a narrow road which led through green and pretty fields, until at length we crossed a torrent, and then turned in toward the mountains, and entered a deep ravine. The torrent which we had crossed came out by this ravine. It was very narrow, and the sides of it were very steep and high, and they were covered with forests of firs, which gave to the scene a very shaded and secluded aspect. The ground, however, that formed the bottom of the valley was smooth and beautiful. It was laid out like a park, with a pretty, winding road along the bank of the torrent in the middle of it, and walks under the trees on each side, and little bridges and seats, and steps leading up the declivities, seen here and there through openings in the foliage.

We passed by several buildings that were situated very prettily along the banks of the stream, and at last we came to the hotel. The hotel was at the very head of the ravine, and the steep sides of the mountain, covered with forests, rose abruptly all around it and shut it closely in. The form and arrangement of the buildings was very peculiar. You see a picture of them on the next page. There is a great building in the centre, which extends across the valley, and two long wings, like pavilions, extending forward on each side. There are also two other long wings running back, which are not seen in the engraving, and another range of edifices extending across in the rear, so that the whole establishment covers a great deal of ground.

Picture of the Baths of St. Gervais.



DATHS OF ST. GERVAIS.

Arrangements and accommodations.

Amusements for the guests.

The balancer.

It also contains a great many conveniences of various kinds for the accommodation and amusement of the guests. There is a large parlor in one of the wings, where the company spend their evenings. Besides this, there are several rooms fitted up for different sorts of games, and piazzas to walk in, and balconies to sit in, and a library-room filled with books, and a long dining-room where the tables were set for all the company together. There is also, in the rear of the hotel, a long range of buildings in the inner court, used for bath-rooms, with pumps that are all the while pumping up water into them. The pumps are worked by a water-wheel that is turned by the torrent, which runs in a channel made for it below.

In front of the hotel we saw, as we approached it, a number of donkeys standing, ready saddled and bridled, for ladies and gentlemen who might wish to ascend the paths that lead up the sides of the ravine, or go out into the open valley below. Some were coming and going on these donkeys. Children were playing about the court-yards too. Some were trundling hoops, some drawing little wagons about, and some swinging in the great swings that you see on the left hand in the engraving. The French children call a swing a *balancer*.*

We liked this place so much that we staid a day here. I talked with some of the French children on the piazzas, and showed them a French picture-book which I had in my knapsack. It amused me to hear these children talk to each other in French about the pictures. One of them was learning English, and she

* The French word is *balançoir*.

Zigzag paths.

Village above.

The little refreshment-room.

talked a little with me. She had an English nurse who was teaching her.

We also ascended one of the zigzag paths which led up out of the ravine to the country above. It took half an hour for us to go up. It was as steep all the way as we could climb. On the way we saw the torrent that comes in at the head of the ravine, falling down over the rocks in the middle of an awful chasm, where it would be impossible for any one to go.

When we got half way up the ascent, we met some girls standing in the path talking. We asked them if we were in the right road to go to the village. The village is above, on the brink of the ravine. They said yes, and one of them said, moreover, that she was going up, and that she would show us the way.

After a time we reached the top, and there we found an open country and a village. We went into a little summer-house which we came to, where they kept refreshments for sale, and we had a bottle of what they call foaming lemonade. It is lemonade corked up tight in bottles, and so made that it foams like soda-water when you pour it out. It makes a very refreshing drink, especially for persons who have been toiling for half an hour up a zigzag path as steep almost as a staircase leading up into a steeple.

When we came down to the baths again, we engaged a carriage to take us the next day up to Chamouny. The distance was about twelve miles, and most of the way up steep hills. We would not have a char à banc any more, because we wished to see the country, so we engaged what the man called a *calash*. It was

We leave the baths in a calash.

Ride up the valley.

a sort of barouche. There were two horses. You can see us setting off in it on our journey in the engraving of the inn.

We first came down the little road leading out of the ravine, and then turned up the great valley. We crossed the torrent of the Arve by a very wild-looking bridge. On each side of the river, for nearly a quarter of a mile, the ground was covered with big stones that had been brought down by the inundations of the river, so that in this part of its course the waters were flowing through a scene of desolation which they themselves had made. After crossing the river, we began to ascend the valley. The road turned, and began to wind obliquely up the mountain side. It went up, up, up, continually. All the way we had splendid views of the valley, and the scenery was on so grand a scale that for many hours we could look back upon our whole road, from the very beginning of it, where it issued from the gorge of the baths. We could see the little village of St. Gervais on the brink above, and all the stupendous mountains that towered around it on every side.

Still we went up, up, up, twisting and twining around peaks and ravines, and traversing, sometimes dark forests, and sometimes smooth and fruitful fields, but always with lofty mountains on one side and the deep valley on the other. On the mountain side we passed continually the dry beds of torrents, and sometimes living streams. These last came tumbling down over the cliffs and precipices, far above our heads, in immense cascades, and then ran roaring and foaming across our path in a straight channel walled in for them ; for in all this region it is the custom to wall in

Prospects.

Walling in the torrents.

Disappearing of a lake.

the streams that come down the mountains when they approach the level land, in order to prevent the devastations which they would otherwise occasion when the snows melt in the spring. At such times the torrents bring down immense quantities of mud and stones, which, if the water was not confined by these walls, they would spread over all the adjoining fields, and spoil the cultivation of them.

There was one place where there was once a very pretty little lake, lying in a hollow on the mountain side, near where the road passed along. This lake was situated at a place where the chain of Mont Blanc, with all the snow-covered summits around him, were in full view on the other side of the valley, and they were in such a direction in relation to the lake that, by standing in a certain position on the shores of it, an observer could see all those lofty domes of snow reflected in the water; and travelers in former times used to stop here, and get out of their carriages, and walk along on the shore of the lake until they reached the right spot for seeing the reflection. But all this is now gone, for there came down one spring, not very long ago, such an immense quantity of mud, stones, and gravel, in consequence of a great rain on the mountains, that the lake was filled up entirely; and when we came by it there was nothing to be seen but a great expanse of stones and gravel, with a small stream flowing quietly through the centre of it, wholly unconscious of the mischief it had done.

The stream, however, is not to be condemned for this mischief, since the ultimate end which it is aiming at by its action is a very good one, and in process of time this end will surely be accom-

We continue ascending.

The raspberries and cream.

Beggars.

plished. Having first filled up the lake with stones and gravel, it will now gradually, in future inundations, spread a fine sediment over the surface of it, which, in process of time, will make good soil; and so, in the end, there may be, where the lake once stood, a tract, forming a smooth and fruitful field, the product of which will nourish a whole family of mountaineers.

Still up, up, up, higher and higher, until at last we came to a village, where the coachman stopped to rest his horses and to give them something to eat. There was a queer-looking inn there. We went in to see how it appeared inside. We found some raspberries on a table, and so we had some raspberries and milk.

We finished the raspberries and milk before the horses had half eaten their grain, and so we went to take a walk. We saw some children, and we gave them bonbons that we had in our pockets. We had bought a quantity of bonbons in Geneva, so as to have them ready for this purpose.

There were beggars too, who came to our carriage when at last the horses were ready, and waited there till we got in, and then held out their caps to beg. It is very difficult to determine whether it is best to give these beggars any money or not. They look very poor and miserable, and one pities them very much indeed. But if every body gives them a little money, they get a great deal, and that tends to make other people think it is better to beg than to work, and thus to increase the begging and diminish industry.

There are a great many beggars in Switzerland, and some of them are very importunate. Once there was a foolish-looking old man, who came hobbling up to the side of the diligence, and held

Manners and customs of the beggars.

Some of them bring flowers.

out his cap for me to give him something. I felt in my pockets, and found that I had no change except one little copper coin which was of very small value, so I took that and tossed it down into his cap. He did not thank me at all till he first looked into his cap to see what he had got. He fumbled for the coin very eagerly, and held it up to his eyes, and then, as soon as he saw what he had got, he made up a dreadful face at me.

It is true, the value of the coin was only the fifth part of a cent, so I did not blame him much for making a face.

Sometimes children, when they see you walking, stop by the road-side till you come along, and then, putting on a very mournful face, and speaking in a very whining tone, they ask you if you will not have the kindness to give them "a little something."

At other times, when they see you coming, they run and gather a few flowers, and then stand ready and present them to you with many smiles and looks of good-will; but they expect, if you take the flowers, that you will give them something in return.

Others will offer to go and show you the way where they think you are going; and if you tell them that you do not wish them to go, that you know the way yourself, or that you are not going to that place at all, still they run on and pretend to direct you.

Last evening I went out to take a little walk down the valley. Just as I was entering a forest, a boy came up, and, accosting me in a very polite manner, asked if I would like to have him guide me to the cascade.

It seems there was a celebrated cascade, called the Cascade of the Pilgrims, about half a mile or a mile beyond.

Account of a walk toward the Cascade of the Pilgrims.

"No," said I, "we are not going to the cascade. We are only going to take a little walk in the forest."

"Ah, but you will get lost in the forest, I am afraid," said he. "It is a very dangerous place to get lost in."

"Oh no," said I; "I am accustomed to forests. I am an American. In America we have immense forests, a great deal larger than this. I am not at all afraid."

So I took one of several paths that led into the wood, but the boy followed me, saying that that was a very bad path, and that it led to very bad and dangerous places, and I had better not go there.

I told him that I was very glad to hear that, for the bad and dangerous places were just what I came to Switzerland to see.

So I went on. Still he followed. I told him he might go with us just as far as he pleased, but that I certainly should not give him any money.

Then he went back and left us to ourselves.

But to return to our journey to Chamouny. After leaving the inn, we went on continually ascending, in the midst of scenery growing every moment more and more grand and wild. The road was very steep indeed—so steep in some places that it was quite difficult for the horses to draw us up. It was very rough too, being paved with big and shapeless stones, and very narrow, so that when we met other mountain carriages coming we had to crowd in under the cliff, or go out carefully to the brink of the precipice, and stop there while the other carriage went by.

In one narrow place in the valley, where the face of the mount-

The boy with the trumpet.

Old man.

We enter the Vale of Chamouny at last.

ain on the other side consisted of an immense perpendicular wall of rock a thousand feet high, a boy stood by the road-side with a sort of trumpet which he was going to blow to let us hear the echo. So, when we came to the spot, he blew a loud blast, and then, after a short pause, the music all came back to us, softened and subdued in tone, but very audible. The wave of sound had gone across the valley, and had then been reflected back from the side of the mountain, and so had returned to us again.

Presently, in a very steep, and wild, and dangerous place, entirely solitary, we saw an old man by the road-side, and when we came by he held out his cap to beg. I pitied him, because he looked so old and forlorn, and I gave him a little money. I wondered where he lived, as there was no house in sight, nor indeed any place for one. The country around presented nothing to view but crags, and precipices, and roaring torrents, and it seemed too desolate and wild almost for even the bears to live in. Presently I came to a place where there was a great cleft in the rock by the road-side, and it was here the old man lived, at least during the daytime. He had a little roof over the place, and a seat inside, so that he could sit down when he was in there waiting for carriages to come along. Where he went to at night I do not know.

We went on some miles farther, all the time ascending higher and higher, until at length there opened before us a pretty wide and very beautiful valley, with snow-capped mountains all around it, and great glaciers streaming down from the snowy regions above into the midst of green fields below. This was the valley

Account of Chamouny.

General character of the village.

of Chamouny. The village was in the centre of it, lying very prettily embosomed in the midst of green and fruitful fields. We now drove on rapidly, and in half an hour reached the village, and took up our quarters at the inn.

I shall tell you what sort of a place Chamouny is in my next letter.

LETTER III.

M O N T B L A N C.

Chamouny, Aug. 18.

CHAMOUNY is a very remarkable place. It is a village that consists almost altogether of great hotels. Besides the hotels, there are a few little shops for the sale of curiosities and souvenirs of Mont Blanc to the visitors, and some pretty little gardens and summer-houses belonging to the hotels; and then fifty or one hundred rude stone houses, or rather cabins, where the mules live that carry the tourists up the mountains, and also the men and women who take care of them—and that is all.

In other words, Chamouny is a village which is devoted wholly to the business of exhibiting Mont Blanc, and the other mountains around him, to the throngs of visitors that come every year from various parts of the world to visit the mighty monarch. There is a raging torrent of turbid water from the glaciers flowing through the town, but there are almost literally no streets. The people seem to have built their houses confusedly every where, leaving the carriages to find their way through them as they can.

Views of Mont Blanc.

Occupations of the people.

Morning.

Evening.

There are, however, some open spaces before and around the hotels, in the centre of the village, which might, perhaps, be called *places* or *squares* if they were not so small. Some are on one side of the river and some on the other, with a bridge connecting them. Then there are little gardens, and terraces, and pavilions, and other pleasant places near the hotels, where people sit and view the surrounding mountains, or, with the spy-glasses that are set up there, watch the tourists who are ascending or descending Mont Blanc, when ascensions are made.

The open spaces which I have mentioned are very quiet and still in the middle of the day, but in the mornings and evenings they are full of movement and bustle. In the morning, great numbers of guides stand about ready to be hired, or waiting for the gentlemen and ladies to come who have hired them. Groups of mules are seen at the doors, some saddled and bridled for rides, and others standing patiently by while the guides and porters are loading their backs with a pile of trunks and carpet-bags. Every body is planning excursions ; nothing else is talked of or thought of. In the evening we have the reverse of the picture ; then every body is coming home. Trains of mules are arriving, bringing in ladies and gentlemen who have been up to the Sea of Ice, or to the Flegère, or the Brevent, or who have just arrived from the north by the pass of old Black Head. All is movement and bustle. Evéry body is telling what he has done to-day or what he is going to do to-morrow. The ladies are recounting their adventures, and describing the steep and rocky paths they have come down upon their mules, and the awful precipices which they have crept along

The ascending of Mont Blanc.

Cost of an ascension.

the brink of. Some look frightened, some look tired, some look vexed and ill-humored, while others seem excited and pleased, and step down from their mules to the step-ladder placed there for them with a contented and happy look, which denotes that they are greatly pleased with the adventures of the day.

Thus the morning and the evening are the bustling times at Chamouny. In the middle of the day, all is very quiet and still. There are a few persons to be seen sitting about the piazzas of the hotels, or coming in from short excursions which they have been making in the morning. These amuse themselves by recounting to one another what they have done, or talking about the plan of their future tours. Some saunter into the little shops, and look over the souvenirs and curiosities, while others go to the pavilion and look through the spy-glasses at the upper regions of Mont Blanc, and study the forms of the immense precipices of ice and snow which they see there, or trace the track of those who make the ascension to the summit.

Whenever a party makes the ascension of Mont Blanc, it produces a great excitement at Chamouny. The ascension is a great undertaking. It costs about two hundred dollars for each person for guides, porters, provisions, and the various preparations and outfits that are requisite. It is necessary to spend one night amid the ice and snow. The place where they thus spend the night is a little hut made in a sheltered position under some immense rocks.

These rocks are a range of peaks that shoot up from among the vast fields of snow about half way up the mountain, and they are

The Big Mules and the Little Mules.

Height of the ascent.

so large that they are plainly to be seen from the valley. They look a little like a line of mules walking along. They are called the *Big Mules*.* They are called the *big* mules, to distinguish them from the smaller rocks that crop out from the snow pretty near the summit, perhaps a mile from it, which are called the *Little Mules*. The Little Mules can hardly be discerned by the naked eye in the valley, but they can be discovered very plainly with a glass, forming a little black speck in the middle of immense fields of glittering snow.

You can not see the hut where the people pass the night at the Big Mules, for it is hidden behind the rocks. They have placed the hut in the most sheltered place they could find, for it is intensely cold there, even in mid-summer, and the wind roars around the rocks, and over the snow and ice, with great fury. You hear a sound as of thunder, too, all night long. This sound is produced by the avalanches which are continually coming down from the rocks and mountains around.

All these rocks and the summit of the mountain beyond are in full view from the valley, though the distance is very great. It is eight or nine miles in a straight line through the air to the summit of the mountain, and by the winding and zigzag road that adventurers are obliged to travel in making the ascent it can not be less than twenty-five or thirty miles. Of course, it is impossible to go up and come down in one day, and that is the reason why the party always encamp one night in the cabin under the rocks, so as to set out from thence the next morning.

* In French, the *Grands Mulets*.

Carrying up the provisions.

Interest excited in the village.

They have to carry up provisions, of course, for their supper, and also for their breakfast and dinner the second day, and wood, too, to make a fire, for nothing of the vegetable kind grows at such a vast elevation. All this makes considerable weight, and several persons are necessary to carry it. Then, the traveler who makes the ascent sometimes requires a good deal of assistance from strong men to help him up the icy precipices or across the chasms. They carry ropes and a ladder to assist in crossing these perilous places. For all these purposes a large number of men are required, and this is what makes the expense so great.

Whenever a party makes the ascension, all the guides of the village and all the visitors at the hotels assemble to see them set out. When the party enter the forest at the foot of the mountain, the spectators lose sight of them, and see them no more all the day. Just before sunset, however, by watching with glasses, they can see them coming out upon the edge of a vast field of snow, away up in the sky, as it were, and then follow them as they go creeping slowly on, in a long line, toward the great black rocks which shelter the cabin. They soon, however, turn round a point of the rock and disappear.

The next day, in the case of such an ascension, there is a great interest felt at Chamouny in watching the party all the morning as they go on toward the summit. We know exactly where the track is that they are to take, and so, when they disappear for a time, we know precisely where we are to expect to see them again.

In order that you may imagine just how it seems to be watch-

The manner in which the adventurers are watched from below.

ing a party of men traveling through these lofty regions of ice and snow from a position in the valley, fix your mind upon some town about nine miles from where you live. Imagine a tract of country, ten or fifteen miles square, at that distance, to be raised up into the air, in the depth of winter, twice as high as the clouds, and then inclined a little toward you, so that with a spy-glass you can survey the whole surface of it from the windows of the house where you live. Suppose that, in being so raised up, the land was broken in such a manner as to display here and there immense precipices of rock scattered about among the fields of snow. You must also suppose that there are wide and deep rivers in the country, two miles wide and several hundred feet deep, and that these rivers were always frozen to the bottom by the coldness of the winter, and that when the country was raised up, this ice was rent, and broken, and thrown into heaps in some places, and left in ranges of icy precipices and cliffs at others, and that the snow-banks were some of them one hundred feet high. Imagine now, that while all this wintry region remains in the sky, it becomes summer where you live below, and that in the middle of a very warm day, when the sun beats down upon you intensely, you take a spy-glass and look at the vast wintry region in the air, nine miles away from you, and there you see a line of twelve or fourteen men, like black mites, creeping along in the snow, up some steep slope there, so small that you can scarcely discern them, and seeming, at the distance from which you view them, to be moving so slowly that you have to watch them some time before you satisfy yourselves that they are moving at all. If you picture all

How they appear.

Account of the garden.

Avalanches.

this distinctly to your mind, it will help you to form some idea of what it is to watch an ascension of Mont Blanc from the valley of Chamouny.

In the garden of one of the hotels is a little terraced mound, with steps leading up to it, and paths and seats at the top; and along the sides of the several terraces a row of little cannons are placed, which are fired when a party of adventurers reach the top of the mountain, and they are also fired again when they return. There is great rejoicing, of course, when they return; for, besides the friends which the adventurers themselves have at the hotels, the guides have wives and children who are all more or less anxious for the safety of their husbands and fathers while they are gone up the mountain, and they are all greatly rejoiced when they know that they have safely returned.

The chief danger to be feared in those lofty regions is from avalanches. There are in many places ranges of cliffs there which run along on the crests of the mountains, or hang suspended at the sides, that are composed entirely of ice and snow. These cliffs are many hundreds of feet high, and immense masses of them are continually breaking off, and sliding down the mountain sides, sweeping away all before them. We can see these cliffs from the valley, and with the glass we can discern large portions here and there, with rents and fissures which half detach them from their support, so that they seem just ready to fall. We watch them sometimes a long while, hoping that they will fall, and wondering why they do not. When they do fall, the mass, however solid it may be in the cliff, is dashed to powder on the

The cliffs of ice.

Appearance of an avalanche as seen from the valley.

The guns.

rocks at the first blow, and then it slides down the long descent, till at length it lodges in some deep ravine, or at the bottom of some awful chasm, where it slowly melts away.

The fall of one of these avalanches produces a sound as loud as thunder for a distance of two or three miles all around the place where it falls, but at a distance of nine miles it is not heard at all. At that distance, too, the falling mass looks very small; and it has, moreover, so precisely the appearance of a fall of water, that the only way to determine whether what you are looking at through the telescope is an avalanche or a cascade is to watch it a few minutes to see whether it is permanent, or whether, after running for a time, it comes to an end.

On the day when we arrived at Chamouny, a party came down from Mont Blanc, and reached home in the evening. There was another party that had gone up that day. We knew, of course, that they were that night at the cabin under the rocks, half way up—that is, provided they had met with no mishap—and we anticipated great pleasure in watching them as they went on up to the summit the next morning. We knew that the guns on the little terrace would be fired when they began to draw nigh to the summit.

Accordingly, about ten o'clock we heard the guns. We immediately went to the garden. The little mound where the guns were placed was on one side of the garden, and on the other was a sort of summer-house on a terrace, where there were spy-glasses for viewing the mountain. One of the glasses was attached to the corner of the building on the outside, and there were others at the

People assemble to watch the summit of the mountain. The boys. The young girls.

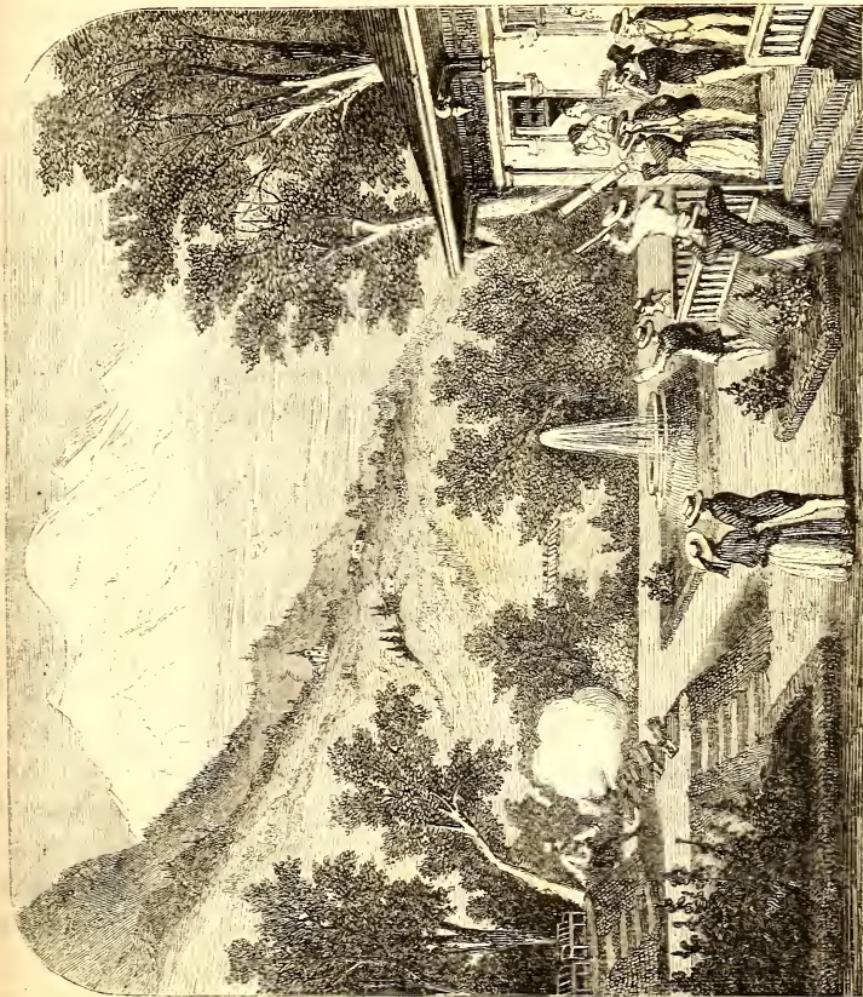
windows. There were several people on the terraces and in the garden walks, some looking at the mountain through the spy-glass, and others through opera-glasses, or *long-views*, as they call them, of their own. Some were trying to see if they could not discern the line of guides and travelers with the naked eye. The guns were firing salutes, which added greatly to the animation of the scene.

We went into the summer-house, and soon had an opportunity to look through one of the glasses. After having a little trouble in finding out exactly where to look, we at length succeeded in discovering the company. They appeared like a row of motionless black dots on the snow. On looking at them, however, steadily for a few moments, we could see a gradual change in their relative positions. The line slowly lengthened; then it divided into two parts. In fact, there were two parties, each consisting of a gentleman and his guides, making together twelve or thirteen in all. The people who were looking at them with glasses interested themselves in trying to count the travelers. Some thought there were twelve, others said thirteen, and some thought that they could make out fourteen.

Several boys—the children, perhaps, of the guides who were upon the mountains, and one or two who told me they expected, when they grew up, to be guides themselves, were there, all anxious to get a peep through the glasses. There were also some of the village girls, two or three together, that came in from time to time to see. They were nice, tidy girls, dressed very prettily in the village costume. What the precise nature of the interest was which

A party ascending the mountain.

Scene in the garden.



VIEWING THE ASCENSION.

The summit of the mountain.

Conversation among the spectators.

they felt in the guides on the mountain, many of whom were young men near their own age, I could only conjecture. Whenever they came, however, we all tried to make room for them, and give them a little opportunity to look as well as the rest. Mary lent them her opera-glasses, with which they could see very well.

Indeed, they generally thought that the opera-glass was better for them than the spy-glasses, for the field of view was wider in it, and it was not so difficult for them to find the right place to look. Besides, with the opera-glass they were not obliged to take the trouble to shut up either of their eyes.

The very summit of Mont Blanc is an immense dome of snow, or rather an immense dome of rock covered with snow. The sides of this dome are so steep that it is necessary to ascend obliquely in going to the top, but, on drawing nearer to the summit, the ascent becomes much more gradual. When we first saw the line of guides and travelers, they were winding slowly up in the oblique direction. In about fifteen minutes the line turned, and began to proceed directly toward the summit. When, at length, the head of the column reached the top, the guns on the terrace were fired again to announce to all the valley the successful termination of the daring adventure.

The line of black dots moved slowly on over the summit, and disappeared from view.

“There!” said some one who was watching them through a glass, “they have gone, and we shall not see them again for a quarter of an hour.”

“Will they come back in a quarter of an hour?”

The party are seen coming down.

“Yes; they seldom remain longer than fifteen or twenty minutes on the summit. The wind almost always blows there, and it is so piercingly cold that the hardiest man would perish in a very short time. Besides, the air is so much rarefied there that it is difficult to breathe.”

We waited fifteen minutes, keeping, however, a good look-out all the time through our glasses, and at length the cry was raised, “They are coming!” Every body looked to the mountain again, and, though nothing could be seen by the naked eye, yet with the glasses the head of the column could be distinctly perceived coming very slowly into view over the smooth white curve of the summit. One after another the whole party of adventurers came into view.

We followed them as they came down. Parties always descend much more rapidly than they go up, especially upon snow. You can slide down the slopes of snow very safely, for you can keep yourself from going too fast, and stop yourself at any time with the point of your pike-staff, by pressing it into the snow behind you as you come down.

We could see the party coming down the hill, and, from the manner in which the little black dots separated from each other—some coming faster and some slower, and the whole spreading out more or less from time to time over the snow, we knew that they were sliding. Just below the great swelling surface over which they were descending there was a range of lofty snow-cliffs, which formed the brow of a lower mountain somewhat nearer to us. We knew that between these cliffs and the place where the party now

The model.The track of the ascent laid down upon it.

were there was a valley, and that soon the line of adventurers would go down into it, and disappear for a time.

Accordingly, in a few minutes they did so disappear, and when the last in the row had finally gone out of sight, we went to look at the model, to see how long it was likely to be before they would appear again.

The model that I here refer to is a work which stands on a table in the entry of the inn, and consists of an exact representation—as exact, at least, as can be made—of the whole valley of Chamonix, and all the mountains around it. Every thing in nature, so far as possible, is represented in the model—the villages, the green fields, the forests, the glaciers, and the fields of snow.

On this model, the track made by parties ascending Mont Blanc is laid down by a red line, so that by examining it, and comparing it with the real mountains before us, we could tell, when the party disappeared, exactly *where* we were to expect to see them again; and, by the length of the red line between, we could judge pretty correctly about what *time* they would appear.

Besides, we could see the track on all those portions of the snow that were nearest us. There had been two parties up before this one within a week, each consisting of about fifteen persons, including the porters and guides. These parties made, of course, thirty tracks, which, for the going and coming, made sixty; and now the present party, in ascending, had made fifteen more, amounting to seventy-five in all; and as they all had taken the same course, they had made quite a road over the snow. This road was not visible near the summit, but it was very distinct-

The party coming down.

Their forms relieved against the snow.

ly to be seen on the nearer declivities of the snow. So we watched the place where this road finally disappeared, and there, in about half an hour, we saw our adventurers coming again into view.

In this manner we continued to observe the party as they came on down the successive slopes of the mountains till one o'clock. By that time they had come so near that, with the glasses, we could distinguish their forms, and see their pike-staves, and observe their attitudes and all their motions—the forms of their bodies being beautifully delineated in exceedingly fine black lines against the surface of the snow. At last they turned off toward the cabin at the Grands Mulets, and disappeared, one after another, behind a point of the rock. We saw no more of them, and heard no more, until, at about six o'clock in the evening, the guns on the little terrace in the garden announced their arrival at the village.

There are a great many excursions that may be made about Chamouny besides ascending Mont Blanc. There are immense glaciers to be visited, and various lofty eminences to be ascended, which afford fine views of Mont Blanc and of the valley. Every morning, parties are setting out on these excursions, and returning from them in the evening. There is a great deal that is interesting to see without going out of the valley at all, especially at the foot of the glaciers, where the ice comes down into the cultivated ground. Glaciers are immense rivers of ice ten or fifteen miles long, two or three miles wide, and several hundred feet deep.

Excursion to the glacier.

The torrent.

Cliffs of ice.

They come down the mountain sides in immense ravines, the ice moving at the rate usually of about an inch an hour. But I shall tell you more about the glaciers in my next letter.

LETTER IV.

THE GLACIERS.

Chamouny, Aug. 17.

I AM now sitting under the shadow of a large rock, in a very wild and desolate place, at the foot of one of the glaciers of Chamouny. On one side is an immense field, some miles in extent, entirely covered with big stones that have been brought down by the torrents, and that now lie blanching in the sun. The whole tract is furrowed with innumerable channels, in many of which the turbid water from the glacier is roaring along. Before me is a steep, rocky hill, perhaps one thousand feet high. The crest of this hill is formed by a line of lofty white cliffs, which hang impending as if ready to fall. These cliffs are of ice. They are part of the glacier. It is a very warm summer's day, and they seem to be basking in the rays of the sun, which shines directly upon them.

The range of cliffs extends down along the ridge of the hill into the valley, and there they form a mountain of ice several hundred feet high, and extend a mile or more across the valley. This icy mountain is full before me. The side toward me is a perpendicular precipice, and the water that melts from it is dripping down in streams. There are monstrous stones on the top of the ice, some

Difficult to get near the ice.

Joseph, our little guide.

as large as houses. Many of them are hanging on the brink, just ready to fall. They will fall when the ice melts away a little more.

We can not easily get very near the ice, on account of the great number of rocks that lie scattered confusedly over the ground, and the torrents of turbid water that are flowing off from it. Some of this water flows out from under the ice, and some comes down the sides of it in copious streams. Then, too, the faces of the cliffs seem cracked and broken away in many places, and are ready to fall. All these things make it difficult and dangerous to go very near.

A boy, however, who is with us, has just scrambled over the stones, and broken off some of the ice and brought it to us. It is hard, transparent, and clear. I put a piece of it in a hollow of a rock near me, when it soon melted in the rays of the sun, and so I had a drink of cool water.

The name of the boy is Joseph. He is a Swiss boy. He appears to be about twelve years old, but he says he is fourteen. He is learning to be a guide. I found him at the village of Chamonix while we were watching the party of men coming down the side of Mont Blanc.

The boy looked so bright and honest, and he answered certain questions which I asked him about the parts of the mountain that we saw in so intelligent a manner, that I told him I wished to go to the foot of the great glacier that afternoon, and I asked him if he could show me the way. He said he could, and so I engaged him for my guide. After he had showed us the way here, how-

Some account of the glacier.	Magnitude of it.	Motion of the ice.
ever, I told him that he need not stay to conduct us back again. I intended to remain, I said, for some time, and so he might go home. But I have engaged him to be our guide to-morrow morning to go up the mountains. He is a pretty small guide, but I think he will do very well.		

Since writing the foregoing, I have been looking up at the cliffs of ice again that show themselves along on the crest of the hill, basking in the sun. Why don't they melt? you will ask. That is what almost every one asks when they see them for the first time. The truth is, they do melt. They are melting all the time. Immense cascades are continually pouring down the rocks below them. We have just counted fourteen of these cascades, some of them immensely large, that come foaming and tumbling down the rocks from the foot of the ice-cliffs, in full view for a distance of not less than two miles. One of these cascades is big enough of itself to make a river, and the water that comes from them all is derived from the melting of the ice above.

Then why, if this ice is continually melting, does it not all melt away and disappear?

This is a question that for a long time puzzled every body exceedingly. The cause was, however, at last discovered. The truth is, that away above and beyond the cliffs of ice that we can see here, and high up among the mountains, there is an immense sea of ice, filling a valley three or four miles wide and fifteen or twenty miles long; and these cliffs, high as they appear to us, are only the lower edges of this immense mass. The whole mass is

Advance of a glacier into the valley.Ridges of rocks and gravel.

all the time, too, in a state of slow motion, crowding onward and downward to the brow of the rocky hill, and over it, so that, as fast as the face of the ice that is exposed to the sun melts away, more comes continually crowding down to take its place. In this manner the sun is all the time melting the lower portions of the glacier, where it comes down toward the valley, and wasting it away there, while the mass behind is steadily and incessantly crowding on fresh supplies. Thus the cliffs are always melting, but they never melt away.

It is the same with the great mountain ridge of ice which comes down to the bottom of the valley. It is continually crowded forward by the ice behind it, so that, at its farther end, it plows up the earth and stones before it, and makes great ridges of them. It advances very slowly indeed, but it moves with prodigious force; and if it were not that the sun melts it away continually at the end, it would crowd itself entirely across the valley. When the summers are very warm, the heat melts the end of the glacier away so much that it does not reach so far, and then the ridge which it made by crowding down before is left, and forms a sort of hill of stones and gravel. Then, when the summers for some years are cold, and the end of the ice is not melted away so fast, the crowding forward of it plows up the ground again, and makes a new ridge, which, in process of time, is driven forward to the others which were formed before.

I have now returned to the hotel. While I was writing the foregoing, seated on the rocks, a large party of visitors came to

Parties of visitors.

The Arvieron.

Arch under the ice.

see the glacier. They came on mules. When they came pretty near, they left the mules under the trees of a forest that grows in this part of the valley. Very soon another large party came. We could see them at a distance following each other in long lines over the heaps of stones or across the torrents, the ladies wearing broad-brimmed straw hats, after the Swiss fashion, and all armed with Alpenstocks, which are long poles, with a pike in one end and the hook of a chamois horn in the other. The part of the glacier which comes entirely down into the valley is half a mile long, I should think, and half a mile wide, and it forms a ridge or hill several hundred feet high, so that there is room in the valley before it for a thousand visitors to come and see it without being in each others' way.

Besides the great cascades that descend from the cliffs of ice which appear overhanging the hill, there are great streams which gush continually out from under that portion of the ice which comes down to the bottom of the valley. One of these is a river by itself. The name of it is the Arvieron. It comes out from an immense archway under the ice, which is sometimes one hundred feet high. It makes this archway itself by melting the ice below and causing the ice above to fall down. We sat on the rocks before this place for some time, and watched the river pouring out from under the archway, and the streams of water from the ice above, and we saw small pieces of the ice itself falling down into it. There were some large rocks above, ready to fall. We watched them for some time, hoping to see them come down, but they clung to their places as long as we staid there.

The flowers.

The poor beggar-woman.

Getting ice.

Flowers grow and bloom very prettily close to the ice all around, wherever there is a little soil to be found among the rocks. There are always children there who gather these flowers, and bring them to the visitors, hoping that they will in that way get some money. It is one of their modes of begging. There was one woman there. She looked poor and miserable. She sat on a stone, knitting, until she saw a party of visitors coming, and then she got up and gathered some little flowers, or some small wild strawberries that grew there, and offered them to the visitors, in hopes to get some money in return.

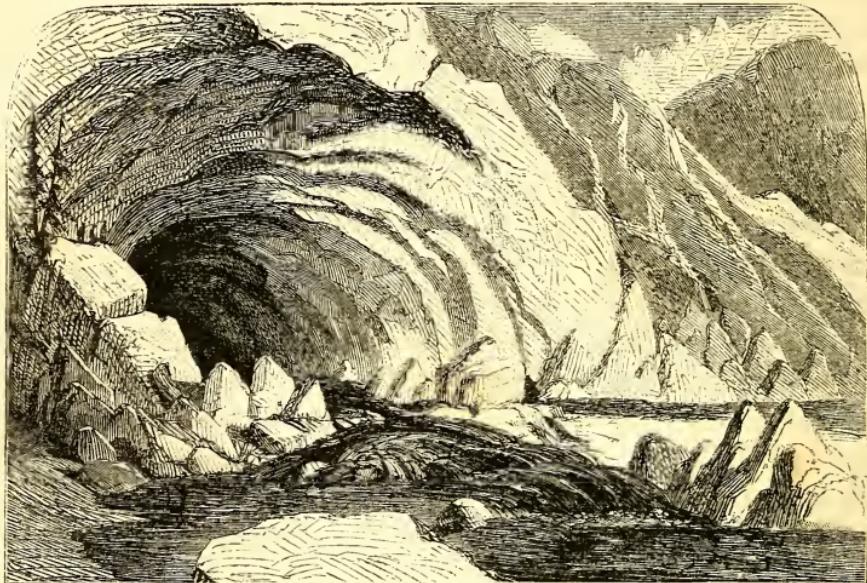
At one part of our walk, when we were following a rocky path through a wood that had grown up in one of the great ridges of gravel that had been heaped up by the glacier, we heard some men at work before us, and we saw a mule standing there under a tree. The place where the mule was standing was very near the margin of the glacier, and the men themselves were upon the ice. We wondered what they could be doing. When we came near the mystery was explained. They were quarrying blocks of ice from the glacier to supply the hotels.

At first view, it might seem to be very convenient for these hotels to have such a vast store of ice near them, at all seasons of the year, from which to draw their supplies at will, by merely taking the trouble to cut it. But consider the great inconvenience and trouble of getting upon the glacier, and of then getting out the ice, and the long way and the rough road by which it has to be conveyed, in baskets on the backs of the mules, to the village; it is not improbable that, after all, the hotels in Broadway may get

Picture of the arch under the ice.

their supplies more easily from Rockland Lake than those of Chamouny from this great glacier.

Here you see an engraving of the river coming out from the glacier. The arch is very high. The water of the river undermines the ice, and then what is above falls down, and thus an arch



RIVER ISSUING FROM A GLACIER.

is formed. Probably the vapor arising from the water helps to melt the ice above. This arch would become a great deal larger than it is, were it not that the whole mass of the glacier is constantly advancing, and thus the solid ice above is continually renewed.

Plan for ascending Montanvert.

Other parties forming.

It is very easy to go in for a long distance under this arch, but it is dangerous to do so, for blocks of ice may at any time fall down from the vault above. Yet persons used to go in quite frequently some years ago, until at last, one day, when three persons were there, a large mass of ice fell upon them and crushed them. One was killed, and the other two had their legs broken.

How extremely foolish it is for people to go into dangerous places just to show their daring!

To-morrow I am going up the mountains to obtain a view of the great sea of ice above, from which this glacier comes down. This is where Joseph is to go with us to show us the way. We are to go by a zigzag path up the face of the mountain for about six miles. It is very steep all the way, but when we get up we shall be so high that we can look directly down into the great valley where the Sea of Ice lies, and, if we choose, we can go down upon it. The place that we are going to is too high for people to live there, but they have built a little inn at a certain spot where there is the best view, in order to furnish refreshments for travellers who come up. The place where this inn stands is called Montanvert. We are to set out at six o'clock in the morning, and Joseph is to meet us on the bridge in the village, just in front of the hotel. I intend to take paper, and pen, and ink with me, and keep a journal of the adventures I meet with on the way.

A great many other parties are forming and maturing their plans this evening for excursions on the mountains to-morrow. The weather promises to be very fine, and all is exhilaration and excitement.

Setting out in the morning.

The plain.

We begin to ascend.

LETTER V.

THE SEA OF ICE.

Mountain side, Aug., 7 o'clock.

WE are on our way up the mountain. We have been ascending about half an hour, and have now seated ourselves in a shady place on the rocks and under the trees to rest.

We set out from the hotel at half past six. The sun was shining bright and clear, and gilding the summits of all the surrounding mountains. The place in front of the hotel was full of guides, mules, and parties of tourists setting out on various excursions.

We met Joseph on the bridge as we came out.

"Ah! here you are, Joseph," said I, "punctual to the time."

He bowed, and saluted us in a very polite and gentlemanly manner.

Our path led first through a beautiful little plain of fields and meadows, and gradually approached the mountain. Flocks of goats passed us going to their pastures, and tinkling their bells very prettily in the morning air as they went by. In looking back, we could see other parties coming along the road, some on foot and some mounted on mules.

Presently we reached the base of the mountain, and began to ascend. The path was steep and rocky; it was roughly paved with big stones, and along the margins of it there was a ridge of bigger stones, that had been pried out and thrown to one side in

Parties of tourists coming up the path.

Conversation with Joseph.

making it. The path meandered about among the lower hills which skirted the base of the mountain, but it ascended rapidly. At every turn we had beautiful views of the valley below, and of the mountains on the other side. Those mountains are not very high, but the tops of them are covered with great patches of snow.

Parties of tourists are continually coming up the path. First was a lady on a mule, preceded by a guide, with a gentleman walking behind. They seemed to be English. Next, a German teacher and three boys, all on foot. Next, a young girl of sixteen, tripping on up the path very lightly after her guide, and followed closely by her father and her brother.

"Now, Joseph, you may walk on with Madame, and I will follow after I have finished my writing."*

"Very well, sir," says Joseph.

"There is no danger, I suppose, of my losing my way."

"No, sir, no danger at all. A little above here the path divides into two, and you will take the smallest one. You take the one to the left; it comes to the same thing, but it is a better path."

So they have gone and left me alone. I see the village below me, with the church, and the hotels, and the torrent of the Arve pouring through it under the bridge. Around me are pastures, with boys driving the cows into them; I hear the tinkling of the

* Of course, all my conversation with Joseph is in French. I translate it into English as I write.

The auberge.

Curiosities.

Luncheon of bread and cheese.

bells. Far below I see new parties coming up. Some are very distant, and are seen creeping along over the plain; others are coming up the path, and I get glimpses of them here and there through the trees.

7½ o'clock.

We have arrived at a little house of refreshment, and now I have a table to write at, which I use for this purpose while the man who keeps the house is getting us some bread and cheese for a sort of breakfast. There is a large table in the room covered with ornaments, minerals, boxes made of agate, engravings, and other things, to sell to tourists as souvenirs of their ascension. From the window before me I can look down on the valley, and see the foaming Arve pouring through it over its stony bed. On each side of the stream is a broad belt of forest, and beyond the forest is a tract of green and fertile land, divided beautifully into square fields of grass and grain.

The place that we are in is in what would be called in America a settlement. It is at a place where there is a small tract of fertile land on a sort of knoll projecting from the side of the mountain. They have cleared the ground here, and laid out fields of corn and grain upon it, and it makes a very pretty place. It is high up above the valley; there are only one or two houses upon it, and some barns.

Now we are going to eat our bread and cheese. After that, and when we have rested a little, we shall resume our journey up the mountain.

Conversation with Joseph.

His mother's occupation.

The moss.

8 o'clock.

We have ascended a mile more. After leaving the little *chalet* where we had our bread and cheese, we began to go on again by a steep path, in zigzags, up the mountain side, through the forest. From time to time we held conversation with our little guide. I asked him about his father.

"I have no father," said he; "my father is dead. I have no brothers or sisters, but only my mother. My mother and I are alone."

"And what does your mother do to gain her living?"

I could not understand Joseph's answer to this question at first. He said that his mother gained her living by gathering or making something in the forest, but I could not tell what. He said he would show me when he got farther up the mountain. So, after we had ascended a little farther, he put up his hand under a little clump of fir-bushes, and took up a handful of the dead leaves, which he held up to me, saying that that was what it was his mother's business to gather.

"But what do you use it for?" asked I.

"For beds for the mules to lie upon," said he, "so as to keep them nice and clean for the travelers."

Thus we see how many and how varied are the ways by which the visits of travelers to this valley furnish employment and the means of subsistence to the people.

A short time after this we came to a little hut without any windows or chimneys. It was built under the trees, against the side of the mountain. I asked Joseph what it was for, and he said it

Joseph has plenty of money.The lady on the carrying-chair.

was a magazine to store the leaves in for the beds of the mules. He said that it was in such a hut as that his mother stored her gatherings, on the other side of the valley.

After ascending a little while, we saw a child in the path some way above us, with something in her hand. On coming up to her, we found she had a plate of strawberries, a bottle of milk, and a glass of water. We wanted the water. I took out my money, but found that I had no small change. Joseph said that he would make change for me; so he drew out a long purse from his pocket full of money. Thus it seemed that he was quite a thrifty young man.

11 o'clock.

From where I am seated now, I can see the path far below me, and the different parties coming up. They look very picturesque and pretty, winding around the turns of the zigzag, in long lines of mules and men. One lady, riding on what is called a *carrying-chair*,* has just gone by. This carrying-chair is a seat suspended between two poles, and carried by two men. Of course it makes, when a person is seated in it, quite a heavy load for the men, and they have to change pretty often; for this reason, it is necessary to take four men, at least, and usually six, to each chair; and then, after two of them have carried it a little way, two others take their place. This makes a very easy way for a lady to ascend a mountain, but it costs three times as much as it does to ride up on a mule.

* *Chaise à porteur.*

The spring of water.

Women and girls about it.

Their eagerness.

We have been going up, up, up, all the time now for hours, but we have always the same view of the valley, with its fields, and villages, and the torrents of the Arve below, and peaks and cliffs rising higher and higher above us. The valley seems scarcely to change in appearance at all as we ascend, except that the houses grow smaller, the lines of road become finer and finer, and the shading of color in the forests and fields becomes more and more delicate, until now, at length, the view resembles a finely-painted landscape in miniature on enamel.

We just passed a place where there was a spring of water. I had a drinking-cup in my haversack, and we should have liked very well to have been allowed to help ourselves to the water at our pleasure; but the Swiss turn every thing to account on their mountains for the purpose of making money. There were no less than six women and girls around the spring, and when they saw us approaching, all came forward and formed a line across the road. They each had a large basket in their hands, stored with various refreshments. There were bottles of milk and of wine, plates of strawberries and raspberries, and glasses filled with water from the spring. The girls were dressed mostly in the Swiss costume, and wore broad-brimmed straw hats upon their heads. They behaved, on the whole, very politely, but they were all eager to have us buy something from their baskets. I addressed one of them, and asked for a glass of water, when they all immediately took up the tumblers from their baskets, and held them out so quick that they spilled half the water out of them.

In front of the spring there was a long seat, made of a log with

The mountaineer gathering moss.

Still ascending.

the upper side flattened. It was placed there for travelers to sit upon and rest; but we like better to find resting-places for ourselves in more retired places among the rocks by the road-side as we go along.

I just heard a clicking sound in the forest near me, and wondered what it was. At first I thought it must be some animal there. I looked and watched, and at last I saw that it was a man. He was up near the top of a tall fir-tree. He was pulling off the moss from the branches of the tree, and throwing it down to the ground. This was what made the clicking sound. There was quite a heap of moss at the foot of the tree, which he had thrown down already.

I wondered what he was doing this for.

“Joseph, what is that man doing up in that tree?”

“He is gathering moss for the goats to live on in the winter.”

“Is it possible,” said I, “that the goats can live on moss?”

“Yes, sir,” said he; “and the men come up here and gather it for them in the summer.”

The trees high up the mountain sides are usually loaded with moss, which hangs from all the branches in gray festoons, like a trimming.

12 o'clock.

Still up, up, up, twisting and turning every way among rocks, roots, crags, stumps, and every other possible obstacle. We are now, however, approaching the top. We are beginning to meet

The carrying-chair coming down.Zigzag path up the Flégère.

parties who have been up to the *chalet*,* and are coming down. The carrying-chair has just gone by. It is empty now, and the lady who rode up in it is walking down in company with the gentleman who is with her, the train of porters coming behind them. I can see other parties of men and mules descending; I can follow them with my eye far down the mountain. Sometimes they disappear for a time, and then come into view again at some new turn in the zigzags far below.

I can see across the valley to the mountain range on the opposite side of it. The face of the mountain is all before me, with great fields of snow lying on the top of it. I seem to be about on a level with the lower limit of the snow. There is a small house, which I can just discern, that has been built as a shelter for tourists, who go up on that side for the sake of the view. The place is called *Flégère*. If you have any friends in America who have been at Chamouny, they will tell you that they heard of it. Perhaps they ascended to it: it is about as high as Montanvert, where we are going, only it is on the other side of the valley. I can trace the zigzag path which leads to it for a long distance up the mountain side, until, at last, it enters a forest and disappears. It comes out of the forest again a mile or two higher up, and from that point I can trace it again almost all the way to the summit.

I have sent Joseph on to the inn to order breakfast for us. He says it is now only five minutes walk from here. I have remained behind on the rocks to finish my account of our ascension.

A great many mules are continually going by. I think not

* Pronounced *shalley*.

View of the Sea of Ice.

The inn on the mountain.

The company.

less than fifty people have passed by us, going up the mountain, this morning. They go by us because I have stopped so much to write. They are sending the mules back because, I suppose, they prefer to walk down. The path is, indeed, very steep and rugged, and it often makes very short turns on the edge of a bare and stony slope, steeper than the roof of a house for a thousand feet down.

Now I will go on to the inn, and see what success Joseph has met with in getting us breakfast.

On the Sea of Ice, 1½ o'clock.

Just before arriving at the inn, I came over the brow of a hill which brought me suddenly into full view of the Sea of Ice. I saw before me and far below me an immense valley about three miles wide, bordered on each side with steep, rocky mountains, and filled from side to side with solid ice. The ice was not level, but lay in hills and valleys, like the surface of uneven land, and great cascades were tumbling down the mountains on each side into it.

The inn is a small building standing on a little level spot among the rocks, at a point which commands a fine view of the icy valley. Guides and mules were standing in the yard. I went in. There was a long passage-way, with a kitchen on one side and little bed-rooms on the other. These bed-rooms are for the use of such travelers as desire to spend the night on the mountain.

At the end of the passage-way I came to a large room, where there were tables set, and people taking refreshments. At one of

View of the inn at Montanvert and the Sea of Ice.



MONANVERT.

Curiosities for sale.	Little mortar.	The glacier.	The moraines.
the tables they were making ready for our breakfast. There was another large table in the room, covered with objects of science and art, to be sold to the visitors as souvenirs of their visit. There were rings, and pins, and bracelets, and jewelry of all kinds, made of the beautiful cornelians and agates found upon the sides of Mont Blanc and of the mountains around. There were cups, and trumpets, and cane-heads, and pipes, and various other things made of the horn of the chamois; and there were carved images of animals and men, and models of Swiss houses and chalets, and a great many other such things.			

We ate our breakfast, and also bought some of the souvenirs. I bought a small mortar of smoke-colored agate, with a little pestle of the same. The mortar is about as large as the bottom of a tea-cup. If any of you ever come to see me, I will show it to you. At last we set out to descend to the Sea of Ice.

The descent was by a zigzag path down the steep side of the mountain, several hundred feet. We met a great many parties of ladies and gentlemen coming and going. It was difficult getting upon the ice, for the margin of it was bordered by immense ridges of stones of all sizes, great and small. These ridges are called *moraines*. The glacier forms them by incessantly moving along, and carrying the stones which fall upon it from the mountains above with it, and strewing them along its borders as it goes on.

It was very difficult to walk over the glacier when we were upon it. The ice is not level, but lies in hills, and valleys, and cliffs, and ravines, like a very rough and hilly country. It *is*, in fact, a *country of ice*. There are brooks on it, and cascades, and wa-

Steps in the ice.

The crevasses.

The man with the little cannon.

terfalls, and ponds, and stones, and gravel, and every thing, in fact, but vegetation. I am writing this account seated on a stone which lies upon the ice, with little streams of water running all around me. We have been ascending some of the little hills. The guide cut steps in the ice for us with his pike where it was very steep. Where it is not very steep we can walk pretty easily, for the surface is not smooth and slippery, but rough, like the crust of snow in the spring.

Here and there are immense chasms in the ice, several feet wide, and nobody knows how deep. We have been throwing big stones down into some of these chasms. The stones bound from side to side of the chasm, as they go down, with a hollow, reverberating sound, until at length they fall with a plunge into the water far below, as if they had fallen into the sea.

The brooks and streams that are running on the glacier almost always find their way at last into one of these chasms.

The sun shines warm upon me as I sit upon the rock, but the breeze is cold—so cold that I did not think it prudent for a lady to remain long exposed to it, and I accordingly sent Mary off the ice, under Joseph's care, some time ago, while I remained behind to finish my description, and now I will go too.

There are two men on the highest ridge of rocks which border the glacier, with a little cannon and a fire. As I came by, one of them asked me if I would like to hear the report of a cannon for the echo.

“How much will there be to pay?”

A negotiation.

View of a party crossing the glacier.

“A franc.”

A franc is about twenty cents.

“Would you like to hear it?”

“Why it seems to me that a franc is rather dear.”

“Ah no, sir. It costs full half a franc, the mere powder, for every charge. It is very far to bring up the powder.”

“Very well; fire.”

The man touched off his cannon by means of a little brand which he held at the end of a long pole. It made a loud report, and a prolonged echo followed it, reverberating from the mountains all around.

Now the man is loading his cannon again as fast as he can. He sees another party coming down the rocks, and he hopes to get another franc for firing again.

There is a party going across the glacier, with the intention of descending to Chamouny on the other side of the valley. We are watching them from the side of the mountain. We can see them with the glass as they go clambering over the hills and valleys of the ice. I am writing, and Mary is looking at them with the glass. I can not distinguish them with the naked eye, but she describes their progress.

“Now they are going down an awful place. Now they are disappearing. The guide is leading the girl down by the hand. Now they are out of sight entirely.”

Where they are going when they get across I can not imagine. The whole side of the mountain there is in full view, with immense

Watching the people on the glacier.The little bridge.

cascades coming down for miles over the slopes of the rock, but I do not see any signs of a path in any direction.

“Can you see them now?”

“No, I have lost them all now. I don’t know what has become of them.”

Ten or fifteen minutes pass away.

“Now I see one man. He is standing there alone; he is very near the foot of one of the waterfalls. Can you see him?”

I look, without the glass, but I can see nothing.

“Ah! there is a bridge across the torrent. He is going over it; now he is stopping in the middle of it. Look! see if you can see him. Now he is stooping over. I wonder what he is doing.”

I look, and with the naked eye can see a tiny speck relieved against the white rocks. In a moment he is gone.

“Ah! now I can see them all. Look! look!”

I look, and can see them with the naked eye. They are slowly moving up over the gray rocks along the side of an immense cascade, formed by the water coming down a long slope of stones and gravel at the bottom of the descent. They move in a line, one behind the other. Now they are crossing the bridge, which seems to be only a single plank laid across the torrent.

This man proves, at length, to belong to another party, that is coming up the valley on the other side, and is to cross over the glacier to this. The party that we had been watching had not

Woman with refreshments to sell.

Ladies on the glacier.

gained the bank when we saw the man on the bridge. They had disappeared in some of the valleys or chasms of the glacier ; but now they have got across, and we can see both parties moving along toward each other, like lines of black dots slowly creeping over the gray rocks and gravel.

The coming party have stopped to rest. There is a woman there with a basket ; I suppose she has refreshments to sell. We can see the basket with the glass, but can not see whether the people buy any thing of her. At any rate, they are sitting down at the place.

Now they are moving again. They appear and disappear from time to time among the cliffs and pinnacles of ice, and the heaps of rocks formed by the moraines.

Now I can see them, with the glass, moving slowly along on the brink of a range of icy cliffs ; they have stopped to look down. One of the guides has just thrown a stone down into the abyss below.

Now the guide is cutting steps in the ice up a steep ascent. There are several ladies in the party ; they come along very cautiously ; in some places the guides take hold of their hands. They are advancing gradually across the glacier, but it will be nearly half an hour before they reach this side. Now the guide is holding one of the ladies while she is looking down into one of the chasms. It seems to be an awful abyss. The others are looking down too. Now they are throwing stones down.

They approach the brink of the abyss with great caution, and seem very much afraid that they may fall in.

Parties coming down.

Steep path.

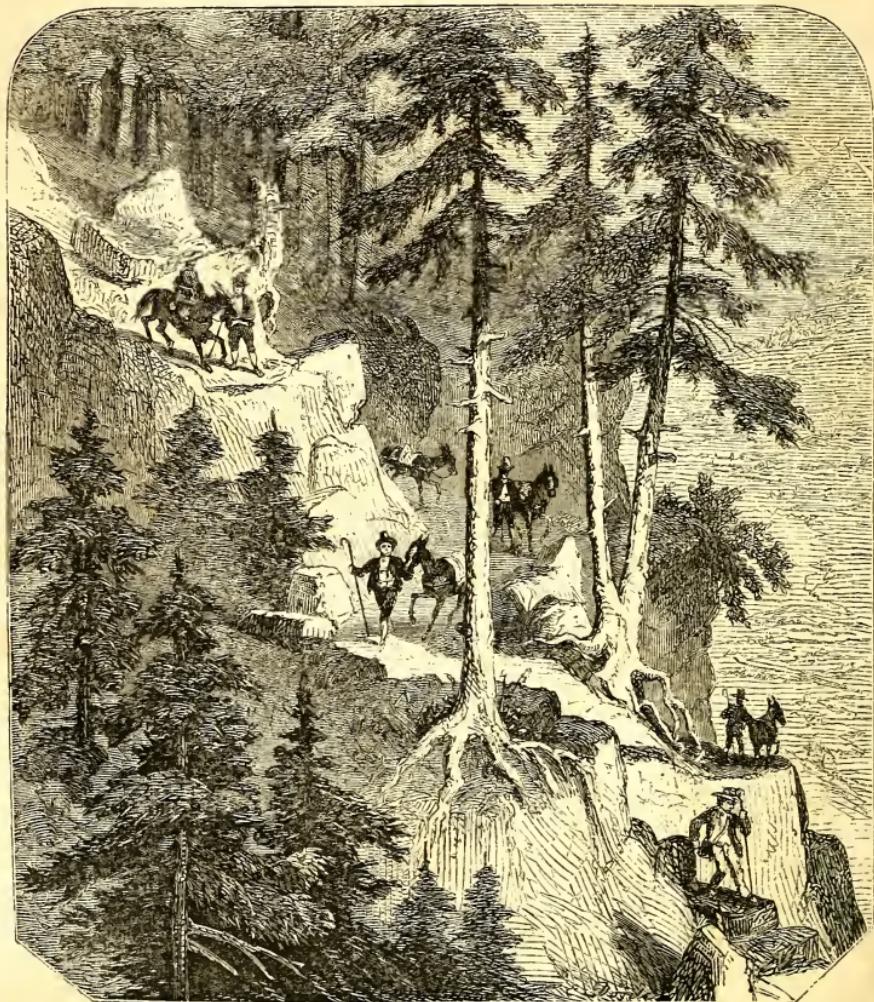
The mules.

8 o'clock.

We have returned to the hotel. We arrived about seven o'clock, after a descent of about three hours. By coming faster we might have descended in about two hours, but we preferred to come slowly, and to stop occasionally by the way. We were continually meeting with little scenes and incidents, which so amused and occupied our minds that we were by no means impatient to come to the end of our journey.

We met several parties coming up. Other parties overtook and passed us coming down. Some of these consisted of young men, who descended with great rapidity, cutting across at the turns of the zigzags so as to save distance. In so doing, they were obliged to scramble down very rough and deep declivities by a succession of leaps from one rock to another, but this they seemed to enjoy. Other parties consisted of ladies, who went more slowly. Some of them kept upon their mules, and went on their way down the steep turns and windings of the path apparently with the most perfect composure and unconcern. Others were afraid to ride down, and so, while their guides led their mules, they walked behind, descending cautiously by the help of their pike-staves. There is not really much danger in coming down upon the mules, for they are very careful and very sure-footed; and when they come to a steep or very uneven place, they look attentively at the ground, and take care where they step, and so carry you over the bad place very gently and safely. Still, they do sometimes trip a little, or their foot slips over a rolling stone; and if this happens near the brink of a precipice, the rider is often greatly alarmed,

View of the descent from Montanvert.



COMING DOWN.

Moving on the brink of the precipice.The big bundle of moss.

and insists on getting off and walking the rest of the way, though the guide earnestly assures him that there is no danger.

There are many places where the path passes along the brink of a precipice, and sometimes turns round a projecting point, in a manner that tries the nerves of timid people very much. There was one such place, which I stopped to make a little sketch of in coming down from Montanvert, sufficient to enable me to describe it to Mr. Doepler, so that he could make a drawing of it to put in the book opposite to this description. It was a place where the road passed round a great stump at a projecting point on the mountain side.*

In coming down such places, you feel much safer than you otherwise would do on account of the care and attention of the guide. He comes forward to lead the mule by the bridle, and thus, even in case of a fall, he would be ready to catch you, and save you from being hurt.

When we came down to the place where we had seen the man at work gathering moss from the trees, we found him there again, though he had finished his gathering, and was now making up his moss into a bale. He had placed sticks along the sides of the bundle of moss, and then had tied strings around it. He thus formed quite a compact package, and presently he put the burden on his head, and walked down the mountain with it.

* Mr. Doepler has made the picture, and you see it on the adjoining page. You see the mule coming down round the projecting point in the foreground above. Farther on, and lower down the mountain, you see the continuation of the path, with the short cuts leading from the point of one zigzag to that of the other below it.

The evening sun.

The old guide.

His serpentine cups.

The sun shone upon our path and made it warm for us at times, but we saw, some miles below us, the shadow of the mountains on the other side of the valley gradually creeping up the slope on our side as the sun declined. The valley itself was now wholly in shadow, the sun, to the people there, having some time since gone down. So we walked on to meet the shadow coming up, and we watched with pleasure the gradual advance of it from rock to rock, and from tree to tree, up the mountain side. At last we found ourselves on the verge of the shadow, and, looking across the valley, we saw the sun just going down there behind the lofty horizon.

When we had descended to within a mile or two of the valley, we began to come to chalets and pasturages. The children were there driving home the cows, and we could hear the tinkling of the bells, coming to us from a great distance all around, through the still evening air.

Near the bottom of the descent we came to a place where an old man was sitting at the door of his cabin. It was a rude cabin, standing all by itself in a solitary place by the road-side. Near the door stood a little table, on which were placed some little cups formed of a sort of green stone called serpentine. The old man wished us to buy some of them.

So we stopped to look at them. They were pretty little cups. The color of the stone was green, variegated with brown and yellow. They were very cheap, too; some were a franc, and others, smaller, only half a franc each. Half a franc—which is only ten cents—for a cup of real stone is very little. Those that were

Properties of serpentine.

The old man's lathe.

Conversation with him.

a franc were about as large as the little agate mortar which I had bought on the mountain, and the price of that was twelve francs.

The reason of this difference is, that serpentine is a very soft stone—so soft that it can be sawed with a common saw, or cut with a chisel, or turned in a lathe. Agate, on the other hand, is excessively hard; it is like flint; and thus to cut it into the shape of a cup or a mortar requires a great deal of labor and skill.

We bought two of the cups, one of the large ones and one of the small ones, and, while we were paying for them, we asked the old man whether he made them himself. He said he did; he turned them in a lathe.

“And if you will walk in a moment,” he added, “into my cabin, I will show you the lathe.”

So we went in. We found that he had a very good lathe to work with, though the cabin itself was very small, and very dark and confined.

The old man said that the stone was very easy to work, but that they had to go a great way to get it. I asked him where they got it, and he said on the mountain, three quarters of an hour above Montanvert.

They always measure distances in Switzerland by time. An *hour*, in distance, is as much as can be traveled in an hour. Of course, how far you can go in an hour depends on circumstances, such as whether, if it is on a mountain, you are going up or coming down; and if it is on a public road, whether you are going on foot or in a carriage. Accordingly, in such cases, when you ask

Way of reckoning distances in Switzerland.

how far it is, they sometimes give you a double answer. For example :

“ What distance, guide, is Montanvert from Chamouny ? ”

“ Two hours and a half, sir, to go up, and short two hours to come down.”

Or,

“ How far is it from Chamouny, down the valley, to Sallenches ? ”

“ On foot, sir, it is four hours ; in a carriage it is three.”

The old man told us that for forty years he was a guide to conduct tourists up and down the mountains around Chamouny, but that now he was too old. He was eighty-four, he said. His health and his appetite were still perfectly good, but his eyes and his limbs had failed him, so that he could climb the mountains no more.

After talking with him a little while we bade him good-by and returned to the inn.

As we approached the village, we saw on all the roads converging toward it little parties, some on foot and some mounted on mules, returning slowly home from the various excursions which they had been making during the day, and at the doors of the hotels carriages were arriving, bringing up fresh supplies of tourists from the valley below. The faces of these new-comers beamed with an expression of wondering excitement as they stood on the door-steps of the hotels and surveyed the stupendous scenes around them.

The Valley of the Rhone.

Old Black Head.

Reason of the name.

LETTER VI.

OLD BLACK HEAD.

Martigny, Aug. 23.

WE have left the Valley of Chamouny, having come over, two days ago, to another valley, called the Valley of the Rhone, by a wild pass which leads over and through the mountains, from the head of the Valley of Chamouny to a large town called Martigny, which lies at the foot of the mountains in the heart of another valley—the Valley of the Rhone. The Valley of the Rhone is the great central valley of Switzerland. The pass leading into it from the head of the Valley of Chamouny is called the Pass of the *Tête Noire*.* This is a French word, which might be translated Old Black Head.

The black head referred to in the name is a great mountain promontory, with a round and very dark head. The darkness of it is owing to the forests of firs, and pines, and other trees—forming what in America is called a *black growth*—which clothe it. The path which we travel goes for some miles along the side of this black head, half way between the heavens and the earth—that is, with the mountain rising one thousand feet above the path, and falling on the other side by an almost perpendicular descent, near a thousand feet below; and this is the reason why the pass is called by the name of *Tête Noire*.

* Pronounced *Tait Nooaire*.

The char road.

The inn.

Long descent to Martigny.

The path is about twenty miles long. For a part of the way—that is, for about six miles—there is a sort of a cart-road, or, as they call it here, a *char** road, because *char à bancs* can travel over it. Then, for several miles more, the road ascends, until we come to what is considered the middle of the pass, where there is an inn standing all alone on the brink of an immense roaring ravine, in the midst of black forests, and of rocks and precipices still blacker. From this inn or hotel, for it is quite a large and comfortable house, the road is almost all the way a steep declivity into the valley of the Rhone. For six miles there is a continuous descent, as steep as a horse can walk, from the summit of the pass down to the level of the Rhone, and without any zigzags. Indeed, the road is so straight, that the valley and the town that you are coming down to are in full view all the way. In the winter, if there was snow on the ground, and a good track worn, a boy might come down the whole six miles at one coasting, if he dared to coast so far down so steep a hill. The perpendicular descent is nearly five thousand feet.

The reason why this descent is so great is, that the valley of the Rhone lies a great deal lower than the Valley of Chamouny. Chamouny, indeed, lies very high. It is among the glaciers, and almost up to the snow; but the Valley of the Rhone at Martigny lies very nearly on the level of the Lake of Geneva. We ascend about two thousand feet to get up from Chamouny to the highest point of the pass; and then, in going down on the other side, we have to descend, as I said before, about five thousand.

* Pronounced *shar*.

Setting out from Chamouny.

Scene at the hotel.

The mules.

It is disagreeable going down steep descents on mules, especially when the way is long; so we concluded, in forming our plan for the journey, that we would go in a char as far as the road would allow, and then proceed on mules to the hotel, and from the hotel *walk* down the six-mile hill into the valley.

On leaving the inn at Chamouny, therefore, we started with quite a cavalcade. There was one mule loaded with baggage; then came the two mules that we were to ride, ready saddled and bridled for us; finally, we followed ourselves in our chair. And so we had four mules, three guides, and a chair.

It was a bright and pleasant morning, and we set out very early. The rising sun was just gilding the snows on the summit of Mont Blanc and of the neighboring mountains. Many other parties were starting at the same time. Some were in the breakfast-room drinking their coffee; others were mounting their mules, or, having already mounted, were just riding away from the door. All was bustle and excitement, and every mind was filled with pleasurable anticipations in looking forward to the adventures of the day.

The two mules that were to take us up the steep part of the pass went on before us, under the charge of the guide. The third stood patiently at the door, with the trunks and baggage loaded on his back; he was to follow. We ourselves got into the char à banc and drove away. Our pike-staves were placed along the side of the char à banc, at the top, and secured there by the curtain-straps.

Thus we set off and drove up the valley. The road led pleasantly along the banks of the torrent of the Arve. The turbid wa-

View of the mountains.

The cascades.

The road grows steep and narrow.

ter in it was shooting very swiftly along the bed of the stream, and flowing here and there into various artificial channels which had been made for it for the purpose of watering the land or turning mills. Along the road were great flocks of goats, filling the morning air with the tinkling of their innumerable bells. Children were driving these goats to their pastures on the mountain side.

These mountain sides were displayed fully before us for many miles up and down the valley. In some places they presented green slopes of pasture-land to view, with scattered *chalets* here and there—some at a vast elevation; at others they were clothed with the dark evergreen forests. Here and there the slopes were marked with furrows formed by the winter avalanches, or the torrents produced by the summer showers. There were also long cascades, which came for many miles down the mountain side in little zigzags, that glittered in the morning light so brightly, as we looked up at them from below, that they resembled white chain-lightning in a green sky.

As we went on, the country became more and more wild. We passed by the lower termination of two enormous glaciers, that came crowding down into the valley from the mountains above, and we watched the torrents of water that issued from the chasms at the foot of them. The road at length grew so narrow and steep that we could not go any farther in the carriage. So we stopped at an inn in a small village at the foot of one of the glaciers, and changed from the char à banc to the mules, which we found waiting there for us. The char à banc then went back to Chamouny.

Showing the passport.

Carefulness of the mules.

Little bridges.

This place was near the confines of Switzerland and Sardinia, and so, in order to be allowed to pass from one country to another, we had to show our passports. The village was very small. It consisted of a few houses, all close together, so it was not difficult to find the passport office ; indeed, I did not go to the office at all, but gave my passport to a soldier who was standing in the middle of the street. He looked at it, and said it was all very well. This was the last place in Sardinia.

When we had mounted our mules, the guide took his place at the head of the one that carried the lady, and walked on, ready to take hold of the bridle whenever we should come to any difficult places. I followed. The road was narrow and *up-hill*, so that we had to walk the mules all the way.

The valley grew more and more contracted, and the scenery became more wild the farther we went on. The road, too, became a mere path. It crossed several furious little streams, over narrow plank bridges without any railing. In such cases as these, the guide would take the lady's mule by the bridle and lead him carefully over. I would follow, letting my mule take his own way. He would look down attentively at the planks of the bridge, and choose his way over them with great discrimination, never stepping on a crevice or a weak place, or any part which, for any reason whatever, presented a suspicious appearance.

There were houses here and there along the way, but the people looked very poor. In one place, in a small hamlet that we passed through, there was a poor child, sick and deformed, lying on a bed on the ground, in the street in front of the cabin where

The poor sick boy.

Good place to get a drink.

Contribution-box.

he lived. His little sister was seated on the ground by his side, taking care of him. She was knitting at the same time. The street was so narrow that there was barely room for the child to lie between the mountain-path and the cabin. I suppose they brought him out there partly to amuse him by letting him see what passed by, and partly in hopes that some of the travelers might give him some money.

At another place, where we were going down into a wild and romantic gorge, we came to a place where there was a stream of water flowing from a spout in an aqueduct that had been set in the ground by the road-side. There was a reservoir under the spout to hold water for the mules. For the travelers themselves there was a tumbler on a little shelf fastened to the side of the aqueduct, and near it was an inscription neatly painted on the board. The inscription was substantially as follows :

This fountain of very cool and pure water is opened for the refreshment of travelers who come this way. Below is a box to receive the contributions of those who are disposed to remember the constructor of it.

We drank of the fountain, and found the water very excellent. I put a small coin through the chink in the top of the box, and then we rode on.

The path now grew more and more rough and narrow, and the valley became a mere mountain gorge. It passed often midway along the steep slope of a hill, with awful precipices above and be-

The mules on the brink of the precipice.

Farewell to Mont Blanc.

low us ; and often, in such places, it would wind round sharp curves at the foot of a projecting rock, with an almost perpendicular descent on the other side, leading to the rocky bed of the roaring torrent hundreds of feet below. Still, the mules seem so steady and careful that you would scarcely feel any fear in these cases, were it not that they sometimes stop to kick or bite off the flies, and it always seems to you that they make it a point to choose the worst and most dangerous places for this manœuvre. Sometimes, when you are just on the verge of such an awful gulf, and have braced up your nerves to sit quietly till you have gone by, imagining that it will be but a moment, the mule suddenly stops on the very brink, and, reaching his head round as far as he can, he twists his body so as to bring the fly within reach, until it seems to you that he must certainly topple over. In the mean time you sit still, holding your breath, and not daring to move, for it seems to you that if you were to jerk the rein, or touch the whip, or do any thing else to urge him on, you would certainly *make* him topple over.

After we had been journeying on in this way for some time, the guide stopped the mule that he was leading, and turned its head round, so that Mary could look down the valley.

“ There,” said he, “ is your last view of Mont Blanc. We lose sight of it very soon, and see it no more.”

So we both looked. We could see far down the valley, and through an opening between the nearer mountains we beheld the great white dome of Mont Blanc, surrounded by a group of lower summits, all incrusted with a dazzling coating of ice and snow.

The pass of the Tête Noire.

Romantic road.

The view.

We took one good look at the hoary-headed monarch, and then bade him farewell. We shall see him no more for many days. He will be hidden by the nearer mountains. But after we have finished our wanderings in Switzerland, and shall return to France, and have gone a hundred miles away, we shall see his white and glittering head rising again into the sky, when all the lower mountains that are now about to cover and hide him shall have entirely disappeared.

After bidding farewell to Mont Blanc, our path entered a winding gorge, which soon became inexpressibly grand and sublime. The path lay along the mountain side, midway between the summit above and a ravine, eight hundred feet deep, below, down into which we looked as we rode along as you would look over the parapet on a steeple down into a street of the town.

To form a clear idea of this road, look at the steeple of the church in your town, and ask your father how high it is. If he says it is about one hundred feet high, which is perhaps the average height of steeples in America, then imagine eight such steeples one on top of the other, and a precipice of rocks, almost perpendicular, at that height. At the top of this precipice is a narrow road in the sky, and you are riding along it, mounted on a mule, and looking down, from time to time, over the brink into the valley below. Above and beyond the path is a steep hill, covered with forests, which rises twice or three times as high as the precipice descends. Along this narrow path you travel for miles. You are shaded by the mountain and the forest on one side of you, and you look down into the narrow valley on the other, and you see

Looking down.The promontory of the *Tête Noire*.A sketch.

the torrent foaming over the rocks at the bottom, though it is so far down that the sound of it is scarcely to be heard at all.

At one place where I looked over there was a broad shelf of fertile land about half way down, where I saw green fields, and orchards, and farm-houses. I looked down upon them as if I had been in a balloon. They were four hundred feet below me, and all the objects looked so small, and the color and shading was made to appear so delicate by the distance, that it seemed like a beautiful landscape reflected in a convex glass, or painted exquisitely in miniature.

The mountain which we were passing round in this manner, midway between its summit and its base, was the Old Black Head from which the pass is named, or the *Tête Noire*, if you prefer the French name. It is of the form of a mighty promontory, and when we reached the very wildest and sublimest part of it, we came to the hotel. Just before we arrived at the hotel the rocks projected so far as to overhang the chasm below, and it was necessary to make a tunnel through them for the pathway ; and even at the end of the tunnel there was no room for the paths, for the rocks were perpendicular there, and, accordingly, a narrow platform was made against the face of the rock, with a little railing on the outside of it. On this the mules walked along till they came at length to a place where they once more could have solid footing. As soon as we were settled at the hotel, I walked back down the road to this place again, and made a little drawing of it as I sat on the rocks, so that Mr. Doepler might make a picture to insert here, that you may see exactly what sort of a place

View of the entrance to the gallery of the Tête Noire.



THE GALLERY OF THE TÊTE NOIRE.

The inn.

Scenes in the interior.

The mules.

it was. I took pains to make the proportions of the drawing as exact as possible.

The inn was quite a large and handsome building, though it was crowded in among the rocks in the wildest and most savage place imaginable. There was barely room for it between the road and the brink of the abyss. Still, wild and solitary as it was, it presented a scene full of bustle and excitement. A number of mules were standing at the door. Some had just arrived, and the lady and gentleman tourists whom they had brought were dismounting. Others were just going away again, and their riders were getting adjusted in their saddles. Within the house were several large rooms filled with tables, where various parties were dining. At one was seated a father and his daughters; at another, a joyous group of young men; at a third, a teacher and his pupils; and at a fourth, perhaps a bridegroom and bride, who were making their wedding tour. The chairs and sofas were piled up with knapsacks, haversacks, traveling bags, and shawls; and at every corner of the rooms, and at all the windows, there were pike-staves and canes standing up, with hats, caps, and bonnets on the tops of them. In a word, the interior view of the hotel presented a very busy and animated scene.

We dismissed our mules here, for, with the exception of one ascent, we were at the summit of the pass, and we preferred to walk down on the other side. The baggage mule, of course, went on. We told the guide who had charge of that mule that he need not wait for us; he might go on, we said, as fast as he pleased, and when he arrived at Martigny he was to engage us a good room,

Question about finding the way to Martigny alone.

and have the baggage put into it. We should come along slowly, we said, and perhaps it would be night before we should arrive.

"Oh no," said he, "you will arrive long before night. It is only three hours."

"Well," said I, "we will see."

I asked a gentleman who sat at a table near us while we were eating our dinner if there was any difficulty in finding the way to Martigny without a guide. He said that there might be some, for it was only a mountain road, and there were a great many different mountain roads leading off from it. However, we had no fear, for we knew that the road that we were to travel was the most frequented, and that all the branch roads would be smaller. Besides, there were so many parties going and coming all the time, that if, at any place, we should chance to be at a loss in respect to the way, we knew very well that if we were to sit down there on a rock for a little while, some party of tourists would be sure to come along the road, one way or the other, within a very short time, and that we could learn the way from them.

In addition to this, there is another consideration which applies to traveling among the Alps, which is of great importance in respect to finding the way, and that is that the features of the country are on so grand a scale, and the mountains and valleys that diversify the surface are so enormous in magnitude, that you can almost always find your road from one place to another simply by what, in America, is called the lay of the land. Indeed, you can often see in the morning the whole expanse of country before you that you are going to travel over in the journey of the

Extended views enjoyed while traveling in Switzerland.

day, and, with a good glass, can discern the town where the journey is to end. So it often happens that a party, after having been traveling many hours, stop at some turn in the road and look back to see where they have been coming.

"There," they say, pointing back down the valley, and to the other side of it, "there is the village that we set out from. Do you see the church, and the castle on the hill behind it? We came along that road that lies by the bank of the river, and there is the bridge that we crossed, and there, at the foot of that spur of the mountains, is the village where we stopped to dine."

And, even in cases where we can not see the end of the journey from the beginning, we can always look at a model of the country—for we find these models at almost all the principal inns—and see exactly through what region we are to go. The hills and valleys are all laid down, and the track marked among them. By means of one of these models we had learned, in this case, exactly where we were to go after leaving our inn. We were to wind round the brow of Old Black Head for a mile or two more; then we were to cross a stream at a village, and go up a high hill by zigzags. This hill, measured by the length of the road ascending it, was about two miles high. At the top of it we should be at the summit of the pass, and then, for the most of the way, we had a straight road down the bed of a long valley for six miles more, with the town of Martigny, where we were to go, in plain sight all the way. So we had little fear of getting lost in making the journey without a guide.

The guide accordingly went on with the baggage-mule, and we,

Field of immense boulders.

Coolness of the forest.

after we had dined and rested ourselves sufficiently, set out to follow him. We sauntered slowly along, with our pike-staves in our hands, and soon plunged into a forest-scene that greatly excited our wonder and admiration. The whole surface of the ground seemed to consist of immense rocks, that had fallen down, apparently, in some former age, from the summit of the mountain, two or three thousand feet above us. These rocks were many of them as big as houses, with smaller ones intermixed. They formed the whole mountain side above and below us, as far as we could see. They had lain so long in their present position that they had become covered with a very thick coat of the richest and softest moss. This moss was variegated with all the shades of green and brown, and was inexpressibly beautiful. In addition to the moss, trees of evergreen had sprung up upon and among the rocks, and had grown to a great size, so that they formed a very dark and dense forest, which shaded the moss, and made it grow more luxuriantly than ever.

We walked along for half an hour through this scene, enjoying all the time the refreshing coolness of the forest, and wondering at the enormous magnitude of the fallen rocks. Presently we came to a place where the side of the mountain was smoother, and here men were cutting timber far above our heads, with a view of sliding the logs down the mountain side to the mills in the valleys below. At last we arrived at the village in the valley where we were to bid Old Black Head farewell, and here, crossing the stream, we prepared to ascend a high hill. We had seen the hill for some time, with the zigzag path leading up the side of it, precisely as

A col.

View from the summit.

A good seat.

they had been represented in the model. It was a long mountain range rising into lofty peaks above. The zigzag path led up to a sort of hollow or *sag* in the top of the mountain, where it was comparatively easy to go over. Such a hollow in a mountain range is called, in Switzerland, a *col*. The name of this one was the Col of Forclaz. We could look up to this col from the village, and see the zigzag path leading up to it, with mules here and there coming down. We could also see a house at the top, which looked like a house of refreshment for travelers, though it was so far off and so high up that we could not distinguish it very well.

It took us an hour to go up the mountain side to the col. This was because we stopped often to rest, and to look down into the valley and enjoy the views. Of course, the village was below us, almost at our feet, and Old Black Head opposite on the other side of the valley. Farther down were the frightful gorges, along the sides of which we had been traveling, and mountains covered with snow rising to the horizon beyond.

When we got pretty near the top of the ascent, we came to a very pleasant shady place under the trees, where we wished to stop again and rest. There was a good log, too, by the road-side, to sit upon. A little beyond the log we saw a beggar-man sitting upon a stone. He seemed to be blind, and he had a little girl with him.

"Here is a good seat," said I, "for us to sit down and rest; and we will give a little money to this beggar-man, so that we can sit here in peace and comfort."

I am becoming more and more convinced that it is not best gen-

Conversation with the child about the old blind man.

erally to give to public beggars in Switzerland any more than any where else, but I do it sometimes from a sort of selfish motive, as I was going to do now.

Still, I could not help pitying the poor man in this case, he looked so blind; and the little girl, too, who sat by his side.

He rose when he heard us coming nigh to the place, and stood, tottering, with his hat held out in his hand.

"Sit down, my good man," said I; "we will give you something. You can sit down, and the little girl will come and bring it to you."

So the old man sat down again, and the girl came to us.

"Is your father blind?"

"Yes, madame," said the child, "he is quite blind."

"How came he to be blind?"

"It came from a great headache that he had," said the child.

We gave the child a coin which was worth about two cents. She carried it back to her father. She put it into his hand, and, while he was feeling of it to ascertain what it was worth, she whispered to him,

"Twenty centimes."

The blind man was greatly pleased to find what a munificent donation we had made him. It might have been only *one* centime. He rose from his seat, took off his hat, and bowed, and seemed extremely grateful.

After sitting in this resting-place a little while, we rose, and, bidding the old blind man and his child good day, we went on.

We soon came to the top of the ascent, and thus reached the

House of refreshment.

Passport again.

Conversation with the officer.

col. Here there were several *chalets*, though the place is too high to be inhabited, except for a short time in the summer.

The first house was the little place of refreshment which we had seen in looking up from below. We went in. There was a Swiss peasant-girl there to wait upon the company. She gave us some foaming lemonade, and we sat at a table overlooking the valley for half an hour, resting, and drinking our lemonade, and talking with the peasant-girl about the country and the mountains around.

“Do you sleep up here?”

“No, madame; I sleep below, on the mountain side.”

After remaining at this lofty little saloon till we were entirely rested, we walked on. We soon came to another small building where there was a soldier. This proved to be the first Swiss post, and here we had to show our passport again. The soldier and his wife were the only persons here. *They* kept refreshments for sale too, and seemed a little disappointed that we had taken all that we wanted at the other place.

When the soldier opened my passport, he seemed much pleased to find that I was an American. He asked where I lived. I told him in New York. He seemed still more pleased to hear this, and said that he had a brother in America, who lived at a place very near New York, called Wisconsin!

After talking thus a little while with the soldier and his wife, seated on a wooden bench in front of their cabin door, we bade them good-by and went on. We were now at a vast elevation, almost up to the region of perpetual snow. Indeed, there were

The valley comes into view.

Level land and straight roads.

patches of snow lying on the mountain sides all around us, and very little above our level. We were, however, now soon to commence the descent. We were going down into what is known as the great central valley of Switzerland, the Valley of the Rhone. This valley lies very low, being almost on the level of the Lake of Geneva, and it is bordered on both sides by an immense extent of mountainous country from twenty to sixty miles wide. The valley is very long, and the bottom of it is quite smooth and level, though the mountains rise very suddenly and precipitously along the borders of it. We had obtained a very correct idea of the situation, extent, and character of this valley from the models that we had seen, and now we knew that we should soon come in sight of it.

According to our expectations, the valley soon began to open to view, and in a short time we saw it wholly displayed before us. We saw the bottom of it, which formed a wide plain of fields and meadows, and the long ranges of rock and mountain that hemmed it in on both sides like walls. We saw the towns scattered along the margin of it, and the roads, like white lines, that stretched across it. So level was the land in the bottom of this valley, that the great road to Italy, which passes through it, was, for about six miles, as straight as an arrow. It had the appearance, as we looked down upon it, of a white line drawn through the green and level plain. Near the foot of the long slope that we were now about to descend, and just at the margin of the valley, was Martigny, the town where our journey was to end.

So we began to descend. It was down, down, down, as steep

The pasturages and villages of barns.

Use of these barns.

as we could walk. Indeed, we had to put forward our pike-staves at every step, and plant them among the stones, to hold back with and prevent ourselves from going too fast.

Although we were so high, we were still in a valley, and there were lofty mountains on each side of us, rising to a great elevation. The sides of these mountains were formed of green pasturages, and along the road, as we descended, we came continually to villages of *barns*! These villages of barns are peculiar to Switzerland, and they are very curious. They are built on the higher Alps, where it is too cold for people to live, but where the grass grows rich and green on the mountain slopes for two or three months in the year. In these places they pasture the cows during the summer months, and drive them down into the lower valley again in the fall. While they are up on the mountains, there are a few people that remain with them, to milk them morning and evening, and to make the butter and cheese. For this purpose they have little villages of barns, or, rather, of cow-houses, where the cows all come at night, and then are sent out again up the mountain sides in the morning. These cow-houses are small, for they are not used, like the barns in America, to keep hay in for the winter, but only to keep the cows in during the summer nights, and also to make the butter and cheese. There is also, in each one, some little cuddy on a loft, where the man can sleep who milks the cows.

These cow-houses look like small log cabins, with great roofs overhanging the eaves. They are made, in fact, of small square timbers notched together at the corners, and are covered with very

The interior of one of the buildings.

Queer place for the bed.

Still descending.

thick and coarse shingles, kept down by heavy stones. If you look at almost any book of views in Switzerland, you will see pictures of these little cabins, with rows of stones on the roof to keep the shingles from blowing away.

The interior of these chalets is very curious. There is one room for the cows, with little stalls to tie them up. There is another room for the pans of milk, and the churn, and the cheese-press. Then there is a ladder to climb up to a place under the roof, where the man sleeps. His bed is laid directly on the floor. They have models of these chalets to sell in the little shops in Switzerland where such things are kept. We have bought several of these models at different times, and brought them to this country.

We went on down, down, down, passing one of these little cow-towns after another, but still not coming to any inhabited village. We know the cow-houses at once by there being no windows to them, except one or two small openings on one side, and no chimneys. It looks queer to see a whole village of huts without any windows or chimneys to any of them. The position of the huts is singular too, for they are almost always built against the steep side of the mountain, so that while the front is higher than a man's head, on the back side the roof almost touches the ground.

At one of these hamlets we saw a young-looking woman with a child. The child was playing about the grass, and the woman was watching her, employing her hands in the mean time in knitting. The Swiss girls and women seem to be always knitting when they are not otherwise employed. They knit when they are

We give the child some bonbons.Remarkable view of the valley.

walking along the road ; they knit on the top of hay-carts when they are coming home from their day's work, and they knit riding along the road on the backs of mules or donkeys, sitting on a pack-saddle or on the animal's back, with their bare feet hanging down together at the side.

We stopped a few minutes to talk with this woman, and to give some bonbons to the child. The woman seemed to be very much pleased, and she tried to make the child say Thank you, madame ; but the little rogue was too much occupied with eating the bonbons to stop to talk about them, and so his mother thanked us instead.

We still went on down, down, down, as steep as we could go. We walked slowly, and stopped often to rest, and parties of tourists—some walking, and some riding on mules—passed us from time to time on their way to Martigny. As we descended, we came to one little hamlet of cow-houses after another, but we were yet far too high for any inhabited village. The valley was still all the time in full view ; the same long roads, the same villages, the same shining and winding reaches of the river were all the time to be seen. We had been coming down now for more than an hour, and yet we seemed no nearer to the valley than we were when it first came into view.)

Still down, down, down. After passing several chalets, we came to one near which there was a pretty brook by the side of the road, where a path branched off another way. There was a peasant-girl there, about ten years old, at work. She had been washing some clothes, and was now rinsing them in the brook.

Girl working by the road-side.

Two children making a water-course.

We went to her and gave her some of the bonbons. We put them on a stone before her, because her hands were wet, and she could not take them ; but she wiped her hands immediately, and took them to put them away. She looked very much astonished and very much pleased. We thought that there would be no harm in giving something to her, for she was not begging ; she was at work industriously to help her father, I suppose, who was probably at that chalet taking care of the cows.

We went on down the mountain for another half hour ; still we did not appear to come any nearer to the valley. At last we came to a place where a brook turned off from the road into an artificial channel which had been dug for it through the grassy mountain side toward a house. It was one of the first houses that we came to. The bank of the little stream formed a sort of path. We turned out of the road, and walked along a little way on this path, for there was a train of mules coming down behind us, and we wished to wait and let them get by. The road itself was not wide enough for us and the mules too.

We saw two small girls at a distance, near the house. They were at work on the little channel which had been dug for the brook. They were digging with hoes, and seemed to be carrying the channel farther along the field, so as to make it water more of the land. As soon as the children saw us, one of them laid down her hoe and ran up toward the house.

“She is coming to beg,” we said. “We won’t give her anything.”

Presently we saw her coming along with two plates—one in

Plums and pears for sale.

Habitable regions.

A village.

each hand. She ran as fast as she could for fear that we should go away.

"No, we have accused her falsely; she is not coming to beg; she is coming to sell us something."

When she came to where we were standing, we found that she had one plate full of large purple plums, and the other full of pears. We bought both the plates full. We ate up the plums on the spot, and put the pears in our pockets.

The child seemed to be very much pleased to have sold so much at one time. She ran back to the house again with her plates, and presently we saw her hurrying down the steep green slope of the fields into the road before us, and thence she went running on down the road. We thought that she was going to get more fruit in order to replenish her supply. It surprised us to see how nimbly she ran down a road which was so steep and stony that we were obliged to proceed very slowly, and with great caution, in order to descend in safety.

We were now getting down into habitable regions, and we began to pass houses and little farms. Small fields of grain began to appear here and there, and orchards and gardens. Presently we came to a real and proper *village*. The houses were small, and they were built like the chalets above, only they had windows and chimneys, and women and children were sitting at the doors.

Still down, down, down. The valley began to appear a little nearer, but it was yet a great way off. It seemed as if we should never reach the bottom of the hill.

And now the villages began to grow larger, and the farms were

Peasant-girls going down "to devotion."

Evening coming on.

more extensive and more fertile, and the scattered houses more spacious and comfortable. We met many peasants coming and going. The road grew wider and smoother, and there were marks of wheels upon it, as if it was sometimes traversed by the little carts of the country people. We could begin, too, to see more distinctly the features of the landscape in the valley itself—the separate fields and villages, the spires, the curves of the rivers, and the ruins of an ancient castle on a gray rocky hill behind Martigny.

A large number of neatly-dressed and smiling peasant-girls tripped by us from time to time, going down into the valley. They were dressed very prettily in quite a picturesque costume, and looked very bright and happy. They had baskets in their hands, and in each basket, besides some things covered up in a cloth, there was a book. We asked one of them if they lived down in the valley, but they said no; they were going down, they said, "to devotion." It was some religious service at the church, in the village below, that they were going to attend. The little books in their hands were their prayer-books.

Thus going on, we found ourselves gradually drawing nearer to Martigny. The sun was going down, and the air was cooler, and the mountain, which rose to a vast elevation to the westward of us, cast a broad shade over all the country. We had walked so slowly, too, that we were not at all fatigued, but could easily have gone on many more miles if it had been necessary.

We soon entered the streets of the town, and, after walking on for some distance, we came at last to our hotel. The guide who

Arrival at Martigny.

Situation of the town.

Other travelers come in.

had brought our baggage was at the door to receive us, and the waiter immediately conducted us to a large and handsome chamber, where we found our trunks and all our baggage safely bestowed. It was about six o'clock, and he told us that dinner at the table d'hôte would be served at seven.

It was a large and commodious hotel, and there were several other inns in the town, which made quite a conspicuous appearance as we passed along the street. Martigny is, indeed, an important centre of Alpine travel, for it stands in the Valley of the Rhone, directly on the great route from Geneva, by the Simplon, to Italy, and at the point where the great road from the hospice of St. Bernard, and also that leading from the Valley of Chamouny and Mont Blanc, by the pass of the Tête Noire, over which we had just been traveling, come down into the valley. Numbers of travelers arrive from these passes every evening, and remain at the inns of Martigny over night, to take the great road to Geneva or to Italy, by public or private carriages, on the following day.

We found many persons assembled at the hotel, and many new parties were continually arriving, some in carriages, some on mules, and some on foot. We amused ourselves with observing these arrivals from the window of our room as we sat resting ourselves there while we waited for dinner.

Thus ends the story of our journey over the pass of the Tête Noire. It is a pretty fair specimen of a journey over an Alpine pass, and that is the reason I have given you so minute an account of it, and of all the little scenes and incidents which we met with on the way.

The monastery of the Great St. Bernard.

LETTER VII.

THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Hospice of St. Bernard, Aug. 24.

IT is early in the morning, and I write this by the light of the candle in my chamber, at the famous monastery of St. Bernard, which we have all read of so often in our childhood in America. Every body, great and small, in almost every quarter of the civilized world, has heard of the monastery of St. Bernard, built to receive benighted travelers in the higher Alps ; of the wild and desolate situation which it occupies among the eternal rocks and snows ; of the avalanches, and the poor travelers overwhelmed by them ; and, above all the rest, of the faithful dogs of St. Bernard, that were sent down to find the unhappy wayfarers buried in the snow, and to carry them food and wine, and then to conduct the brethren of the monastery to the spot to rescue them. We came up yesterday to see the place. It is a journey of thirty miles—*up* all the way—at first through green and smiling valleys, and then through glens and gorges, gradually growing more and more wild and desolate, till at last we attain a vast region, many miles in extent, in which the face of the country presents nothing to view but ranges of bare and barren rocks, with great fields and patches of snow lying at the foot of them, the remains of the stupendous drifts and avalanches of the preceding winter. We came up half of the way in a char, and the rest of the way on mules.

The pass.Intercourse between Switzerland and Italy through the pass.

We have been greatly interested in our visit, and I commence my letter giving you an account of it here, though, as we set out on our return after breakfast this morning, I shall be obliged to postpone finishing it until I get back again into the valley below.

The rocks and rocky mountains all around us are very singular. They rise in lofty peaks and pinnacles many thousand feet above the gorge in which the monastery is built. This gorge, in connection with the series of valleys through which we have come up, has been, for nearly two thousand years, the best and principal thoroughfare from Switzerland into Italy, and a great many travelers have been accustomed to pass through it every year for many centuries. These travelers consisted, in a great measure, of laborers from Switzerland, going, in the spring, into Piedmont, on the Italian side of the mountains, to seek work, and their returning again to their homes in the fall. This was the reason why the monastery was built here, rather than in any other part of the mountains.

It happened that these poor travelers were obliged to pass in winter, or at least while it was winter on the mountains, though it might be pleasant spring or autumn weather on the general surface of the earth below. It also happened that, for a mile or two, the road through the pass—and the only possible road—lay through a succession of valleys so narrow, and bordered on both sides by ranges of mountains so steep and so high, that immense avalanches in the winter were perpetually sliding down and overwhelming the road. It was here, therefore, that the travelers would stand most in need of succor and relief; and it was here, consequently,

The objects aimed at by the institution.

Called to see the dogs.

in the midst of the wildest and most desolate portion of the gorge, that the monastery was built.

The object of the institution was not merely to supply the ordinary accommodations of an inn to the poor travelers who should have occasion to cross the mountains by this pass, but also to furnish the means of rescuing them from the peculiar dangers that they were exposed to on the way. For this purpose, dogs were provided to assist in searching for any who might be buried in the snow, and the means of resuscitation for those who should be found benumbed and nearly perishing with the cold, and medicines for the sick, and every thing else required for such a place of refuge. It may seem strange, perhaps, that so dangerous a road should continue to be traveled, but there was no alternative.

Just at this point my attention was diverted from my writing by hearing the sound of music, which seemed to come in slow and solemn tones, as from an organ, along the corridor. A moment afterward, a domestic knocked at the door to inform us that the hour for divine service in the chapel had arrived, and we accordingly went to the chapel. I have now just returned again to my room, and I see from my window that the company are looking at the *dogs*, and we must go down and see them too, so I must postpone my account of the service in the chapel till I come to it in its proper place in the narrative of the excursion ; and the writing of this narrative I must postpone, for immediately after breakfast we are to set out on our return to Martigny.

Nature of the pass.

Travel upon it.

Dangers of the way.

In order that you may understand the nature and character of the great pass of St. Bernard, and of the hospice, as it is called, which is established at the head of it, and which has become so famous throughout all the world, I must first explain to you that Switzerland is separated from Italy by a tract of mountainous land, perhaps fifty miles wide, and along the crest of it eight or ten thousand feet high, and that this tract it is necessary to cross in going from one country to the other. It is very difficult to cross it, too, for by far the greater portion of the whole region is covered, through all seasons of the year, with immense fields of ice and snow.

Indeed, the only possible way to accomplish the journey is by means of the valleys. You follow up the valley, from one side or the other, into the heart of the mountains, ascending all the time higher and higher, among rocks, and glaciers, and snow, until at last you approach the crest; and then you pass over from the termination of the valley on one side to the beginning of one on the other, through the lowest place in the crest of land that you can find, though these lowest places are usually some thousands of feet higher than the peaks of the highest mountains in the United States.

Such a low place as this in the crest of the mountains, with the valleys connected with it on both sides, is called a *pass*, and the pass of St. Bernard is one of the most celebrated. It is not now the easiest pass, for better roads have been made over others; but it was one of the earliest known, and it was more traveled, in former times, than almost any other.

Situation of the hospice buildings.

Poles to mark the road.

On the opposite page you see a picture of the summit of the pass, with the hospice built there for the accommodation of travelers. It is here that the road passes through the gap in the crest of the mountains in going from the head of the valley, which the path followed up on one side, to the commencement of the one by which it is to descend on the other. The hospice buildings seem themselves to stand in a valley, but it is really only a depression in a crest of a very lofty range of mountains. The buildings are on the height of land. You see a little lake this side of them, the water of which lies calm and still, poised so exactly on the summit between Switzerland and Italy that it can not flow either way. In the winter, this lake, as well as the whole valley in which it lies, is buried deep under immense accumulations of ice and snow.

This place is more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, which is, I think, about two thousand feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington, so that winter reigns here almost all the year. There are but two months when it does not snow. When the snow begins to fall, all traces of the road immediately disappear, and then travelers find their way by means of poles set up along the line. You see these poles in the picture.

Nothing can be more desolate and wild than the scenery around the hospice. Not a tree is to be seen; nothing grows, in fact, but moss and lichens in the crevices of the rocks, and here and there a few patches of scanty herbage. All the provisions for the hospice, all the wood for the fires, all the materials for building or for repairs—every thing, in fact, that is required, has to be brought up a very steep and rocky path, for miles, on the backs of mules or

View of the hospice and the lake.



HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

What travelers pass by this route.

Character of the hospice.

of men. All the wood for the fires has to be brought thus about twelve miles.

This pass has been known and traveled for a very long period of time. There is evidence of a hospice on the summit of it existing more than a thousand years ago. Of all the openings through the mountains, this pass is, by nature, one of the most convenient, and for many centuries it was the great thoroughfare. Other roads, better than this, have been opened, by dint of great labor and expense, in modern times, but still the pass of St. Bernard is used by vast multitudes of peasants and laborers, who go back and forth in the fall and spring. They go from Switzerland early in the spring to seek work in Italy, and then come back to their homes among the Alpine valleys late in the fall, when their work is done. Of course, it is mid-winter, as it were, on the pass, both when they go and when they return.

The hospice was established by the charitable monks of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages to furnish a place of refuge and rest for these poor travelers on the way. A *hospice* is an inn kept for the sake of charity. It is substantially like any other inn, only that all travelers who come to it are received and taken care of without having any thing to pay.

You will ask, I suppose, how is the hospice supported? It is supported partly by the rent of lands and the income of other property given to it by its founders, and partly by the contributions of various kinds made at the present day. Some of these contributions are collected in the Swiss towns from people living there who wish well to the poor peasants that have to go over to Italy

Manner in which the hospice is supported.

for work, and are glad to pay something for the support of the inn where they stop to rest by the way. The establishment is aided, too, a great deal by the gifts of travelers who visit it from motives of curiosity or pleasure, in the summer season, and who are not poor. These rich tourists are received as guests, just as the poor travelers are that come in the fall and spring, and no charge is made for their entertainment; but almost all of them, before they leave, go into the chapel and put a Napoleon or two into a contribution-box which hangs there against the wall. They put in at least as much as they would have to pay for the same accommodations at any ordinary inn. All these contributions in the course of the summer amount to a considerable sum.

There is no difficulty in visiting the hospice in the summer season, for then the snow has almost all melted away, even in the highest part of the pass, and nearest the hospice, though it is never entirely gone. The tourists always find some patches of it left in the road, which the mules have to pass over; but in February and March, when the laborers go over, and in November and December, when they come home, the way is very difficult, and sometimes full of danger.

The reason of this is, that for a long distance before reaching the hospice, in ascending to it from either side, the only possible place for a path lies along so narrow a valley, and is so close under the slopes of steep and lofty mountain sides, that vast masses of snow are continually sliding down and burying it up.

These avalanches sometimes take place during the continuance of the storm, while the snow is still falling, and sometimes after

Avalanches.

Manner in which they are formed.

Travelers.

the storm is over, when the immense masses of snow that cling to the mountain sides have become softened by the sun. In either case the poor traveler, who may be slowly forcing his toilsome way in the valley below, is overwhelmed by them if he happens to be passing along the place where they descend.

There is no possible way of avoiding the danger, for the only path, for miles before reaching the summit of the pass, lies along a narrow valley, with these immense mountain slopes on either hand. Sometimes, in a city, it is dangerous walking in the streets after a snow-storm, on account of the avalanches that come down from the roofs, small as the surface is that the snow clings to. This valley is like a street, with roofs coming down to the very pavement, and rising above for *miles*. Think of the overwhelming masses that must be sliding down in such situations.

The snow-storms come on very suddenly and unexpectedly, and the travelers, in commencing their journey in the valleys below, have very little means of knowing what sort of weather they will have when they enter the lonely and desolate part of the road, which extends for several leagues on each side of the summit. When they set out in the morning the air is mild and balmy, and the sun is bright and clear. Perhaps a few fleecy clouds may be seen reposing quietly on the summit of the distant mountains, but in the valley where their journey begins all is smiling and serene, and so they set out without fear.

They walk on all the day, ascending higher and higher every hour, and traversing paths more and more steep and rugged. They wind through wild and desolate glens; they creep along on

Progress of the journey over the pass.The hut of refuge.

the margins of frightful precipices ; they climb around projecting promontories of rock, and advance in a long and winding line at the foot of stupendous cliffs which overhang them. The air grows cold as the day declines. At length the sky becomes overcast, the wind howls round them, and flakes of driving snow, flying in scuds through the air, shut out every thing distant from their view, and blind them to all that is near. In a word, they are entering one of those fleecy clouds that they had seen from below, reposing so serenely, as it seemed, on the mountains above.

They are, however, still several miles from the summit, and there is no shelter near. They passed, long ago, the last mountain cabin. In the mean time, the freshly-fallen snow grows deeper and deeper at every step, and before them and behind them they hear, from time to time, the long-continued thundering sound of the avalanches that are sliding down from the heights above into the valley through which their only pathway lies.

Two or three miles from the summit of the pass is a small stone hut, built as a refuge for travelers who are overtaken by night, in stormy times, in this dangerous part of the road. If they succeed in making this shelter, they creep into it, and wait there until morning. It is, in fact, little more than a rude arch, built of stone, with an opening at one end for an entrance. The monks from the convent, after a stormy night, go down to this place in the morning, to carry refreshments and help to the travelers that may have sought shelter there.

They, however, often expose themselves to great danger by so doing, for the vast slopes of the mountains that border the valley

Party overwhelmed by an avalanche.

Some account of the dogs.

on each side are loaded with immense masses of snow, suspended, as it were, by a thread, ready at any instant to fall and overwhelm all beneath them in irretrievable ruin. Some years ago, a party from the convent went down the valley, on the Italian side, to look for travelers lost in the snow. They took two dogs with them. They found one traveler, and were coming back with him to the convent, when an immense avalanche came down upon them and buried them all. One of the dogs succeeded in scrambling out of the snow, and in making his way back to the convent, but the other dog and all the men were killed; and so deep did the avalanche bury them, that the bodies could not be found till the next summer when the snow melted away.

The dogs are of great use in these excursions. Those that are employed are of a peculiar breed. They are very large and very sagacious. They go before the men and explore the snow. If they come upon the track of a man, they can follow it by the scent, and so bring help to him when, perhaps, he is just ready to perish. Even if he has fallen down, and is entirely concealed by the snow which has drifted over him, they will often find the place where he lies.

It was to visit this convent that we set out from our hotel at Martigny on the morning of the day before the beginning of this letter was written. In the next I will give you some account of our adventures on the journey.

Road to the pass.

The Dranse.

The great inundation.

LETTER VIII.

THE EXCURSION.

You can go about half the way to the summit of the pass of St. Bernard in a carriage ; after that the road is so steep and narrow, and it runs so often on the verge of such dangerous precipices, that it is necessary to go on horses or mules. So our journey was to begin with a ride of about twelve miles in a carriage.

When we came to the entrance of the valley which we were to follow up into the mountains, we found ourselves on the banks of a roaring river, which came sweeping along its bed swift as an arrow. This river is called the Dranse. Our road lay along its banks for many miles. It is a terrible river for floods and inundations. Some years ago, a glacier, coming down from the mountain side into one of the valleys that this torrent flows through, crowded slowly right across the bed of the river, and dammed it up so as in the course of a few weeks to make a lake many miles long and some hundreds of feet deep. After a while the pressure of the water broke the barrier of ice away, and then the whole came pouring down into the valleys, bringing an immense deluge of water, ice, rocks, sand, and gravel into all the villages and over all the fertile fields. A great many persons were drowned, and a vast quantity of property was destroyed. The people of the valley remember this calamity to the present day with terror.

As we passed along the streets of Martigny, just before we en-

The torrent of the river.

Views down the valley.

The road.

tered the Valley of the Dranse, we came to a place where there was a long black mark drawn on the side of a stone building, higher from the ground than a man's head, to show the level of the water in the streets at the time of the inundation.

We went on up the valley, and soon found ourselves shut in on both sides with lofty mountains. The river roared and foamed along its rocky bed far below us, down in the bottom of the valley. The road continually ascended, until at length we were so high that we could scarcely hear the roaring of the river, although the bed of it was almost directly beneath our feet. The road was walled up on the side toward the valley, and it followed the inequalities of the land with a great many most extraordinary turnings and windings. Over the edge of it we could look down upon a vast extent of most beautiful and fertile land far below us, adorned with fields, gardens, orchards, villages, and hamlets, in endless variety, and with little zigzag paths winding up and down the mountain sides from one elevation to another. As, sitting in our char à banc, we looked down upon these smiling scenes of verdure and beauty from the narrow road built along the mountain side, at a vast elevation above them, it seemed as if we were sitting upon a sofa on a shelf in the sky, and were looking down upon the world below as we were drawn along.

The road was, indeed, very much like a shelf, for in those places where it was built up by a wall on the side toward the valley there was no parapet or railing, or any other defense whatever. If we had dropped an apple out of the carriage on that side, it would be rolled off over the brink. Besides this, the road was not wide,

The girl on the brink knitting.

The *paysanne* coming home from her work.

and the postillion often went very near the margin. It seemed to be entirely indifferent to him how near to it the wheels ran. The people of the country are so accustomed to these things, that they feel as much at their ease on the edge of a precipice as a carpenter does on the scaffold of a building. At one time we passed a little girl standing by the road-side knitting. She was on the outer side, on the very brink of the wall. If she had stepped back a single step as we went by, she would have fallen a hundred feet; but she went on with her knitting, and looked at us while we passed as unconcernedly and as much at her ease as if she had been sitting on the steps of her father's door.

At another place we saw a peasant-girl riding along in the road before us. She was a very substantial-looking girl, nineteen or twenty years of age. She had been out haying, and was now going home, taking the mule with her. The mule had also been at work, and he had a pack-saddle on his back. The girl was sitting square on the pack-saddle, her two feet hanging together down one side. She had no bridle, and she seemed to pay no attention to the mule's going, but let him find his own way. She had a wooden pitchfork in her hand, made of a forked pole, and with this she banged the mule a little on his back now and then, when he walked too slow.

When we came up to this girl, she allowed the mule to turn out just as he pleased, to let our char à banc go by, and he chose the outside of the road, so that, as we passed, the girl was riding carelessly along on the very edge of the wall, with her back to the brink. She paid no attention to her situation, but was wholly

The mule in no danger.

Remarkable scenery.

The midday inn.

occupied with examining us as we rode by ; and yet, if the mule had gone over the brink, he would have fallen with his rider fifty feet down a perpendicular wall, and then probably five hundred feet more down a slope of rugged rocks. But there was no danger of his going over. He knew very well where he was, and, far from going over of his own accord, probably no amount of banging whatever with the wooden pitchfork, or with any thing else, would have made him go over, if the woman had stood in the road and had attempted to drive him.

We went steadily on up the valley, all the time ascending. The road twisted and turned this way and that, in continual windings, so as to present to us a constant succession of new and ever-varying scenes. Sometimes we found ourselves creeping along under a range of cliffs, with stupendous masses of rock over-hanging the road. Then we would turn round a projecting promontory, and ascend by a succession of zigzags—the road turning continually upon itself—up a steep mountain side. Thence we would, perhaps, pass into a wood ; at the end of the wood we would come out upon the brink of a precipice overhanging a frightful chasm ; and thence, suddenly turning into a dell, we would find ourselves entering the narrow street of a compact little village. About the middle of the day we came to such a village, and stopped at the inn. The guide said that we were to leave our carriage there, and go the rest of the way upon mules.

“ Is this the end of the carriage-road ? ”

“ No, sir, it is not quite the end of it, but it is too steep beyond this for wheels.”

Bolsters of hay.Bread for the mules.

So we stopped to dinner. The guide left our char à banc, with others, near the door of the inn, by the side of the narrow street, and after dinner he led the two mules up to the door, all saddled and bridled, and with a monstrous bolster of hay tied on behind the saddle of each. Hay is so scarce on the top of the pass that each mule that goes up carries his supper and breakfast with him on his back.

Besides the hay which the men give the horses and mules in Switzerland, they feed them also with bread. The bread which they use for this purpose is very coarse in texture, and is of a dark color, but the mules like it very much. Our guide carried some of this bread in his pocket, and from time to time he would take it out and feed his mules with it, cutting off small pieces of it with his knife, and giving them a little at a time.

The road soon became very steep, and the country became more and more wild and desolate the higher we ascended. The villages were succeeded by rude hamlets, and the gardens, the orchards, and the cultivated fields, which had adorned so richly the lower portion of the valley, gradually disappeared. In their places we saw only stunted forests, barren rocks, and steep green slopes extending up the mountain sides, with flocks of sheep and goats scattered here and there upon them. The road, in the mean time, had become a narrow and rocky mule-path, full of difficulty, and, in some places, apparently not a little dangerous. Bleak and barren mountains lay all around us; their summits were generally bare peaks of rock, but great patches of snow lay here and there upon the sides of them. From the lower point of each of these

Within one hour of the summit.

The hospice comes at length into view.

snow-fields there issued a small streamlet, which we could trace for some distance trickling down the mountain side to join the torrent in the bottom of the valley.

The road grew steeper and steeper the farther we ascended, and more and more rocky, until at last it became a perfect scramble for the poor mules. At length the guide told us that we were within one hour of the summit. One hour on such a steep, rough road means about two and a half or three miles. Here we came to the place of refuge built to receive and shelter poor benighted travelers overtaken by the snow, and not able to reach the hospice. It stood in a bare and desolate place, and was a very dismal-looking abode, but I presume it is often a very welcome shelter to those who are compelled to resort to it. We rode up to the door of it and looked in ; it was like a large stone arch in an old cellar.

We rode on, scrambling up the steep and rocky path, until at last the hospice came suddenly into view. The last part of the road passed over the snow itself. We were afraid that the feet of the mules would sink into the snow in walking over it, but they did not. The surface of it had been melting slowly, it is true, all the day, but it was very compact and solid below, and the mules walked over it very easily. These great patches of snow, that lie all summer in the valley, are the remains of the avalanches that came down from the mountains above during the winter and spring.

We rode up to the door of the hospice and dismounted from our mules. We ascended the stone steps, and entered a sort of hall paved with stone, somewhat uncertain how we were to behave

Our reception at the hospice.

Party around the fire.

Supper.

in coming thus, as guests, to a house where we were perfect strangers. A servant, however, received us, and conducted us up a short flight of stone stairs to a door, and there rung a bell. The door was immediately opened, and we were ushered into a sort of hall, which seemed the dining-room and parlor of the establishment.

A table, set for supper, extended up and down the room, and at the farther end a bright wood fire was blazing in a large open fire-place. Several persons—travelers and guests who had arrived before us—were seated near the fire. One of the monks was with them. He rose when we came in, and advanced to meet us, and then conducted us to seats near the fire. The warmth of the fire was exceedingly agreeable, for, although it is midsummer, and was very hot in the valley below, the night air at this vast elevation was extremely cold.

Soon other travelers arrived. We all gathered round the fire and engaged in conversation. Some talked in French, some in English, some in Spanish, and some in Italian, according to the nations to which we severally belonged. The monk who had received us was the head of the establishment, and was called the Father Clavandier. He was a very intelligent and agreeable man, and was extremely courteous and polite to all. He entertained us with a great many interesting anecdotes and narratives connected with the history of the hospice, the mode of life led there in the winter, the famous passage of the mountains made at this place by Napoleon with his army in 1800, and other such topics suited to the place and the occasion. All this time the

The Father Clavandier.

The bed-room.

Cold night.

servants were busy preparing the supper. At length they announced it was ready, and the Clavandier invited us to take seats at the table. There were, I suppose, twenty or thirty of us in all.

While we were at supper other travelers continued to arrive, and as soon as we rose the servants began to prepare the table again for the new party. We went to the door to look out. It was growing dark, and there was nothing to be seen around us but gloomy mountains and great wastes of snow. We came back to the parlor again, and talked together a little longer around the fire, and then went to our several rooms. One of the servants showed us the way to our chamber, and in a few minutes afterward a woman came with a warming-pan, in order, if we wished it, to warm the bed.

It is a hard day's work to ascend from the Valley of the Rhone up to the hospice, and we were very tired and sleepy. There was a cold wintry wind blowing through the valley without, but the window of our chamber was very small, and the walls of it were extremely thick, and so, feeling ourselves secure in our shelter, we went to sleep.

In the morning I awoke early, and rose before it was light, in order to begin this letter; but I was interrupted, as I have already said, first by the sound of music from the chapel of the hospice, where the monks were engaged in their morning devotions. We went immediately along the corridor toward the chapel. The sound of the music, coming in slow and solemn tones, was our guide. On entering the chapel, we found ourselves, with many other visitors, in a little gallery at one end, from which we could

Morning worship in the chapel.

Solemn effect of it.

The dogs.

look down on a very exciting and solemn scene. The chapel was small, but it was very beautiful, being richly adorned with paintings, sculptures, gilded carvings, and votive offerings of all kinds. The monks, in richly embroidered robes, were going to and fro, or bowing before the altar. Some were bearing tall candles, some were burning incense, and some were offering prayers, while the swelling notes of the organ filled the vaulted hall with their sweet and solemn melodies. We had often, thousands of miles away, heard this music imitated in scenic representations of St. Bernard and the Alps ; but now the thought that we were on the actual spot—that what we saw and heard was the living reality, and no dramatic disguise—that those were the real monks of St. Bernard, and the pilgrims that were kneeling on the stone floor below us were real pilgrims, and that the music which we heard was the real music that had for so many centuries mingled its plaintive sounds with the wailing of the wintry storms in that desolate abode, and with the lamentations and mournings of lonely travellers whose friends and companions had been lost in the snows—these and other such thoughts filled us with indescribable emotions of solemnity and awe.

Among the pictures hanging in the chapel was one of St. Bernard and his dog. The dog stood by the holy father's side, and looked up into his face as if waiting for a command to go out into the snow.

The real dogs that we went to see after we returned to our chamber when the service in the chapel was concluded were out upon a little green plot of ground before the door of the hospice.

We all go out on the green to see the dogs.

The door where we came out was on the back side of the hospice, and is the one seen in the engraving on page 115. When we went down we found the dogs walking about in presence of quite a number of tourists and travelers who had come out to look at them. There were only two of them. They were very large, and walked about with an air of great dignity and decorum, as if they were aware that the company were admiring them for the grandeur of their character and for their heroic exploits. The expression of their countenances denoted great kindness of disposition, combined with great courage and energy.

The morning air was very fresh and cool. Indeed, there was a large, fleecy white cloud floating over the summit of the pass just at that time, and we, who were standing on the green looking at the dogs, were in the midst of it. We could see the little *flecks* of it flitting along the face of the rocks which bordered the pass, and just over our heads there was a bright place where the sun was breaking through.

We walked a little way along the green to look into the window of a small building which serves as a sort of tomb, where the bodies of the dead that are found in the snows are deposited until they are taken away by their friends. A number of bodies that had not been claimed were still there. We looked at them through a grated window. It was a shocking spectacle.

After this we walked about the place for a few minutes longer, looking down upon the lake, or up upon the lofty mountains that towered on each side of the pass far above our heads, and then, when the bell rang for breakfast, we went in. After breakfast,

Coming down.

Scrambling over the rocks.

The children.

we found the mules all drawn up in a line before the door, ready for the travelers to set out on their return. The road was so steep, however, for the first three miles of the way, that most of us preferred to walk. Some set out in little groups or parties, three or four together, and began to scramble down the rugged path, supporting ourselves by our alpenstocks, which we had brought up for the purpose.

For several miles we saw no sign of any human habitation—nothing but bare rocks and great patches of snow, with here and there some small traces of verdure. The slopes of green increased in extent as we descended, and at last I saw before me, sitting in a sunny place on a knoll just above the road, three little girls knitting.

When I came up to the place I accosted them.

“Do you live any where near here?”

“Oh no, sir; we live down in the valley.”

“And what are you doing up here?”

“We are watching the cows.”

So saying, they pointed off to a green pasture-ground on the mountain side near them, where we could discern some cows feeding. We talked with the children a little longer, and then bade them good-by. They went on with their knitting, and we went on our way down toward the valley below.

The path was formed of rugged but slippery rocks, and it conducted us sometimes on the verge of frightful precipices, sometimes by sharp zigzags down steep declivities, and sometimes along the margin of a roaring torrent. Every where there was difficulty and

Coming down the pass.	Steep descent.	Lonely inn.	Return to Martigny.
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danger enough to keep up a continual excitement in our minds, and sometimes enough to have awakened serious fears if we had been mounted on our mules. Some from among the various parties of travelers were thus mounted, but almost all chose to walk in going over this part of the road, and we could see them, both above us and below us, as we looked back or forward, creep slowly along in files, three or four together, feeling their way among the rocks by means of their pike-staves, or turning the corners of the zigzags as they came down the more precipitous parts of the descent.

After proceeding in this way for an hour or two, we came at length to a place where the path became so much better that it was safe to ride, and then, one after another, the various parties called up their guides and mounted their mules. After this we continued our journey, still rapidly descending, until we came to the first human habitation where travelers have an opportunity to stop for rest. It was a sort of an inn, though it stood in as wild, and lonely, and desolate a place as can well be imagined. We found here a great number of mules belonging to people who had arrived before us. The mules were standing before the door. The guides were feeding them with bits of bread. Their riders were mounting or dismounting, or coming in or out at the door of the inn. We remained a short time here, and then went on our way by a gradually improving road, until at last, about the middle of the day, to our great satisfaction, we reached the village where we had left our *char*. Here we stopped to dine, and then enjoyed an easy and a very delightful ride down the valley to Martigny.

The hot springs among the Alps.

Leuk.

Extraordinary zigzags.

LETTER IX.

THE BATHS OF LEUK.

Hotel des Alps, Leuk,* Aug. 29.

IT is very surprising that among the cold and icy regions of the upper Alps, where the valleys are filled with glaciers, and the hill-sides are covered, even in midsummer, with patches of snow, and where winter reigns supreme for nine months in the year, there should sometimes appear springs of almost boiling-hot water coming up out of the ground; but so it is. I am now in one of the places where such springs are found. It is in a secluded valley high up among the mountains, and is surrounded on all sides but one by glaciers, and by a range of stupendous cliffs and precipices of rock, which rise several thousand feet above us on every side, and shut us in like a wall.

The side of the wall which is not thus shut in opens, through an awful chasm, to the valleys below. Up this chasm there was for ages only a foot-path, but now there is a road, which ascends by windings and zigzags of the most remarkable character. The chasm is six miles long; it is several thousand feet deep, and the sides are in many places perpendicular, and in all so steep that no road could possibly be made, except by being walled up on the lower side, and also being carried to and fro in every conceivable direction along the slopes and around the ravines. Indeed, in

* Pronounced *Loik*.

Extraordinary features of the scenery on the way to Leuk.

coming up the valley, the road seems to traverse almost every part of the ground on both sides. Stop where you will, and look about you, and you see the road every where, above and below, before and behind you, on this side and on that. Look down over the brink, where you are riding along, and you see it there a thousand feet below you, with a train of mules coming on where you were half an hour ago ; look up over your head, and you see it there, with the top of a carriage slowly advancing over it, where you will be half an hour hence ; look across the valley, and there, running along on the brink of an awful precipice, you see it again, with the bridge, hanging in mid-air, by which you crossed from that side to this. In a word, it is the most astonishing of all the astonishing mountain-roads that Switzerland contains.

The views that you see around you, too, in creeping up the windings and zigzags, are most remarkable. Here you behold a perpendicular precipice a thousand feet high, with a path cut in the rock midway, and a train of mules, scarcely discernible, slowly moving on under an arch of rock above, formed by cutting into the precipice to make a path. On another side you see an elegant English traveling carriage advancing along the brink of a precipice, with a foaming torrent five hundred or a thousand feet below. Opposite to you, across the valley, on a shelf of the rocks, is a village of reddish-brown modern houses, with a white stone church, and a spire in the centre. How the people ever get up to it, or, once up, how they ever get down, is a surpassing wonder. At another place, you look down upon an extensive slope of green pasture-land as steep as the roof of a house. It is a mile wide,

The villages on the mountain sides.The ladders

and it extends two miles up and down the mountain, and ends in a perpendicular precipice at the bottom. It is covered with scattered houses, and seems densely inhabited, and yet it is so smooth and looks so very steep in every part, that it seems to you that if a child were to drop an apple at the door of any of the houses, it would roll down a mile or more, and then fall a thousand feet over the precipice into the foaming torrent that you can just hear faintly roaring over the rocks below.

You wonder how the inhabitants of these regions ever get up to them from the valleys, or, once up, how they ever get down. The paths by which they ascend are indeed extremely steep and difficult. There is one tract of country which contains several square miles of land, and two or three villages, which is up so high, and is so surrounded with precipices, that, instead of a path, they go up and down by a series of ladders. They go up as high as they can go by a steep zigzag path made in the lower slope of the mountain, and then, when they come to the foot of the cliffs, they ascend two or three hundred feet higher by ladders, one above another, fastened against the rocks. The lower ends of the ladders rest upon any little shelf or projection found to sustain them, and the upper ends are pegged to the rocks by wooden pegs, and this is the way the people go up and down to their houses.

When we arrived at the head of the valley where the hot springs were situated, we found a very green and beautiful lap of land, two miles wide, perhaps, and two or three miles long, with the village in the centre of it. The village consists of two or three hundred small log cabins, one very antique and very queer-looking church,

The village of Leuk.

Hotels.

Character of the valley.

and five or six large and showy hotels. The cabins were huddled together without any order and without any streets. Instead of walking in streets, you ramble about any where among the cabins and through the back yards. Indeed, when the great carriage-road was made, and they set up a stage to come to the baths, they found there was no way by which it could get into town. So they had to pull down some of the cabins, and cut away parts of the others, to make a passage for it; and the passage thus made, narrow, crooked, and irregular, is the nearest approach to a street that the village contains.

Around the village are smooth and beautiful green fields, with here and there groves of evergreen trees among them, which rise on every side to the foot of the mountains. The mountains are stupendous crags, gray, smooth, and bare, and rising from sixteen hundred to two thousand feet, apparently perpendicular. The surface of the rock seems smooth, but the forms which it takes are infinitely varied. The different cliffs present the appearance of great round towers, buttresses, and bastions, ending in colossal battlements and pinnacles above. Here and there are dark chasms between the cliffs, in the depths of which you see cascades and waterfalls descending.

The whole range seems to inclose the valley like a wall, and you would not think it possible in any way to get over it.

There is a way over it, however, by a pass called the Gemmi, which is one of the most remarkable and most celebrated in all the Alps. We can see the zigzags of this path from our windows. It is about a mile from us across the valley. We can barely dis-

The zigzags seen through the glass.Watching the mules coming down.

cern the zigzag by means of our glass. They look like faint lines drawn to and fro along the surface of the rocks. We can trace these zigzags for one or two miles up the rocks, until at last, when the path has attained to about half way up to the summit, it enters a great chasm and disappears. We have been watching a train of mules that are making the ascent with a party of tourists. We can scarcely discern them with the naked eye, but with the glass we can see them very distinctly as they move slowly along.

First we followed them along the level road which leads across the valley from the village to the foot of the mountain. They grew smaller and smaller as they went on, and at length became too small to be seen just as the road entered into a forest.

About half a mile farther on the road came out of the forest, and then commenced the zigzags, so we determined to watch the place with the glass, and observe the mules as soon as they should reappear.

"There, they are coming! One mule—two—three—four—five. Five mules. The guide for each mule is walking before him. There are gentlemen on two of the mules, and ladies on two; and one mule is loaded with baggage. Take the glass and look."

"Yes, I see them. Now they are turning the first zigzag. How pretty they look, such a long line winding round the point of the zigzag."

The first series of zigzags led up through a rough-looking pasture-land, and then the path came to the foot of a vast fan-shaped

Character of the road leading up the pass.

mass of debris, which consisted of stones and gravel that had been washed down from a chasm in the rocks above, and lay in a steep slope, pointed at the top and round below. Up this slope the path ascended in sharp zigzags. We followed the mules up this debris as the column turned, now this way and now that, till it reached nearly the top of it.

"I can not see where they can possibly go next. It seems to be a bare, smooth, and perpendicular precipice above this debris."

"Nor can I. I have been looking with the glass, and can see no signs of any path. Now they come almost to the top of the debris. I shall see in a minute or two where they will go. Yes, they are turning now. Look! look! it is perfectly amazing. They seem to be creeping along the very face of the rock, midway between the top of the precipice and the bottom. I can not see the least sign of a path, but there must be one there. Now they are taking a turn. I think they are going round a deep ravine or chasm."

This path, invisible to us where we are sitting, on a seat in front of the hotel, leads along the face of the rock for some distance, perhaps a quarter of a mile, till it comes to a great buttress which projects in some degree from the cliffs at the angle of an immense chasm. At first we did not perceive that there was any projection here, but, on a careful survey of it with the glass, we could see it pretty distinctly, and at last could perceive that the path ascended it in zigzags. We could barely discern the lines of the zigzags, so faintly were they delineated along the gray surface of the rock. The line of mules, however, marked it out for us very

View of the lower portion of the pass as seen in an opera-glass.

plainly as they went up, though how it was possible that any living thing could make such an ascent it seemed difficult to conceive. We watched them as they slowly ascended, turning repeatedly first in one direction and then in another, until at length, in about fifteen or twenty minutes, they reached the top of the buttress. The appearance which they presented to us, as seen through the glass, is represented in this engraving.



VIEW THROUGH THE GLASS.

From the top of the buttress the road turned and passed along the face of an overhanging rock, by a sort of groove cut for it in

Account of a visit to the ladders.

the rock, as you will see in the upper part of the view represented in the engraving. At the end of this passage the path disappeared in the depths of an immense chasm, and though this was not more than half way up the mountain, we could not find any traces of the path above with the most attentive examination. We shall soon know, however, where it goes, for to-morrow we are going up the pass ourselves.

Since I began to write this letter, we have been to see the ladders by which people climb the precipices to get to the farms and pasturages on the shelf of the mountain above. We had to walk for about two miles along a narrow path a few hundred feet below the foot of the precipice. The path was so narrow, and the slope of the mountain was so steep, both above and below us, that it made us almost dizzy to walk in it. We could look down on one side, a thousand feet or more, to the bottom of the valley, and so steep was the descent that, where the ground was bare, a stone would have rolled, or a pike-staff have slid, from the top to the bottom. In such places we leaned over toward the side of the mountain as far as we could in walking along, and were in continual fear of falling.

At some places there was a forest, and here we felt much safer; for, though the land was just as steep both above and below us, we imagined that the trees would stop us from rolling down the mountain side if we were to chance to fall.

Besides this, the trees on the slope above seemed to afford us a protection from the rocks and stones that might otherwise fall

Walking along under the crags.Danger from falling rocks.

upon our heads from the cliffs above; for the steep slope which arose above us on one side of the path ended at the foot of a range of stupendous crags, that towered to a vast height in the air, and in some places projected so far forward as actually to hang over our path. These crags were, in many places, firm and solid, and showed no tendency to crumble and fall down. In other places the rocks were all cracked and broken, and the whole mountain side was strewn with blocks and fragments of all sizes that had already come down. Some of the fallen masses were as big as small houses. The path, of course, lay across these beds of fallen fragments. Here there could be no forest, for the whole mountain side, from the foot of the cliffs down into the valley as far as we could see, was composed of fallen blocks of stone. Of course, there was nothing between us and the cliffs above. These hung impending a thousand feet above our heads, and as the strata were all cracked and fissured, and we could see immense blocks hanging on the brink, apparently just ready to fall, we naturally were afraid that they might fall while we were in the path beneath them, and so hurried on as fast as we could, to escape the danger.

Then, as soon as we had got once more to smooth and solid ground, we would stop and look up at the overhanging masses again, and now we wished that they would fall. To see a rock as large as a house roll a mile down a steep mountain side we thought would be a very grand spectacle. But, though the cliff seemed cracked and fissured in every direction, and to hold vast masses suspended as if by a thread, nothing would come down.

We went on along the path, till at last the way became so nar-

We turn up toward the ladders.

Approach to the foot of them.

row, and the slope so steep, that we scarcely dared to go any farther. Still, we were so anxious to see the ladders, that we resolved to proceed. We met small parties from time to time coming and going. Some seemed frightened; others looked, or pretended to look, entirely at their ease.

At last we came to the point where we were to turn up toward the base of the cliffs into a sort of chasm, in which the foot of the lowermost ladder was placed. The ascent was very steep, and it was made by short zigzags. The ladders were far above. Even the lowest end of the lowermost of them was so far up above our heads that it made us dizzy to look up to it. Still we went on. At last we came to the rocks. There was a fissure at the foot of them up which it was necessary to scramble by means of ragged projections, in order to get at the foot of the first ladder.

We stood at the bottom of this fissure and looked up. We could see the range of ladders ascending, one after another, up the cliffs, until they were lost to view at a vast height above. Some young men were to be seen midway coming down.

The ladders were in different positions, and some of them were at a little distance from the others, so that, in several cases, after reaching the top of one, there was a short, and steep, and rocky ascent to be made before coming to the foot of the next. It made one dizzy to look up to them; indeed, it seemed amazing that human beings should dare to go up or come down by them. And yet even the women and children of the villages above go up and come down without fear.

Curious custom of bathing.

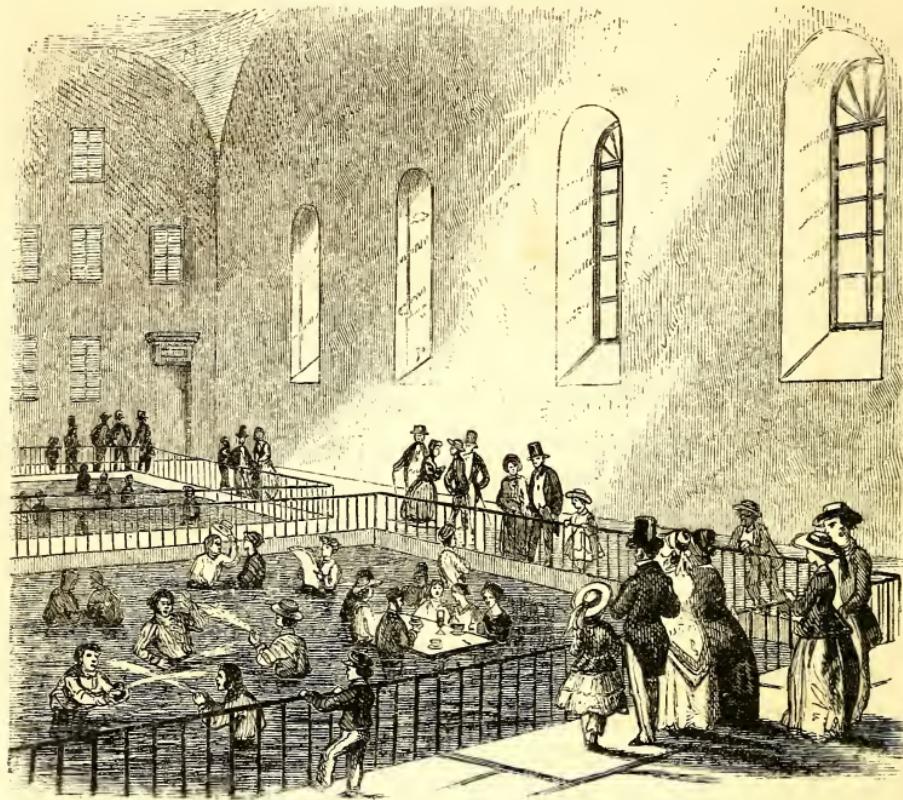
Bathers all together.

Amusements.

There is something very curious in the manner in which the people who come to Leuk for the sake of the waters take the baths. They have to remain in the water four or five hours, at least, every day, and from that to eight; and as it would be very tiresome to remain alone so long in a bathing-tub, the custom has arisen of having large tanks, with several compartments, each of which is sufficiently spacious to contain a number of people, and here they all bathe together, men, women, and children, in the same tank. They are all dressed in bathing-dresses made of woolen cloth; they have seats round the sides of the tanks where they can sit down, and little floating tables on which they can have checker-boards, and chess-boards, and dominoes, and various other things to amuse them. They also can have breakfast if they choose, or any kind of refreshments, while they are in the water.

Of course, when you go into one of these bathing-houses, you behold a very singular spectacle. You walk down a sort of aisle in the centre, and on each side are square tanks or ponds, the surface of the water in them being almost level with the floor. In each one of these you see a multitude of heads just rising above the water. There are heads of men, of women, of boys, and of girls. Some of the people are sitting on a seat, submerged to the chin; others are wading about; some are talking, some are eating their breakfast, some playing checkers or dominoes. They have a way, too, of squirting water at each other with their hands. They place the fingers of one hand across the palm of the other, so as to form a cavity between them, and then squirt the water up

Picture of the bathers amusing themselves in the water.



THE BATHERS AT LEUK.

through an opening they leave at the ends of the fingers. They could throw a jet of water in this way four or five feet, as you see represented in the engraving.

Visitors go in very often to see the bathers, and to talk with them while they are in the water. They like very much to have

Way of going out of the baths.

The Gemmi.

Setting out in the morning.

company. There is a railing round the tanks to prevent the visitors from falling in.

When the bathers wish to withdraw from the bath, they wade out into little closets that open in the side of the tanks, and there, when they have shut the door, which, of course, swings in the water, they go up by steps into a little dressing-room, where they change their clothes.

There are a number of these bathing-houses in the village that the people go to from the different hotels.

To-morrow, at half past five o'clock, we are to set out to go over the pass of Gemmi. In my next letter I shall give you some account of the adventures we meet with.

LETTER X.

THE PASS OF THE GEMMI.

Interlachen, Sept. 1.

THE morning when we set out on our passage across the Gemmi was bright and beautiful. We left the hotel before sunrise. The distance across the valley, from the village to the foot of the mountains, is about a mile, though it looks much less. We reached the foot of the ascent just as the sun was gilding the summits of the snowy peaks on the other side of the Valley of the Rhone. Some distance before we reached the foot of the mountains we began to ascend. The road led up a slope of pasture-land by zig-zags along the verge of a grove of firs.

K

Mules and guides.

Beginning of the road.

The zigzags.

We had two mules and two guides. One mule was for the baggage, the other for my companion. I chose to walk.

Indeed, the only way by which one can really see a difficult mountain-pass in Switzerland is to walk up; for, if you are on a mule, your attention is so much occupied by his steps that you have very little opportunity to look about you; and I may add, that the mule generally carries you so near to the brink of such awful precipices that you have very little disposition to look about you. Your whole attention is occupied in watching to see where he is going.

Thus we went on toward the base of the mountains. The precipices rose before us like a wall. One would have said it was impossible that there could be any road to surmount them.

We, however, knew where the road was, for we had studied it attentively from different points of view on the other side of the valley the day before. First it ascended, by zigzags, a steep slope of debris which lay against the side of the mountain. This debris, as it appeared to us through our glasses at a distance, looked like a vast heap of ashes that had been shot down by ten thousand carts from the mountains above. When we came to it, however, we found that it consisted of gray rocks and stones, of all sizes, that had fallen down, and now lay below in a fan-shaped slope, coming to a point at the top against the side of the mountain.

At the top of this debris the road turned off, and went along the top of the precipice for some distance in the face of the cliffs. This portion of the road is that shown in the lower part of the telescopic view in the preceding chapter.

The mules always go on the brink of the precipice.

At the end of this precipice the road turned again, and began to go up a very steep ascent, by sharp and short zigzags, which kept the mules constantly turning to and fro. Every one of the turns, too, led them to the very verge of the precipice, which, of course, grew higher and higher as we advanced. The path itself was very good and pretty wide; but the width of the path, in such cases, makes little difference, for, no matter how wide it is, the mule always walks on the brink of it. He generally has some baggage on his back, and, not knowing how far it extends on each side, he reasons that if it should by any chance strike the rock on the inner side of the wall, it would jostle him over the brink on the other side, and that therefore he had better keep as far *out* as possible.

For myself, I did not reason in any such way, I assure you, but kept as near *in* toward the inner side of the path, and as far away from the brink of the precipice as I could; but I could see the mule before me, with the lady on his back, walking along composedly on the very brink, in places where it was a thousand feet down. Indeed, at the turns he went out so far, and turned at the corners so deliberately, and looked back at me out of one eye when he came round with such a knowing look, that it seemed to me he took a pride in showing me how far out over the brink of a precipice, with a lady on his back, he dared go.

There is no real danger in these cases, for the mules never fall over. Indeed, if a person were to attempt to *force* his mule over these precipices, he could not do it. The only way, therefore, when you are ascending one of these mountain passes on a

Railings.

Long gallery cut in the rock.

mule, is to resign yourself to your fate, and when the apparent danger becomes so great as to be painful, just to shut your eyes. There are places in this path where, we were told, it was customary, in bringing ladies down in a chair, to blindfold them, in order that they might not see where they were going.

The turns of the path were, of course, usually on the brink of the precipice, and in such cases there was often a wooden railing, as if to prevent the mules from going over by the momentum they acquired when coming down. Of course, when going up there would be far less danger. These railings, however, looked so frail and slight that they seemed to afford no protection. Besides, many of them were broken down, and others had so gone to decay that they leaned over the abyss and seemed just ready to fall.

By such ways as these we went on higher and higher. The path changed its direction and its character every moment, so as to present continually new excitements and to awaken new emotions of wonder. There was one place where it passed through a long gallery which had been cut for it in the solid rock, the mass of the ledge overhanging it like a roof. This gallery is shown distinctly in the engraving, in the upper part of the view represented. In another place it passed to and fro in very short zig-zags across the bottom of a sort of chasm, shut in with walls of rock on both sides. Sometimes, in looking forward, you would see it advancing directly toward the face of a precipice which you would see rising perpendicularly like a wall before you. You look first forward, and then on the right hand, and then on the left, and

Numerous zigzags.

We at last reach the top of the pass.

can not see any opening whatever where the path can possibly go. In a moment, to your utter amazement, you see the mule before you take a short turn, and go right up, almost directly over your head.

There was one series of short sharp zigzags where the slope was so steep that the whole width of the path at each turn was gained by a wall built up from below. The structure looked like a gigantic ladder, with the rounds placed in zigzags from one side to the other.

We were a full hour in ascending such places as these—as steep all the way as a mule could walk. At length we reached the summit. From time to time, as we were ascending, we looked down over the brink of the different turns in the path below us, and saw other parties of travelers coming up, some on foot and some on mules. Among the rest, I saw a party of mules and horses coming with guides, but without any riders. They had been over the Gemmi with some travelers, and were now returning.

When we reached the top we found ourselves in the wildest and most desolate country that could be imagined. There was a long valley extending some miles before us, with a lake in the middle of it, and bare rocks and mountains on both sides, but not a bush or a tree to be seen. There was a little green discernible here and there in the interstices of the rocks, that was produced by grass and scanty herbage, but beyond this there was no sign of vegetation—nothing but gray rocks and large patches of snow.

The mules and horses that had no riders reached the top soon after we did, and the guide of one of them asked me if, now that

Horse hired by the way.

We stop to take a second breakfast.

I was at the summit of the pass, I should not like to ride. I said that I should. So I hired one of the horses and rode on.

The region was so rough and rocky that there was no way to make a path except by building up two walls, one on each side, and filling the space between with smaller stones, and then smoothing it with a little gravel strewed upon the top. This made a kind of ridge, and we rode along upon the top of it. Great gray pinnacles of rock were towering all around us, but not a living thing was to be seen.

After traveling on in this manner for an hour or two, we saw before us, where the road passed along the side of a hill of bare rocks and gravel, a hotel, or rather an inn. It was a solitary building, standing entirely by itself, close to the path, and in the midst of a scene of the most complete and terrible desolation.

Here we stopped and had a second breakfast. We had taken one breakfast before we left the hotel at Leuk, but, after so much hard climbing, we were ready for another. Besides, the guides said they wished to stop here a short time, just to give the mules a little bread.

Breakfast over, we mounted again and rode on. After going on for some time, we came to the brink of a deep valley, which was to lead us down again to the inhabited country. When we first began to descend, we came to some solitary pasturages that cows are driven up to in summer. We saw flocks of goats, too, in these places, creeping along on the mountain sides far above us, in places where it seemed impossible for any thing living to go.

By-and-by the road leading down toward the valley began to be

Coming down on the other side.Holding back the mule.

very steep and very rocky, and it twisted and turned about among the cliffs and precipices in the most extraordinary manner. I chose to walk down, so I dismounted and gave up my horse to the guide. The guide turned the horse loose in the rear of the party, to follow of his own accord, and thus we commenced the descent of the steep part of the way.

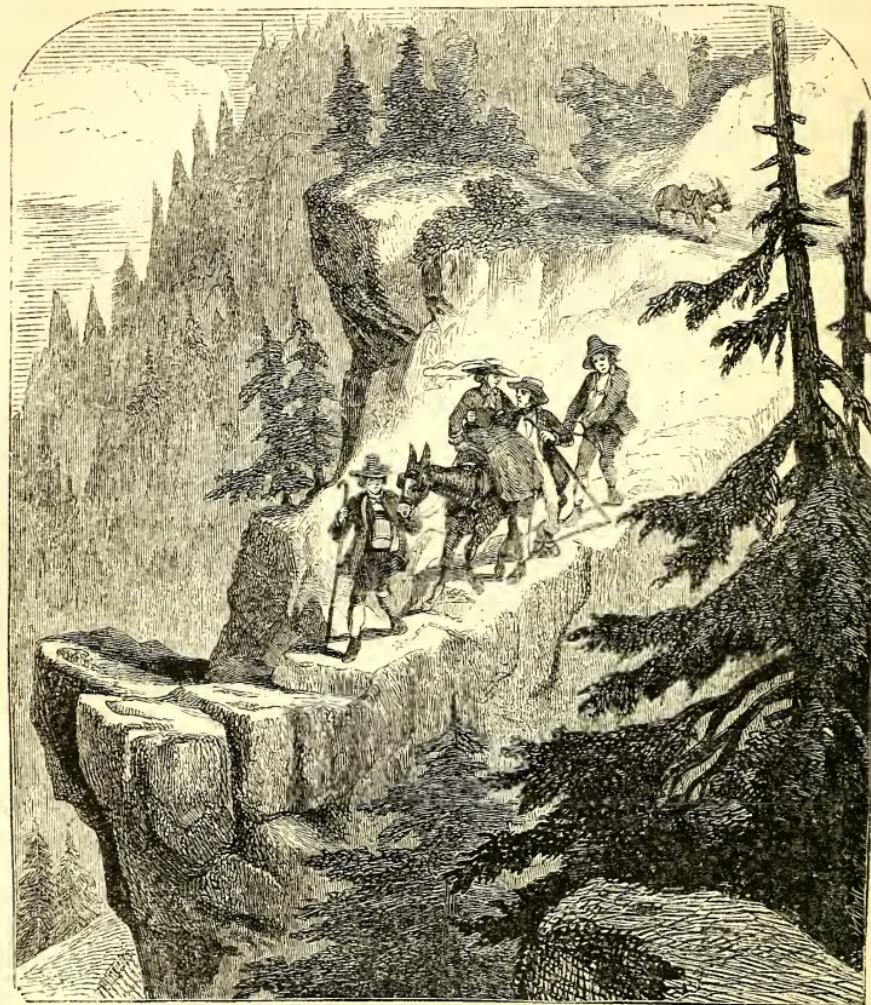
The path grew worse. It became extremely crooked, extremely rocky, and extremely steep. The rocks formed a sort of stairway in some places, down which the mule staggered, stumbled, and slipped in quite a frightful manner; indeed, it seemed quite difficult for him to keep his footing.

“Hold him back! hold him back!” said the guide. He spoke in German, and addressed himself, not to me, but to the other guide.

So the other guide advanced, and seized the mule by the tail, and held him back with all his strength, while the first held him by the head. I scrambled along the edge of the path as well as I could, and endeavored to prevent the lady from falling. Thus we came down the worst of the descents very inconveniently and awkwardly, no doubt, but still very safely.

Sometimes, when the descent was very steep and unusually rough and rocky, the horse that was coming on behind would stop and look over the brink above down to the rest of the party moving along in the turn of the path below, and would pause, appearing to be in doubt whether it would be best for him to go any farther. In such cases, his master would turn back and shout out something to him in German, and throw sticks and small stones

Picture of the party descending.



HOLDING BACK.

View of the valley.

Beautiful appearance of it.

The four kids.

at him, and thus assist him in coming to the conclusion that it would be best to go on. Generally, however, in the most steep and difficult places, he walked meekly after us, "just like a sheep," as the guide said, "following the shepherd."

We could now, from all the turns in our path, look down into the valley into which we were descending. It lay far, very far below us, smiling with verdure and beauty. We could see the smooth and level road winding along through green fields by the side of a river, and scattered houses, and gardens, and orchards, and here and there the spire of a village church rising among the trees.

We had, however, a great way yet to go down before we were to reach this smooth and beautiful scene. The path went winding on to and fro, sometimes through a forest, sometimes along the brink of a torrent, and sometimes on the face of a steep rocky hill. The whole valley was, however, in view almost all the time. Its luxuriant verdure and its surpassing beauty were rendered doubly striking by the dark and stupendous ranges of mountains which surrounded it on every side, and seemed closely to shut it in.

We passed, at first, some pasturages and chalets, where we saw children tending flocks of goats. At one place there were four little kids feeding on some rocks that overhung the path. I stopped to speak to them, and though I spoke to them in English, while I don't suppose they understood any thing but German, they all immediately came scrambling down the rocks to see me, and they followed me afterward a long way down the mountain.

We at length reach the valley.

Logs in the water.

The calash.

Sometimes I would toll them along by the side of the path to the most precipitous places I could find, in order to see how easily they would come down the rocks, where it was so steep that you would think no living thing could stand. They always came down without any difficulty and without any fear, their little hoofs planting themselves on the smallest projections of the rocks, and obtaining there the surest footing.

We had to go down a much greater distance than we had come up, for the Valley of Kandersteg, into which we were descending, was several thousand feet lower than that of Leuk, where we had commenced our ascent on the other side. At length, however, we reached the bottom.

“Now,” said the guide, as we came to the foot of the last descent, and turned into a smooth path at the margin of a little wood, “now we are on the plain.”

The road here became smooth and wide, but yet we had a mile or two to walk before we reached the inn. The path lay along a very rapid stream, where we saw a great many short logs dancing in the current toward the mills below. These logs had been cut in the mountains, and had been brought down by the streams. The ends of them were all bruised and battered where they had been knocked against the stones.

At last we reached the inn, and here we dismissed our mules and guides, and took a carriage. The carriage was a very pretty little open *calash*, as they call it, with a back seat for two, and a place in front, on the edge of the boot, for the driver. We took our places, and prepared for a delightful drive down the valley.

Excellent road and pleasant ride.

The Lake of Thun.

Interlachen.

We found the ride even more delightful than we had anticipated. The country all around us was inexpressibly beautiful. There was the greatest variety of pretty road-side scenes, connected with Swiss life and manners, that incessantly occupied our attention and amused our minds.

The road was as hard and smooth, and almost as level as a floor, and the little carriage rolled over it with an easy motion, that was extremely agreeable to us after the fatigues of the morning on the mountains. We passed continually the prettiest Swiss cottages, with the children at the windows or on the little sheltered piazzas ; and little gardens and orchards, with peasant-girls in them gathering the fruit ; and fields, with laborers reaping or binding sheaves ; and parties of tourists, some riding at their ease in elegant traveling carriages, and some walking, with pike-staves in their hands and knapsacks on their backs. And then, although the valley itself was so smooth and beautiful, we had all around us an endless variety of mountains of the most picturesque and striking forms, and of stupendous magnitude. Dark forests and foaming cascades adorned their sides, while vast fields of glittering snow and immense impending glaciers crowned their summits.

At last, winding around among these mountains, we came in view of a great lake. It was the Lake of Thun.* Its beautiful blue waters lay embosomed in the midst of a charming sea of verdure and fertility. We turned soon, and took a road which led along its banks toward Interlachen.

Interlachen is a town of large hotels and boarding-houses.† It

* Pronounced *Toon*.

† See Frontispiece.

Scenes presented to view on entering the town.

is situated in a beautiful spot among the lakes and mountains, in the very heart of Switzerland. The hotels and boarding-houses are built for the accommodation of people who wish to reside in Switzerland for some weeks at a time in the summer season, so that the place has, in some respects, much the air of Newport or Saratoga in America. It was here that our journey for the day was to end.

We accordingly turned, when we reached the lake, into a road which led along the shore toward the upper end of it. The road was very smooth and level. It lay close to the water, and meandered very beautifully, following all the turns and windings of the shore. On the one side we had the waters of the lake, with boats, covered with pretty awnings, going to and fro, and bright-looking peasant-girls rowing them. On the other side were fields, gardens, orchards, groves, cottages, and hamlets, and here and there a romantic little inn, with boats drawn up at the landing on the lake before the door.

At length we approached Interlachen. We entered it, and rode along the principal street. On one hand was a broad side-walk, with ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the world walking to and fro. On the other were gardens, with the fronts of the hotels seen here and there among the trees. Presently our carriage turned in at an open gateway, and drove up a broad graveled walk, through beautiful grounds adorned with shrubbery and flowers, and stopped at length before the long piazza of the Hotel of the Alps.

Other carriages that had just come or were just going were at

Some account of Interlachen.

Excursions.

The Jungfrau.

the door. People were sitting on settees in the shade, some reading their guide-books, others looking on the snow and glaciers on the Jungfrau, and others looking at us. The house was very full, but we were soon accommodated with a pleasant room, opening out upon the piazzas and gardens.

Interlachen has, perhaps, more attractions for persons who desire to spend several weeks quietly in one spot among the Alps than any other place in Switzerland. In the first place, though it is in the heart of the mountains, and is surrounded on all sides by the most stupendous Alpine scenery, it is reached from the French frontier by a very easy, safe, and delightful drive. We had come to it, it is true, over a mountain pass, but the road to it from the north, which is the way by which the great mass of travelers enter Switzerland, is smooth and easy, and is daily traversed by excellent diligences and other public conveyances, and by private carriages of all kinds. The situation of the hotels, too, is delightful, and the immense concourse of people that assemble in them every summer makes the place extremely animated and gay.

It is an excellent centre, too, from which to make short mountain excursions. The whole region of the Oberland Alps lies near, and by excursions of one, two, or three days from Interlachen the tourist may ascend the loftiest elevations, and visit the wildest scenes, and explore some of the most stupendous glaciers that are to be seen in Switzerland. The Jungfrau, the twin sister of Mont Blanc, is in full view from the windows of all the hotels, and in a few hours it may be approached so near as to give the best view of the glaciers, and the vast strata of permanent ice and snow, and

View of the Jungfrau.

Great saloons in the hotel.

Supper.

the falling avalanches, and other scenery characteristic of the higher Alps, that can be obtained in all Switzerland.

Nothing can be more exciting and sublime than the first view which the visitor obtains of the Jungfrau from the windows of his hotel at Interlachen. It is seen through a great gap in a range of nearer mountains, which last are green with pasturages and forests to the top. The contrast of this dark green foreground with the silvery brilliancy of the Jungfrau, which is seen in the opening between them, glittering in the morning sun, produces an impression which no one who has felt it can ever forget.

In a short time we came out of our room to go and get some supper. We came first to a large area, which occupied the space of an angle between the buildings of the hotel, where many persons were taking tea and coffee in the open air. The space was covered above by the chambers of the hotel, but it was open in front toward the gardens, and it communicated, on both sides, with the piazza. From this we entered a very large saloon, where a great many ladies and gentlemen, from many different nations, were assembled. Some were at the piano, others were at different tables in various parts of the room, playing chess, or backgammon, or other games. Some were sitting on the sofas talking; at one place you would hear French, at another English, at another German, at another Italian. Some were moving up and down the room, looking for their friends, or just coming in from a walk.

I knew the way very well, for I had often been at this hotel be-

Songs of the mountaineers.

Effect of the music.

fore, so I walked half way down the saloon, and then, turning to the left, went through a door there to another large hall, where there was a long table set, and a great many places ready for people who wished for supper. We took our seats here among many other parties of travelers, and a waiter immediately came to attend to us. Our wants were soon very abundantly supplied.

After supper, as we were going back to our room, we heard the sound of music. It came from the open area between the buildings of the hotel that I have already described. We went to the place, and found there a company of Tyrolean singers, who were singing mountain-songs to entertain the company. They sang for some time, and then went away, but their places were immediately supplied by four girls, dressed in their native costume, who came and stood together in a ring facing each other, and sang songs for half an hour; while the company, some seated on settees in the piazzas, some leaning against the pillars, or standing together in little groups near by, and others stationed at the windows of various parlors and bed-rooms around, listened. The songs were mountain-songs altogether, and the sounds reawakened in our minds so vividly the impressions that had been made upon them by the stupendous scenes of grandeur and beauty through which we had passed during the day, that they filled us with emotions of delight. At another time, and in a different place, perhaps they would not have afforded us so great a pleasure; but now it seemed as if the voices and echoes of the mountains which we had been listening to all the morning, at the vast elevations from which we had descended, had followed us down,

The conclusion.

like the four little kids, into the valley, to cheer and solace our evening's repose.

It is Saturday night. On Monday we shall continue our journey; but, though we are in Switzerland, we are leaving the mountains, and of course our rambles among the Alps, for this summer at least, are ended.

THE END.



THE BREAKFAST AT MRS. STUYVESANT'S.

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THE
THREE GOLD DOLLARS ;
OR,
AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF
ROBIN GREEN.



NEW YORK :
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
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P R E F A C E.

THE series of Story-books to which this narrative pertains is not intended to consist of works of amusement only to those who may receive them, but also substantial instruction. The successive volumes comprise a great variety, both in respect to the subjects which they treat, and to the form and manner in which these subjects are presented; but the aim of all is to impart useful knowledge, to develop the thinking and reasoning powers, to teach a correct and discriminating use of language, to present models of good conduct for imitation and bad examples to be shunned, to explain and enforce the highest principles of moral duty, and, above all, to awaken and cherish the spirit of humble and unobtrusive, but heartfelt piety.

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THE
THREE GOLD DOLLARS.

CHAPTER I.

ROBIN AT HOME.

Robin Green.

His bravery.

Story of the bucket in the well.

ROBIN GREEN was rather a droll fellow. He was a very happy-looking and very good-natured boy, and yet he was often getting himself and other persons into difficulty by his inconsiderateness.

He was a very brave boy. One day the ring of the windlass chain, by which Patience, a girl who was at work at his mother's, was drawing water, having got worn through, broke, and the bucket, just as Patience was going to take hold of it, fell back to the bottom of the well.

"Vexation!" exclaimed Patience, in a very impatient tone; "there goes the bucket down into the bottom of the well."

Robin, who happened at that time to be climbing up on the roofs near by, called out at once to Patience not to tell his mother.

"I'll contrive to get the bucket up," said he.

So he called in two big boys from the street, and asked them to help him. He was going down into the well, he said, to get the bucket.

So he took the end of the chain out of the well, and made a

How Robin got the bucket up out of the well.

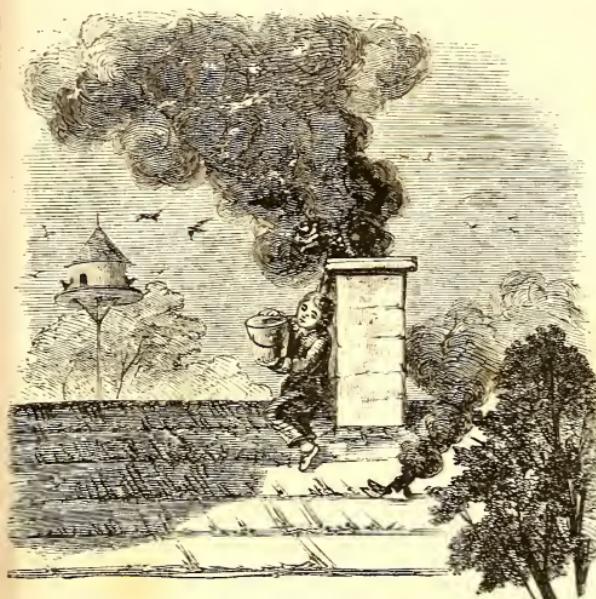
sort of loop in it by pushing the end of the last link through another link a little way above, and putting a *fid* in. He then *stood* in this loop with one foot, and held on to the chain with both hands, and in this manner the big boys let him down into the well. Here he contrived to get hold of the bucket, and after pouring out the water, he held it in one hand by the bail, while he kept hold of the chain with the other. When he was thus all ready, he called out HOIST AWAY! and the big boys drew him and the bucket up together.

The reason why Robin did not wish that his mother should know that the bucket was down in the well, was that she was sick, and he thought it would disturb her mind. Thus his motive was good; but I think still it was wrong for him to go down into the well. It was too dangerous. A brick or a stone might have come out of the wall, and fallen down upon his head; or some other link or ring of the chain might have been nearly worn through, and have given way under his weight; or the windlass might not have been strong enough for a burden so much heavier than it was intended to bear. Indeed, the operation, though it proved to be successful, was an extremely hazardous one.

Robin was wrong, too, in climbing about upon the roofs as much as he did. His mother had often forbidden him to do so. And yet at one time he did a great deal of good by his skill in climbing them. The kitchen chimney took fire one warm summer's morning, when the roof was very dry. After the fire had burned down in some degree, a great many sparks came out, and, as there was no wind, they fell upon the roof. Robin watched them. They

The roof on fire.

How Robin put it out.



PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

saw the little smoke, and there poured some water on the roof in such a manner that it ran down and immediately put out the incipient fire.*

"There, mother," said Robin, when he came down, "you see it does some good for me to know how to climb on the roofs."

"Yes," said his mother, "but I am always so afraid when you are up there."

"Oh, mother," said Robin, "there is not the least danger. Why I could *jump* off a place higher than our house, and not hurt me at all."

* *Incipient*; that which is beginning.

almost all went out as soon as they fell upon the shingles; but at last Robin saw one beginning to burn. He immediately ran and seized a small tin pail filled with water, which he had provided for the purpose, so as to have it all ready, and climbed from one roof to another until he reached the ridge-pole directly over where he

Robin falls off his stilts into a brook.

The cross dog.

It was very true that Mrs. Green's house was very small and low.

"Besides, mother," continued Robin, "I am going to be a carpenter one of these days, and so the better I can climb about on buildings, the better it will be for me."

It must be confessed that though Robin was often inconsiderate, and sometimes even reckless in the risks that he incurred, his motive in incurring them was usually to do good, and not to do mischief; and in those cases where mischief accidentally resulted from his ventures, he did all he could to repair the damage himself, without troubling his mother.

One day, for instance, he fell into a deep brook in attempting to go across it on stilts. He went across very well until he reached the bank, but in trying to step up the bank he lost his balance, and fell back at full length into the water. He made no trouble about this, however, but immediately went to a sunny place up in the barn chamber, and, wringing out his clothes, sat there till they were dry, and then, when the damage was all repaired, he went in and related what had occurred to his mother.

Robin was about eleven years old. He was a very strong boy, though not very large for his years. One day as he was walking along the road he saw a dog barking at a child by the road side. The child was crying and screaming with terror. Robin ran up to the spot, and seizing the dog by the tail with both hands, he threw him through the air away over the fence into a field. The thing was done so suddenly, that the dog knew nothing about it till he found himself flying through the air, and feeling at the same

Robin's book.	How he got it.	His comparison.
time a peculiar stinging sensation just at the root of his tail. As soon as he came to the ground, he rolled over and over two or three times before he stopped himself. He then gathered himself up, and looked back to see what it was that had happened. He does not know to this day how he got over that fence.		

Robin, among his other treasures, had a book. He had several school-books besides; but this was a reading-book. Robin obtained it by exchanging a jack-knife for it with one of the boys of the school. He did not know what the book was when he bought it with the jack-knife, for the title-page and both the covers were gone. All he knew about it was, as he said, that it was full of reading. So he bought it.

He found, when he came to read it, that it was a book of history. It was not very easy to understand, but what it related, when once understood, was very interesting. Robin made new covers for his book out of some thin pieces of wood, which he obtained from the top and bottom of an oval box that was broken. He fastened these covers on in a very ingenious manner, and lined them with paper. He also wrote a new title-page for the book, inventing one for the purpose. He read and studied this book over a great many times. Sometimes he read it aloud to his mother. She thought it was hard to understand too.

“Yes, mother,” said Robin, “it is like a cocoa-nut. Dry husk and hard shell outside, but with good sweet meat and milk in the middle.”

In this comparison, Robin intended by the dry husk and hard shell to denote the difficulty of understanding the book, and not

Some account of Robin's friend, Josiah Lane.

the uncouthness and asperity of the covers that he had made for it, though the comparison would have held good very well in either point of view.

Robin lived with his mother, and usually they two were alone in the house. But now his mother was sick, and that was the reason that Patience was there.

Robin had two uncles that lived in the same town, but he did not see them very often, or at least he did not have much to do with them. They very seldom came to see his mother, and they very seldom invited her to go and see them.

Robin had one excellent friend in the town where he lived. This was a boy named Josiah. He was the minister's son. Josiah and Robin were very different in temperament and character, and yet they were very close and intimate friends. Many were surprised that persons so extremely different should like each other so much. Robin was bold and adventurous, Josiah was cautious and circumspect. Robin was noisy, and sometimes boisterous; Josiah was quiet, gentle, and still. Robin was always full of frolic and fun, Josiah was as grave and sedate as his father. Robin was always getting into difficulty, Josiah never. Robin would undertake the most senseless and ridiculous exploits. He cut his temple once dreadfully, trying to stand on his head on a bottle turned upside down, as he had seen a juggler do. People would have thought Josiah crazy if they had seen him doing such a thing. But still, different as they were, Robin and Josiah were better friends to each other, and more constant companions, than any other two boys in the village.

Robin's uncles.They were not very kind to him.

CHAPTER II.

ROBIN'S UNCLES.

ROBIN had two uncles, his uncle James and his uncle Jeremiah. He did not like either of them, for neither of them were at all kind to him or to his mother. These two uncles were very different from each other in every respect, but they both treated Mrs. Green and Robin very coldly, each in his own peculiar way.

Mr. Jeremiah Green kept a store. He was a rough, coarse man, and whenever he saw Robin he accosted him very bluntly, without attempting to disguise his dislike of him at all. It was not, however, that he really disliked him; for Robin, with all his faults, was a good-humored and pleasant boy, and he might have been a great favorite with both his uncles, if his mother had been as rich and had lived as handsomely as they. But she was poor. At least she seemed to be poor. She lived in a small house, and in a very plain way, and her brothers considered her beneath them; and so they treated Robin coldly, in order to prevent too much intimacy between the families.

But, as I said before, though neither of the uncles were kind to Robin, they manifested their unkindness in very different ways. Mr. Jeremiah Green was rough and blunt; while Mr. James, though outwardly very civil and polite, was still so haughty and reserved, and assumed so condescending an air and manner, that, on the whole, Robin liked his uncle Jeremiah best, or rather disliked him

How his uncles used to treat him.

least of the two. Whenever he went into the store kept by Mr. Jeremiah Green, who was commonly called the colonel, he would be received in some such manner as this:

"Well Bobbin, or Dobbin, or Robin, or whatever your name is, what do you want to-day? Whatever it is, I hope you've got the money to pay for it, for No Trust is the rule of this store."

So saying, the colonel would wink to the other people who were sitting with him around the stove in the store, in order to intimate to them that he did not think Robin's mother fit to be trusted.

Robin would feel a burning sense of resentment and shame tingling his cheek at these indignities, and for a moment the determination would rise to his mind that, if he could possibly help it, he would never come to buy any thing at his uncle's store again as long as he lived.

The treatment which he received at his uncle James's was very different from this, but it was equally disagreeable. His uncle James and his aunt Sarah prided themselves on being very refined and genteel, and they were really so cold, and formal, and ceremonious, and they treated Robin with such frigid and heartless civility, that he disliked even more to go to their house than to his uncle Jeremiah's store.

And yet their house was a very pretty one, and there was a very pretty garden behind it. Only Robin never went into the garden. They always kept the gate fastened; and whenever Robin was at the house, his aunt Sarah would say, I should like to have you come and see our garden some day. I would take you in

How Mrs. James Green managed when she wanted Robin's help.

to-day, only Thomas does not like to have boys in the garden. He says they trample on the beds.

Sometimes Mrs. James Green wanted Robin's services for some purpose or other, for she had no children of her own. On such occasions she never hesitated at all to send for him. But in these cases she always contrived to make it appear that it was a favor that she was conferring upon him, and not one that he was conferring upon her.

For example, one Wednesday, as she was walking along the street, she met Robin coming home from school.

"Robin," said she, "should not you like to go and take a ride this afternoon?"

"I don't know," said Robin, hesitatingly.

The truth was, Robin did not wish to go and take a ride with his aunt. He had too much experience of the pleasure excursions which she had proposed to him. Still he did not like absolutely to refuse going with his aunt, and so, not knowing precisely what to say, he said, I don't know.

"Yes," said his aunt, "you will like to go very much. It is Wednesday afternoon, and there is no school. I will call for you about two o'clock. Ask your mother to dress you up nicely, and be ready when I come."

So Mrs. Sarah Green called for Robin at two, and as his mother said that she thought he had better go, he got into the chaise and took the reins. His aunt said that she would like to have him drive.

"And now," said she, "I have got a little shopping to do in

Funny way to be taken out to ride.

Robin leaves his aunt.

the village. You would like to ride through the village as well as any where, you know."

So Mrs. Green directed Robin where to go first. It was to a store very near. When he stopped, she got out and went into the store to make her purchases. She told Robin that she should not be gone a great while, and that he might stay and hold the horse. But she *was* gone a great while; at least it seemed a great while to Robin. At length, however, she came out with a number of parcels in her hands; and putting them in the chaise, she got in herself, and said,

"Now, Robin, we'll go next to Mr. Stillman's store."

So Robin drove to Mr. Stillman's store. He saw now that, instead of going to take a ride, his aunt was only going a shopping, and that all that she wanted of him was to wait upon her and hold the horse. Accordingly, after his aunt had been about a quarter of an hour in Mr. Stillman's store, Robin got out of the chaise, fastened the horse to a post, and went in to find his aunt.

"Why, Robin," said she, "you must not leave the horse."

"I have fastened him to the post," said Robin, "and I am going home. I don't care about riding any more this afternoon, and I am much obliged to you for the ride I have had."

So saying, and without waiting to hear what his aunt had to say in reply, he turned round and immediately disappeared.

Of course his aunt was left quite in a quandary; for, though she could drive herself well enough, she could not very conveniently get in and out the chaise alone with nobody to hold the horse, nor could she tie the horse very well when she wished to stop.

Some account of Jerry.His proposal to go and steal apples.

She was greatly enraged against Robin for deserting her in this manner.

"He is an ungrateful, good-for-nothing boy," said she. "I never will give him another ride as long as I live."

Robin's uncle Jeremiah had two or three boys. The oldest of them was named Jeremiah, but he was usually called Jerry. Jerry was a bad boy. He often attempted to entice Robin to go with him and share in some of his wrong-doings, but Robin always refused.

"Robin," said he one day, "go with me and get some apples out of Squire Stillman's orchard."

"No," said Robin.

"Yes," said Jerry, "go."

"No," said Robin.

"You won't?" said Jerry.

"No," said Robin, "I *won't*. When I begin to steal, I'll steal something worth while. I won't be a thief for the sake of a handful of apples."

Jerry stared at Robin a moment, and then said,

"Well, if you won't go with me, I'll go alone."

About half an hour after this, Robin heard loud screams in the fields. The screams seemed to come from the direction of the orchard where Jerry had gone. Mingled with the screams, the barkings of dogs could be heard.

"Hark!" said Robin, "Jerry has got into some muss or other; let us go and see."

Jerry had got into a very serious difficulty. He had filled his

Jerry's success in stealing apples.

Robin rescues him from the dogs.

hat full of apples from one of Mr. Stillman's best trees, and was just getting down from the tree when he heard the dogs coming. He ran as fast as he could toward the fence. He had just time to get to the fence before the dogs reached the place. Indeed,

one of the dogs seized him by the trowsers before he had time to get his leg up out of the way.

He was dreadfully frightened. He clung to the topmost rail of the fence, with his hat full of apples under his arm, and screamed with terror.

Robin and the other boys came to the spot. Robin knew the dogs very well, and they knew him, but he was well aware that it was useless for him to attempt to call them off as long as Jerry kept possession of the apples.

"Throw the apples back into the orchard, Jerry," said Robin. Then I can call the dogs off."

So Jerry turned his cap upside down and let the apples all fall out upon the ground, on the side of the fence toward the orchard. When the dogs saw that the thief had abandoned the stolen property, they allowed themselves to be appeased and called off by Robin, and thus Jerry was rescued from his dangerous situation.



JERRY AND THE DOGS.

Jerry was not very courageous.

Crossing the mill stream in a freshet.

Although Jerry was older and larger than Robin, he had not half his resolution and energy. One day when the two boys were riding some horses home from the pasture, after a great rain, they came to a stream which was so swelled with the freshet that it

seemed dangerous to cross it. Jerry was greatly alarmed, and did not know what to do; but Robin did not feel alarmed at all.

"Come on," said he, "Jerry; I'll show you the way."

Then Robin drove into the stream, calling Jerry to follow him.

Jerry was, however, afraid to follow until he first saw that Robin was going over safely. Then he came on cautiously and timidly behind.

See how deep the water is where Robin's horse is going! And how swift the current runs! The horse himself is a little afraid.

Robin did not like his cousin Jerry very well, nor any of his other cousins. He liked Josiah Lane better than his uncles, and aunts, and cousins all put together.



COURAGE.

Arrangements at Mrs. Green's house.

Robin's serious reflections.

CHAPTER III.

SICKNESS.

ROBIN's mother, as has already been said, was sick. She had been sick for more than a week, and she seemed to be growing gradually worse. Her bed was in a small room that opened out of the kitchen. The kitchen was, in fact, the principal room of the house. It served for parlor, sitting-room, kitchen, and all. There was the little bed-room where Mrs. Green slept leading out of it, and a loft above, where Robin slept. Patience slept on a cot, which she brought in every night and placed in a corner, not far from the kitchen fire. By this arrangement Patience was always within call if Mrs. Green wished for any thing, whether by night or by day.

One afternoon about five o'clock, a few days after the affair of the bucket which fell into the well, Robin came in from school, and after putting away his slate and his books, he sat down in the corner, and, resting his chin on his hands, began gazing into the fire. He was not thinking of the fire, however, at all. He was thinking, in case his mother should die, what would become of him.

"As to going and living with either of my uncles," said he to himself, "I won't do it."

After saying this to himself in a very determined and positive manner, he continued for some time looking into the fire.

Mrs. Jeremiah Green sends to make inquiries.

"Patience," said he at length, "is my mother any better?"

"No," said Patience, "I don't think she is."

"Do you think I had better go in and see her?"

"Yes," said Patience, "you can go in if you please, provided you go very still."

Just then Robin heard a knocking at the door. He turned round. The door opened and Jerry appeared, coming in.

"Hollo, Jerry," said Robin.

"Mother wants to know how aunt is," said Jerry, in a low voice.

"Oh, we're getting along very well," said Robin.

"She says she thinks you'd better get Miss Roane to come and take care of her. Miss Roane is a regular nurse."

"Well," said Robin.

"She says she would come herself and see aunt, only she is very busy this afternoon; besides, she does not know as she could do any good."

"No," said Robin, "we are getting on very well."

So Jerry went away.

"What did you tell him that your mother was getting along very well for?" said Patience. "I don't think she's getting along at all."

"I did not say that mother was getting along well," replied Robin. "I said that *we* were. I meant you and me."

"Well," said Patience, "what did you tell him that for? Your aunt ought to come. Your mother is her own husband's brother's wife, and she ought to come and look after her in her sickness."

Patience says she must go home, and leave Robin alone.

"No," said Robin, "I don't want her here."

"Then I don't know what you'll do," said Patience, "for I must go home to-night."

"Go home to-night!" replied Robin, surprised.

"Yes," said Patience. "I can come back to-morrow, but I must go home to-night. There are some things that I must attend to, and if your mother is going to be worse, I had better go now than any other time. You could take care of her well enough one night, couldn't you?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"You can sleep on the cot here, in the kitchen, and if she wants any thing in the night she will speak to you, and you can carry it to her."

"Well," said Robin, "you can go."

"Besides," said Patience, "it looks like snow, and if there should come a great snow-storm to-morrow, I could not go at all then."

"Well," repeated Robin, "you can go."

So Patience, after finishing her work for the day, and giving Robin his supper, and making all the necessary preparations for the patient during the night, put on her cloak and bonnet to go away. She promised to come back again as early as she could the next day.

"I am sorry to leave you all alone," said she, "but I have no doubt that some of the neighbors will come in, in the course of the evening, and if they have any humanity they will some of them stay with you all night."

Robin goes in to see his mother.

Her mind is wandering.

"No," said Robin, "I can stay by myself just as well."
So Patience went away.

After she had gone, Robin went into his mother's little bed-room to see if she was awake. He had crept in softly once or twice before, but her eyes were shut, and she seemed to be asleep. This time she opened her eyes when Robin reached the bedside, and gazed into his face long and earnestly.

"Mother?" said Robin.

His mother did not answer, but continued gazing very earnestly.

"Mother," said Robin, "it's me. How do you feel now, mother?"

"I feel very well," said she; "very well. I never felt better in my life, only this handkerchief is tied too tight round my head."

So saying, the sick woman shut her eyes, and seemed to go to sleep again.

There was no handkerchief at all around her head. Robin concluded that his mother had only been half awake, and that she did not know what she had been saying.

So he went back and took his seat in the chimney corner.

Not long after this he heard another gentle knock at the door. He did not like to say Come in, for fear of disturbing his mother's sleep. So he went and opened the door.

It was Josiah Lane.

"Ah, Josiah!" said Robin, "I am *so* glad that you have come!"

Josiah asked Robin how his mother was, and Robin told him

Josiah comes to see him.

His visit gives Robin a great deal of comfort.

that she was a great deal better ; "at least she says she is a great deal better," he said. "She says she feels perfectly well."

"My father would come and see you," said Josiah, "but he has gone away."

Josiah had no mother. His mother was dead.

Robin said it was not necessary for any body to come. He had all that his mother would require for the night, and Patience would come home early the next morning.

"Has Patience gone away ?" asked Josiah.

"Yes," said Robin ; "but that's no matter."

"And are you going to stay here all alone ?"

"Yes," said Robin. "The only thing that I am afraid of is that I shall get asleep, and so not hear mother if she should call."

"Dear me !" said Josiah. "I can't bear to have you stay here all alone. Would not you like my Robinson Crusoe to read ? That would help you keep awake."

Robin said that he should like the Robinson Crusoe very much indeed. It was a new one that Josiah had received a short time before as a present. It was a very pretty copy, and full of engravings ; and Robin considered it the greatest possible act of kindness on the part of Josiah to offer to lend it to him.

"I will go directly home and get it," said Josiah.

So Josiah went home to get the book. It was not far. Josiah lived, it is true, on another street ; but there was a pathway across through the gardens, which was very near for the boys, though none but boys could go by it very well, as there was a fence be-

Josiah comes back with the book.

He promises to stay all night.

tween, which had only a small hole in it for a passage-way, where nobody that was big could get through.

The snow was so deep around this place that Josiah was obliged to dig it away with his feet before he could get through. After he got through, he came very soon to a drift where the snow came up far above his knees. But he paid no attention to the obstruction. He waded directly through; though, when he was where the snow was very deep, he took care to hold the book up high out of the way of it.

Josiah was not gone more than fifteen minutes. When he came back he had the book under his arm. He had wrapped it up carefully in a piece of newspaper to keep it from the snow. Robin could hear him stopping in the entry to brush the snow off his clothes when he came in.

"I'm going to stay with you to-night," said Josiah, as soon as he entered the room.

"Are you?" said Robin.

"Yes," replied Josiah. "Maria says I may. She says you ought not to watch alone."

"That's good!" said Robin, clapping his hands together. He clapped his hands very gently, so as not to disturb his mother; but the exultation in the tone of his voice, in saying That's good! showed that he was exceedingly glad that Josiah was going to stay and watch with him.

Preparations of Robin and Josiah for spending the night.

CHAPTER IV.

WATCHING.

JOSIAH opened the paper as he came into the room, and took out Robinson Crusoe and also another book which he had brought for himself.

“Now,” said Robin, speaking in a very low tone, “I suppose we must not talk, for it will disturb mother. I’m glad I have got such a good long candle.”

“Yes,” said Josiah, “it will last us all night.”

“If we can only keep awake,” added Robin. “We are going to have a supper by-and-by.”

“Are we?” asked Josiah.

“Yes,” replied Robin. “Patience got it for us, or, rather, she got it for me; but there will be enough for you and me too, I expect. See! there it is under the cloth.”

So saying, Robin pointed to the back side of the room, where, upon a shelf of the dresser, there was a waiter covered with a nice white napkin.

“There is the supper,” said Robin. “Let us go and see what there is.”

So saying, Robin went to the back side of the room, and Josiah followed him, to look at the supper. The boys lifted up the cloth, and there they saw a mug of milk, a plate with a generous piece of pie upon it, and a saucer heaping full of very nice-look-

The boys get another apple.

Robin goes into his mother's room.

ing dough-nuts. Besides this, there was a large and rosy-looking apple on the waiter.

"Yes," said Robin, "there's enough, only there ought to be another apple; one for you, and one for me. But never mind. I know where the apples are down cellar, and you and I will go and get another."

So Josiah took a candle, and the two boys together went down cellar to get another apple. On their return they concluded to put the two apples down to the fire to roast.

"Patience said I must eat my supper at midnight," said Robin, "and there will be plenty of time to roast the apples before then. Besides, we can watch them while we are reading."

So the boys put the two apples down before the fire, and then took their seats on the settle, having previously placed the light-stand, with the candle on it, where it would come between them. They opened their books and began to read.

"But first," said Robin, laying down his book again, "I'll go and see if my mother wishes for any thing before I begin to read."

So he went into the bed-room. He approached the bedside very cautiously. His mother's eyes were shut.

"Mother?" said he, in a very gentle voice.

Mrs. Greer opened her eyes, and looked at Robin with a restless and bewildered expression.

"Would you like some drink, mother?"

"Drink?" said she; "drink? Let me see. Yes. No. I have had some drink. Is this Robin? Where is your father gone?

Robin begins to look at the pictures in Robinson Crusoe.

Ask him to come. He was here a minute ago. Ask him to come back. I don't want him to go away at all."

As Robin's father had been dead for many years, Robin knew at once that his mother did not know what she was saying.

" You are dreaming, mother," said he. " Shut your eyes, mother, and go to sleep again."

So he put his little hand over his mother's eyes, and pressed the eyelids down gently, and in a moment she seemed to drop to sleep again. Then Robin walked softly back to the settle, and taking up his book, he opened at one of the pictures.

It represented Robinson Crusoe sitting in his hut, with all his animals about him. Here is the picture itself.

There were guns and other implements hanging against the walls, and various articles of rude furniture in different parts of the room.

" Is that his dog ? " asked Robin in a whisper,

per, speaking to Josiah.

" Yes," said Josiah, " and there are his two cats."

" Where did he get his cats ? " asked Robin. " Did they grow on the island ? "



ROBINSON'S HUT.

Robinson in his boat.

Conversation.

The apples.

"No," said Josiah. "I believe he brought them on shore from the ship. But when you come to read the book you will learn all about it."

"I mean to begin at the beginning, and read it all in order," said Robin. "I won't look at any of the pictures till I come to them in the reading."

Notwithstanding this resolution, Robin could not refrain from pausing a moment to look at a picture of Robinson sailing in his boat, which his eye-chanced to fall upon as he was turning over the leaves to find the beginning of the book. Here is the picture. Robinson is sailing along smoothly and pleasantly in his log canoe, with his umbrella over his head to shelter



himself from the rays of the sun.

"I should like such an umbrella as that," said Robin.

"I would rather have the boat," said Josiah.

"Yes," said Robin, "so would I. Do you suppose we could make such a boat?"

"Not very well," said Josiah. "But now we must not talk any more."

So the boys ceased talking, and began to read. The apples, too, at the same time, began to roast. A small brown spot appeared

Scene in the kitchen.

The settle.

The boys fall asleep upon it.

on each one, on the side that was turned toward the fire, and a few minutes afterward the one that belonged to Josiah suddenly puffed out a little jet of steam, and began to sing.

Robin went on reading his book for nearly an hour. The room was very still. Nothing was heard within but a gentle hissing sound in the end of the logs which lay upon the fire, and now and then the singing of the apples that were between the andirons. Without, the wind moaned from time to time through the tops of the leafless trees, and a clicking sound was heard against the windows, indicating that the storm continued. Robin, however, paid little attention to the storm. Every thing was warm and comfortable in the room where he and Josiah were watching. The fire blazed cheerfully, and threw out a bright glow over the floor. The cat was asleep in the corner. Robin was very much entertained by his book, and he did not feel lonesome, since Josiah was with him, although he did not talk with him at all.

At length Robin began to feel a little tired of reading, and he concluded that, as soon as he came to the end of the chapter, he would put his book down, and go again and see how his mother was. He just then recollect ed that he had not heard any movement from Josiah for some time, and, looking up, he saw that Josiah had fallen asleep. He had sunk down in the corner of the settle, with his book in his lap, and was fast asleep.

"I should not think that that would be a comfortable place to sleep in," said Robin to himself.

So saying, he slipped along to his end of the settle and reclined his head in the corner of it, by way of determining by experiment

Mrs. Green awakes and sees the boys asleep.

what sort of a sleeping-place it was. He shut his eyes. His thoughts immediately began to wander. In a word, in less than five minutes he was fast asleep himself.

In the mean time, Robin's mother, who had been very restless and wandering in mind in the early part of the night, gradually became more calm and composed. She lay very quiet for more than an hour. She was not, however, really any better. Her strength was gradually wearing away. At last, about half an hour after Robin fell asleep, she opened her eyes. The door



THE WATCHERS.

Mrs. Green's strength fails.

She falls asleep again forever.

which led from her bed-room into the kitchen was open, and she could look in and see the settle, with the two boys sitting upon it asleep.

"Ah!" said she to herself, in a very faint whisper, "there's poor little Robin trying to sit up and watch with me. Dear little fellow! I'm glad he has fallen asleep."

"And there's Josiah with him, to keep him company, I suppose. Where is Patience, I wonder; and I wonder whether I am very sick?"

Here the poor mother's strength began to fail her again. She put out her hand to a little table that stood by her bedside, where Patience had put a tin mug containing some drink for her. She took the mug and drank a little from it. She had barely strength to put the mug back again upon the table and her head upon the pillow, and then her arm dropped almost lifeless by her side.

She began to breathe irregularly. Her pulse fluttered. She breathed a long sigh. Then for a minute she rested, and did not breathe at all, as if the sigh had fatigued her. Then she sighed again, and afterward breathed gently four or five times, with intervals longer and longer between. At last she fell asleep.

Thus the patient and the watchers were all asleep together; but the sleep of the patient was the sleep of death.

The first thing that Robin was conscious of after he fell asleep was the glare of a light in his eyes, and a sensation of warmth on his face. He started up and opened his eyes. The candle had burned down to the socket, and the paper which Patience had

Morning.Robin finds that his mother is dead.

wound round the lower end of it, to make it stand steadily in the socket, was on fire, and was blazing up quite high. This was the light which had awakened him. He took up the candle immediately, and threw out the burning paper into the fire. Then he waked up Josiah. Broad daylight was shining into the windows of the room. In a word, it was morning. While Josiah was rubbing his eyes and recovering his consciousness, Robin hurried into his mother's room, quite alarmed to think that he had slept so long, and fearing that his mother might have wanted something.

While he was gone Josiah picked up the book in which he had been reading. It had fallen upon the floor. Then his eye fell upon the apples, and he went to the fire-place to see if they were done. He found that they were more than done. They were nearly dried up, and the sides that were turned toward the fire were very brown.

"Ah!" said he, "our apples are almost burned up."

So he went to the dresser and brought a plate to the fire, and taking up the apples by the stems, he put them carefully upon it, and then set the plate on the little table.

Just then Robin came out from his mother's room. He went to the fire and sat down upon a little bench that stood there, and, resting his elbows upon his knees, he covered his face with his hands, and sat without speaking a word.

"Robin," said Josiah, "what is the matter?"

"My mother is dead," said Robin, in a very solemn tone.

"Dead!" exclaimed Josiah. "She is not dead!"

Josiah's pity for Robin.

Robin does not know what he shall do.

"Yes," said Robin, "she is dead and cold, and I am an orphan."

Josiah paused a moment in silence on hearing this announcement. He was a boy of a very calm and quiet temperament, and was not easily moved to any appearance of agitation.

After a moment's pause he said, "I am *very* sorry. You stay still where you are, and I will go and ask some of the neighbors to come."

Robin did not say any thing in reply to this proposal, and so Josiah put on his cap, and, going to the door, he pushed it open as far as the drifts that were heaped up against it on the outside would allow, and then went away, wading through the snow, to the nearest neighbor's.

Poor Robin remained motionless before the fire. He was overwhelmed with sorrow and distress. His heart was full of grief to think that his beloved mother, his dearest friend and his only protector, was dead, and that he should never more hear her voice or see her smile.

"And then," said he, "what is going to become of me. I can not live in this house alone; I can not bear to go and live with my uncles; and where else I can go I do not know. I am sure I don't know what I *shall* do."

Robin remains at home until the funeral.

CHAPTER V.

ROBIN IS HOMELESS.

THE funeral of Robin's mother took place on the next day but one after her death. During the interval the neighbors came in and assisted, so far as was necessary, in making the preparations. Robin's uncles and aunts came in with the rest, and finding, as they said, that there were plenty of persons to do all that was required to be done, they made short visits and went away.

Patience came back, as she had said she would, on the day after she went home, and she remained at the house until the day of the funeral. Besides doing the other work that was required, she got breakfast, dinner, and supper for Robin. Josiah's sister Maria came to the house and invited Robin to go home with her, but Robin said he would rather "remain with his mother." So he staid at home all the time.

On the evening before the day of the funeral, Mr. James Green and his wife had a short conversation in respect to Robin.

"I have been thinking," said the squire to his wife, "what is to become of Robin, now that his mother is dead."

"That is just what I was going to speak to you about," said his wife.

"We must look around a little and find him a place somewhere," said the squire, "and in the mean time brother Jeremiah or I ought to take him into one of our houses."

Consultations of Robin's uncles with their wives.

Their conclusions.

"That is what I was thinking of," said Mrs. Green; "and I think that your brother Jeremiah ought to take him, for he has boys of his own, and one more would not make any material difference. Whereas it would be a great trouble to us to have him here."

"Yes," said the squire, "I think it would. I presume that brother Jeremiah will have the sense to perceive that, and that after the funeral he will take Robin home with him."

It happened, by a remarkable coincidence, that Mr. Jeremiah Green and his wife had a conversation on the same subject almost precisely at the same time.

"Husband," said Mrs. Green, "what is to be done about Robin, now that his mother is dead?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the colonel.

"It is very plain to me," continued his wife, "that your brother James ought to take him. He has neither chick nor child, while we have more boys now than we can take care of. He could take him just as well as not."

"Yes," said the colonel; "it is very clear that the boy ought to go to brother James, and I presume that brother James will have the good sense to see it, and that after the funeral he will take him home to his house."

Whenever any person dies, the law requires that some one, usually some near relative, should be appointed to ascertain what property belonged to him or her, and to take charge of the property until the children, if there are children, shall have grown up.

Disposal of the property of a deceased person.

The one who takes charge of the property in this way must also inquire what debts the person that died may have owed, and pay them. Of course he does not pay them with his own money, but with the money that belonged to the one that died ; and if there is not money enough, he sells a part of the property to obtain it. Indeed, he is obliged to sell *all* the property, if he can not get money enough to pay the debts without ; and sometimes there is not enough then, so that the poor children do not get any. The children, then, have to be taken care of by their friends and relatives until they get old enough to earn a living for themselves.

Robin's uncles both supposed that this last would be the fact in the case of their sister. They did not know, indeed, that she owed any money, but they supposed that she did, and they did not think that she had much property. There was nothing that they knew of except the furniture of the house, which was all very cheap furniture, and though, as Mrs. Green arranged it, it made her house very pleasant, they knew it would not sell for much money.

"If I take charge of her estate," said Mr. James to himself, "I shall find ever so many small debts to pay, and nothing to pay them with, and I shall have the boy on my hands into the bargain. I'll let my brother Jeremiah manage it. He is the oldest brother, and it belongs to him."

"If I was sure the estate would pay the debts," said Mr. Jeremiah to himself, "why that would be another affair; but as it is, I'll leave it to brother James. He is the moneyed man, and knows more about these things than I do."

Robin receives invitations from his uncles.

Thus both the brothers determined to have nothing to do with Robin. And yet they did not quite dare to abandon all thought of him entirely. Each determined to watch the case a little, and see that the other took the boy, knowing very well that one or the other of them must take him, or that the whole town would be indignant against them. Accordingly, on the day of the funeral, when the company were assembling, Mr. Jeremiah Green came to Robin as he was standing by himself disconsolate, near the chimney corner:

“Bobby,” said he, “I suppose you will go to your uncle James’s after the funeral to-night?”

“Yes, sir,” said Robin.

Robin did not mean by this that he was going to his uncle James’s, but only to assent to his uncle Jeremiah’s thinking so.

“I believe he is going to invite you to go home with him,” continued the colonel; “but if he should not, you *can* come to our house, you know.”

“Very well, sir,” said Robin; “only I shall want to come home a little while first.”

A short time after this, Mr. James Green met Robin, and called him aside.

“Robin,” said he, “I saw your uncle Jeremiah speaking to you a few minutes ago. He was speaking to you about coming to his house, I suppose?”

“Why, yes, sir,” said Robin, “he was speaking to me about it.”

“He invited you to go home with him, did he not?” asked Mr. James.

After the funeral is over, Robin sets out to go home

Robin was rather at a loss how to answer this question. He did not know whether he ought to consider what his uncle had said to him as an invitation or not.

"Why, no, sir," said Robin, "not exactly."

"Well, he *will*," said Mr. James. "We think that that will be the best place for you to go to. He will speak to you about it again after the funeral.

"If he should not, you know you can come to my house. But it would not be so pleasant for you there, because there are no boys there. Still, you can come if your uncle Jeremiah does not invite you to go home with him."

"Very well, sir," said Robin; "only I shall want to come home first a little while."

"Yes," said his uncle, "that you can do; but lock up the house carefully when you come away, and carry the key with you to your uncle's."

When the funeral was over, Robin, who was very resolutely determined that he would not go to either of his uncles, watched his opportunity, when the company were dispersing at the gate of the burying-ground, and slipped away without saying any thing to any body. This was easily done. It is always easy to slip away from people that do not wish to keep you.

Josiah, however, who was near at hand all the time, and who was watching all Robin's movements, saw him when he went away, and followed him. He soon overtook him, and asked him where he was going.

"I am going home," said Robin.

Josiah overtakes him.

Their conversation on the way.

"Why, Robin, you can't go home. There's nobody there. Patience has put every thing up and gone away. You must go to your uncle's."

"No," said Robin, "I am going home."

"Then I shall go with you," said Josiah.

"No," said Robin, "you must not go with me now. You can come and see me by-and-by."

"But, Robin," said Josiah, "are not you going to live with one of your uncles?"

"No," said Robin.

"Why, have not they invited you?" asked Josiah.

"Why, yes," said Robin, speaking doubtfully; "yes. At least they have both told me that I can come and live at their house."

"Then why don't you go?" asked Josiah, "and what are you going to do?"

"Why, you see," said Robin, "I have not quite decided what I shall do. But I will tell you some other time."

"When?" asked Josiah.

"Why, I'll tell you this evening, if you will come to our house."

"To your house?" asked Josiah; "shall you be at your house this evening?"

"Yes," said Robin; "but don't you tell any body that I am there, only come yourself alone and see me."

"Well," said Josiah, "I will."

So Josiah bade Robin good-by, and turned off toward the house where his father lived, while Robin walked on slowly toward his own now lonely home.

Josiah concludes to go and pay Robin a visit.

CHAPTER VI.

PLANS FORMED.

THAT evening, immediately after supper, Josiah told his sister Maria that he was going to see Robin a little while.

“That’s right,” said Maria.

It was not easy to open the gate that led into the garden, on account of the snow being so deep before it.

“I had better go round by the road,” said Josiah to himself.

“No,” said he again, after thinking of it a moment. “This is the last time I shall ever have an opportunity to go through the gardens to see Robin, for he will go away somewhere to-morrow.”

So he determined to push through the snow, no matter how deep it was. This was not very difficult, for the snow was not hard. Indeed it had been thawing all day, and now it looked very much like rain. Josiah pushed the damp snow away from before the gate, and then pulled it open and went through.

When he reached the door of Robin’s house, the water was dripping from the eaves, and he thought that he felt a drop of rain fall upon his face from the clouds.

“Ah!” said he to himself, “it is going to rain, and we shall have a thaw. Then afterward, if it freezes, we shall have some skating, and Robin and I will go and skate. That will amuse him and comfort him.”

Josiah did not knock at the door, but opened it and went

Interview between the boys.

Robin is going to New York.

directly in. He walked softly, however, just as if he imagined that Robin's mother was still alive, and that the noise would disturb her. He found Robin sitting on the settle at the corner nearest the fire, eating a piece of bread and reading Robinson Crusoe. He was reading by the light of a new candle that he had found and put in the candlestick on the little round table. The cat was asleep in his lap.

"Ah! Josiah," said he, "I thought that was you coming. I was reading a little more in your book, while I am eating my supper."

"Is that all you have got for supper?" said Josiah.

"No," said Robin, "I have got some milk." So saying, Robin took up a tin mug which was by his side on the seat of the settle, and held it up so that Josiah could see it.

"I have been busy ever since I saw you," continued Robin, as he put down the mug again, "in getting ready to go away. I am going away."

"Where are you going?" said Josiah, surprised.

"I am going to New York," said Robin, quietly.

"To New York!" exclaimed Josiah. "Why, Robin," said Josiah, "I don't think you ought to go away to New York without—without—without any body's leave."

"Why there is not any body to give me leave," said Robin.

This was so obviously true, that Josiah was perplexed to know what to reply to it.

"But, Robin," continued Josiah, after a short pause, "what are you going to do at New York?"

Josiah is a little unwilling to promise to keep a secret.

"I will tell you all about it," said Robin, "if you will first promise me that you will keep it a good secret. You must promise not to tell any body at all any thing about it."

Josiah stood a moment gazing thoughtfully into the fire. He scarcely knew what to say.

"But father has told me," he said at length, "that people ought never to promise to keep any thing secret until they know what it is; because, you see, it might possibly be something wrong."

"But this is not any thing wrong," said Robin. "I am convinced it is right."

"I have no doubt you think it is right," said Josiah.

"And I am sure you'll think it is right too," said Robin. "If you don't, you may tell."

"Well," said Josiah, "then I will hear it. Only there is one more condition, and that is, I must tell my father if he asks me."

Robin finally consented to this condition, and then he told Josiah that he had concluded that there was nothing for him to do if he remained in the town but to go and live with one of his uncles, which he said he could not possibly bear to do. He told Josiah why he disliked his uncles and aunts so much, and related many instances of their unkind demeanor toward him, with all of which, however, Josiah was pretty well acquainted already. He also told him what kind of invitations his uncles had given him to go to their houses.

"And now," he added, "I suppose Uncle James thinks I am at Uncle Jeremiah's, and Uncle Jeremiah thinks I am at Uncle

Robin appeals to Josiah.

His arguments.

Josiah is convinced.

James's, and they don't either of them care what becomes of me so long as I don't trouble *them*. So I am determined not to go and live with either of them. I am going to New York. It is only fifty miles, and I can go there in three days, even if I don't get a ride part of the way in the cars. And when I get there, I am sure I can find something to do. There is ever so much to do in New York."

Josiah sat down upon the settle, in the opposite corner to the one where Robin was, and continued gazing into the fire, apparently lost in thought.

"Would *you* go and live with either of my uncles, if you were me?" said Robin.

"No," said Josiah, looking up with a very resolute and determined air, "*I would not.*"

"Would not you go to New York to seek your fortune, and take your chance, rather than do it?" asked Robin.

"Yes," said Josiah, "I would; but somehow or other I can't bear to have you go away so."

"No, Robin," said he at length, after another pause, "you must not go. Wait here till my father comes home. He is coming home to-morrow. You can come to our house and stay till my father comes home, and then he'll contrive some better plan."

Robin shook his head.

"I am sure that my father will form some plan," said Josiah.

"No," replied Robin, "he can't do it. He would if he could, but he can't. You see there *isn't* any other plan. If I were to go with you to your house, I might stay there a few days, and my

Robin's proposed arrangements.His money.

uncles would call it a visit. Then there would be a great deal of talking about different things, but it would end at last in my going to live with one of my uncles."

Josiah could not deny the correctness of Robin's reasoning, and yet he was very unwilling to yield. He would have been still more unwilling to yield if he had thought that Robin would experience any difficulty in reaching New York, or in finding some place there where he could earn his living. He had never been at New York, nor had Robin. All they knew was that it was a very great city, and that young men from the country often went there in search of employment.

"And why should not I get work there as well as the rest?" said Robin.

In fine, Josiah at length acquiesced in Robin's plan, and entered cordially into the work of assisting him to put it in execution.

"Are you going to take a trunk and some clothes?" asked Josiah.

"No," said Robin, "I have not got any trunk, and I could not carry it if I had one. Besides, I am going to wear my best clothes, and they will last me till I can get some more."

"And have you got any money?"

"Yes," said Robin, "I have got plenty of money."

"How much have you got?" asked Josiah.

"A quarter of a dollar, and half a dollar, and three cents," said Robin.

"That is not enough," said Josiah.

"Yes," replied Robin, "that is a plenty. It makes more than

Josiah's three gold dollars.

His box and padlock.

three quarters of a dollar. Besides, we don't want to carry much money to New York. We go there to *earn* money."

As he said this, Robin put his hand in his pocket and took out his money, and then began to count it over on the little table, as if to make sure of the amount. Josiah remained all this time in a thoughtful position, and at length said,

"It is not enough, Robin; I am sure it is not enough. But I have got some more that I can let you have. I'll go and bring you my gold dollars."

Josiah had three gold dollars. They were the proceeds of all his earnings and savings for several years. Robin had heard of Josiah's plan of saving his money and investing it in gold dollars about a year before, and had begun to act on the same system himself. He had got as far as seventy-eight cents, and was only waiting to complete the hundred in order to get his first gold dollar. This money he had kept in a little tin box shaped like a trunk, with a padlock in front. His mother kept the box for him in one of her drawers. As soon as he had decided to go to New York, he had taken this money out of the chest and put it in his pocket. He was sure, he now said, that it would be enough, and he absolutely refused to take the gold dollars. But Josiah said that, at any rate, he would go home and get them. So he went home immediately, and in a few minutes returned with the money.

"You see," said he to Robin, "your money will be enough unless you meet with some accident, and then you will want more. Besides, you may get sick and want to come home. You must keep two of the gold dollars to come home with. One you may

Josiah sews up the gold dollars in a band.

spend whenever you need it, but the other two you must keep to come home with. As long as you have money, you will know that you can get into the cars at any time and come right home."

"Ah me!" said Robin, mournfully, "I have not got any home."

"You can come right to our house," said Josiah.

Robin was silent. Presently, however, he added,

"But I am afraid I shall lose them. Gold dollars are so little, and they are always rolling away."

"No," said Josiah, "we can put them up in a some safe way. We'll sew them up in a band, and put them round your arm. Perhaps you won't have to use them at all, and then, when you come home some day or other, you can pay them back to me. Find me some cloth, and a needle and thread."

Robin went to a corner of the room where there was a table with a drawer in it. He opened the drawer and found some needles and thread, and a piece of cotton cloth. Josiah tore off a piece of this cloth in the form of a bandage, and then, folding it over and over, and putting the pieces of money within the folds, he sewed them in securely.

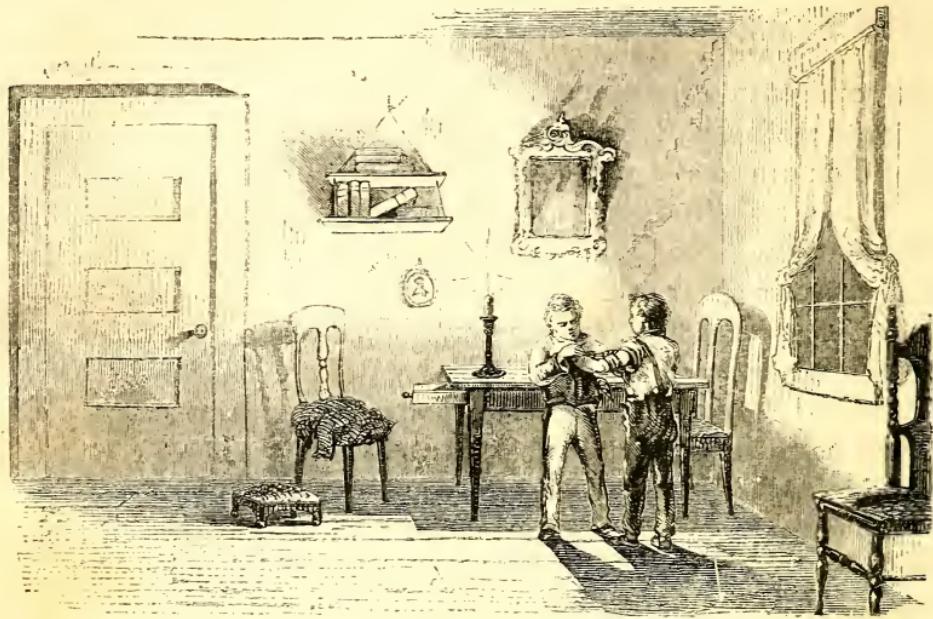
"Now Robin," said he, "off with your jacket."

Robin took off his jacket and held out his arm. Josiah rolled up the sleeve of the shirt, and then proceeded to wrap the band around Robin's arm, and began to sew the ends together.

"Is this what you call a money-belt?" said Robin.

"No," said Josiah. "I should call this a money-*band*. But they do make money-belts sometimes, and fasten them round the body. My father told me about them.

Josiah and Robin talk about money belts and bands.



THE MONEY-BAND.

"They make belts, I suppose," continued Josiah, "when they have a great deal of money to sew up. But your arm is big enough for a band to hold three gold dollars. Gold dollars are very little things."

So Josiah went on sewing the ends of the band together, taking great care all the time not to prick into the skin.

"There," said he, when he had finished the work. "Now you can't lose the money in any possible way."

Robin rolled down his sleeve and put on his jacket again, without speaking a word.

Consultation about admitting Maria into the secret.

"What time are you going to set out?" asked Josiah.

"To-morrow morning just as soon as it begins to be light," replied Robin.

"I wish I could stay here with you all night," said Josiah, "but I can't unless you will let me go and tell Maria about it."

"No," said Robin, shaking his head; "she would do something or other to prevent me from going."

"I am afraid she would," said Josiah.

"And yet I should like very much to have you stay here," added Robin.

"Suppose we try her," said Josiah. "I don't think she would do any thing."

The thought of remaining alone all night in a house so solitary and desolate as his mother's house now was induced Robin at last to give his consent to this proposal, and so Josiah went home again to confer with Maria. Maria was very young herself, being only a year or two older than Josiah. But she was a girl of a very thoughtful and reflective turn of mind, and she listened with breathless attention to Josiah's account of Robin's plans. After he had finished she seemed for a time lost in thought. At length she said,

"Well, Josiah, I don't know that there is any thing that we can do to prevent Robin from going. I don't know that we ought to prevent him, if we could. Indeed, I think I would go myself, if I were in his place. I wish father was at home; he would tell us what to do. But I am pretty sure you do right to let him have your money, and that it will be right for you to stay

Preparations for going to bed.

Evening prayers.

The boys asleep.

with him to-night. You can go with him a little way to-morrow morning, if you wish. It will do if you get back to breakfast."

Josiah came back to Robin with this answer. It was raining very fast when he crossed the gardens. He, however, had an umbrella, and did not get very wet. He told Robin that it was raining; but Robin said he must go the next morning, rain or no rain. So the boys together made the remaining preparations that were necessary, and then they took off their shoes to go to bed. Robin said he would not undress himself more than that, for fear that he should sleep too late in the morning, and Josiah did the same, to keep Robin company.

Before going to bed, Robin said that they must have prayers. So he took a Testament from a shelf on the back side of the room, and also a prayer-book. This was just as he had been accustomed to do when his mother was alive. He then took his seat upon the settle, near the little light-stand. Josiah sat down upon the settle, near the other corner. Then Robin opened the Testament and read part of a chapter. Then he opened the prayer-book to the right place, and, turning round, he kneeled down and put the book on the seat. At the same time he placed the candle on the seat near, so that he could see. Josiah kneeled too, and then Robin read the prayer.

After the prayer was finished the boys both lay down upon the bed in the little bed-room, on the outside of it, under the coverlet, and very soon were both asleep.

Morning.

The boys set out very early.

The cold.

CHAPTER VII.

ADVENTURES.

IT was raining very fast when the boys lay down upon the bed, but a little after midnight it cleared up cold. The wind came in from the northwest, and the thermometer fell so rapidly that it began to freeze almost before it quite ceased raining.

Accordingly, when Robin and Josiah came out in the morning for Robin to commence his journey, they found every thing hard and slippery. The boys had to walk very carefully, for it was not yet light, and they could scarcely see where they were walking.

"Shall I lock up the house when I come back," said Josiah, "and so carry the key to your uncle's?"

"No," said Robin; "for if you do, they will ask you where I am. We will leave them to find out about it for themselves."

So Robin left the house as it was, and he and Josiah walked along together. There was nobody moving in the village, though flickering lights were seen in some few windows, where early risers were building their morning fires. As soon as the boys got out of the village they saw the snow lying in broad white fields all around them, though the road was dark and icy, having been thawed and filled with water by the rain, and then frozen again. Here and there, too, sheets of dark ice appeared by the road-sides, and in low places in the fields, where the water had collected during the rain, and had afterward frozen.

Josiah talks to Robin.

Robin pursues his journey alone.

"It is freezing fast," said Josiah, "and there are plenty of ponds. By to-morrow the ice will bear, every where, and there will be excellent skating."

"Yes," said Robin, "and I wish I was going to stay, and go a skating with you."

Thus talking, the boys walked on very pleasantly together. The broad belt of gray light which was rising in the east grew brighter and brighter. People began to appear at the doors of the houses which the boys passed on the road, and dense white smokes rose from the chimneys. At length it became as light as day, and soon afterward the sun rose, and, with his dazzling beams shining over the tops of the trees, brightened up the whole face of nature. In a word, it was a very pleasant winter morning.

Josiah walked on with Robin for half a mile after the sun rose, and then, on reaching the summit of a hill from which the village was in full view, he said he believed he would not go any farther. So he bade Robin good-by, and set out on his return. Robin stood in the road watching him as he went down the hill, until he was out of sight, and then he resumed his journey.

It may perhaps be supposed by the reader that Robin must have felt very sad and sorrowful at thus bidding his native village, and all the friends that he had on earth, a long farewell, and going forth into the world alone. But he did not. On the contrary, he felt cheerful and happy. It is true that a strong emotion of grief came over his mind when he thought of his mother, and called to mind the innumerable proofs of kindness and love which she had rendered him during all the long years of his childhood,

Robin is in very good spirits.He overtakes a man with a team.

and reflected that he could now never again do any thing to prove his gratitude to her, or make her any return. But at Robin's age a boy does not take trouble much to heart, and Robin was even more contented and happy in his disposition than most boys.

So he went on very cheerily, enjoying the sense of freedom which came over him in thinking that he was going out into the world to act for himself, and forming very bright anticipations of the pleasure which he should experience in seeing the novelties and wonders of New York. At one time in the course of the morning he overtook some children going to school, and he walked along with them until they came to the school-house, when, of course, they left him and went in. About an hour after this he stopped to rest a little while, sitting down on a stone in a sunny place at the end of a bridge. Here he ate his luncheon. His luncheon consisted of some bread and cheese, and one or two dough-nuts, which he had brought with him for the purpose, wrapped up in a paper. A part of the brook was open under the bridge, and after he had finished eating his luncheon he kneeled down on the margin of the open place and drank some of the water, which, as it flowed out from under the ice, was very cool and delicious.

After resting here for some time, he went on. About twelve o'clock, he saw, at some little distance before him along the road, a man with a team of horses and a sled, who seemed to be in some difficulty. Robin hastened on, and when he reached the place, he found that the man had broken his sled, and that he wanted to get a piece of wood from some tree by the road-side, to

Robin makes himself useful.

Bluntness of his new acquaintance.

make a pin of to mend it; but there was nobody to hold the horses.

"I will hold the horses for you," said Robin.

So Robin mounted upon the sled, and took the reins to hold the horses, while the man went to make the pin. In a few minutes the pin was made, and the sled was mended.

"Much obliged to you, Bobby," said the man. "What is your name?"

"My name is Robin," said the boy.

"Robin, is it?" said the man; "then I was not so far out of the way in calling you Bobby. Are you traveling far? If you are, keep on the sled and ride a while."

So Robin sat down upon a bag of grain which lay upon the floor of the sled, and rode a while. During the ride he fell into conversation with the man, in the course of which he told him that he was going to New York in hopes to get a place there; but he was very cautious not to communicate any more information respecting his history or his plans than was necessary. The man thought that it was rather strange that so small a boy should be going to New York alone on such an errand; but then the world, as he said to himself, especially that part of it which lies around New York, was too full of strange things for him to waste much of his wonder upon any special case of singularity, and so he soon dropped the conversation with Robin, and began to amuse himself as he drove along on his sled by whistling a tune.

Presently he arrived at the house where he lived, and he turned up to go into a great yard by the side of it.

Robin is invited to dinner.

The people are not very polite.

"Is this where you live?" asked Robin.

"Yes," said the man. " *This* is my shanty."

"Then I'll get off the sled and walk on," said Robin.

"No," said the man, "you are going in with me to get some dinner."

Robin thought that this was rather a rough and unceremonious way of inviting him to dinner; however, as the man seemed to feel kindly in heart to him, though he was a little blunt in his manner, he thought he would go in. So he helped the man unharness his horses and put them up in the barn, and then he went with him into the house.

They entered a small kitchen, where a table was set for dinner. There was a woman frying some sausages, and making some coffee at a fire.

"Wife," said the man, "set on another plate upon the table. I want to give this boy some dinner."

"Who is the boy?" said the woman.

"I don't know," said the man. "He is a boy that I picked up on the road. Sit down there, Bobby."

So saying, the man pointed to a chair in the corner near the fire, and Robin sat down in it. Pretty soon dinner was ready, and he moved to the table. He had an excellent dinner of sausages, warm cakes, pie, and coffee; but the man and his wife seemed to pay no attention to him while he was eating it. They helped him abundantly to all that he wanted; but for the rest, they went on talking all the time about their own concerns, just as if he had not been there.

Robin goes on.

The man's opinion of him.

The whistle.

After dinner Robin took his seat once more by the fire. Very soon he began to wish to set out on his journey again, but he did not know exactly how he was to take his leave.

At last he rose from his seat and said,

“I believe I will go now.”

“Very well,” said the man. “I wish you good luck getting to New York, and good luck when you get there. I advise you to look out well for all smooth-spoken people, and if you have got any money in your pockets, keep them well buttoned up.”

“I am very much obliged to you for my dinner,” said Robin.

“That's nothing,” said the man.

As soon as Robin had gone, the woman, after following him with her eyes a few minutes from the window, turned round to her husband and asked,

“Who is that boy, Thomas?”

“I don't know. I expect he is a runaway,” said her husband.

“A runaway?” said his wife; “then what did you harbor him for?”

“Oh, I presume he had some good cause for running away,” replied Thomas. “Boys like him don't run away from home, and go off to New York alone, for nothing.”

In the mean while Robin walked on. In a short time, just as he was reaching the top of a hill, he heard a rail-road whistle.

“Ah!” said he, “there are the cars. I suppose if I were in the cars I should get to New York in two hours.”

He climbed up to the top of a frozen snow-bank at the side of the road, and looked off in the direction of the sound of the whis-

Robin is astonished at the spectacle of the train.

tle. He soon saw a white smoke running rapidly along over the tops of some trees, and presently the train came into view, running at great speed in the same direction that he was traveling. The next moment he heard the whistle again.

“Amazing!” exclaimed Robin. He had never seen a train of cars before. “How like lightning they go!”

As soon as the train had gone by he climbed down into the road again, and traveled on.

The sun was shining pleasantly, but the weather was cold; and as Robin journeyed along he saw a great many ponds of ice, that had been formed in low places in the meadows, and along the course of the streams, by the water which had overflowed the snow in the thaw, and was now freezing very solid.

“What excellent skating-places!” said Robin. “If I had a pair of skates here, I would go down on some of those ponds and skate.”

The ice in these places would not have been strong enough to bear in the morning, but it had continued freezing all day, and now, toward evening, it was becoming very strong. About five o’clock Robin passed a school-house, where a large number of children were coming out of school. Some of the larger boys had skates, and they all immediately ran down across a field to a large sheet of ice which was formed there on the margin of a pleasant wood. The snow in the field had become so hardened, by being first thawed by the rain and then frozen again, that it would bear the boys very well as they ran over it. When they reached the ice, they all began to put on their skates.

Robin sees school-children going down to the ice.

An invitation.

Some of the girls from the school walked down over the snow a little way toward the ice, to see the boys skate. There was an opening in the fence where they went through. Robin went in at this opening too, and proceeded down toward the ice still farther than the girls. When he had thus got into a good position, he stopped, and stood there waiting till the boys should begin to skate. He wished to see if there were any good skaters among them, he said.

In a few minutes the boys had put on their skates, and one after another of them rose and skated away, describing as they went all sorts of curves and circles on the ice. At last Robin saw that one of the boys seemed to be looking at him quite earnestly. He came up to the margin of the ice and stopped there, and, after looking toward the place where Robin stood steadily for a minute or two, he called out,

“Hi—yo!”

“Halloo!” said Robin, in response.

“Come down here!” said the boy.

“No,” said Robin, “I can’t.”

“Yes, come,” said the boy, “and I’ll lend you my skates a little while.”

This was rather too strong a temptation for Robin to resist, so he walked on down to the margin of the ice. The boy stood still, looking at him very earnestly as he came down, and finally, when Robin came near, his countenance suddenly fell, and he looked quite disappointed.

“Ho!” said he, “I thought it was Jimmy Curtis.”

A mistake.

Joseph.

The girls a little afraid.

“No,” said Robin, “it is Robin Green.”

“Ho!” said the boy, and he turned away, apparently quite disappointed.

“But you said you would lend me your skates a little while if I would come down,” said Robin.

“Well, that was because I thought it was Jimmy Curtis,” said the boy.

“That makes no difference,” said Robin. “You did not say Jimmy Curtis; you said *me*, and you looked straight at me when you said it. I am *me*.”

So saying, Robin pointed to himself with his forefinger, to identify himself more fully as the person to whom the promise was made.

“Well,” said the boy, “I don’t care much. I’ll let you have my skates a little while pretty soon.”

Just then Robin heard sounds behind him, and, looking round, he saw two girls coming down toward the ice, drawing a sled.

“Will it bear *us*, Joseph?” said one of the girls to a boy who was skating near.

“Yes,” said Joseph; “it would bear forty like you.”

Notwithstanding this assurance of Joseph, however, the ice was not very strong. Indeed, in one place, where too many of the boys had gone upon the same spot together, it had cracked, and the water had come up through the opening and spread out over the ice, so as to make it wet for a considerable space. The water was two or three inches deep over the ice in this place, and in skating about the boys were very careful to avoid it.

Joseph plays Fanny a trick.

Robin rescues her.

“Jump on your sled, Fanny,” said Joseph, “and hand me the string, and I’ll give you a ride.”

“Well,” said Fanny; and, so saying, she seated herself with great care on the sled, and then the other girl who was with her put the end of the rope into Joseph’s hands, and Joseph, setting off immediately, drew the sled, with Fanny on it, upon the ice. After taking several turns with her to and fro, the idea finally came into his head of playing her a trick; so he skated up to the margin of the wet place, and then turning off himself, he let the sled go on, and dropped the rope into Fanny’s lap as he did so. Of course the sled ran on into the middle of the wet place, with Fanny upon it.

Fanny was greatly alarmed, and she cried out with terror. She thought that the ice would break through and let her down into the water. Besides, even if the ice remained strong, she could not get off the sled to go away without stepping into the water which was on the top of it.

Robin went immediately to Fanny’s rescue. He walked on tip-toe into the edge of the wet place, and then said,

“Throw me the rope, Fanny.”

So Fanny threw him the rope, and by means of it he pulled the sled out to where the ice was dry, and then drew her safely to the shore.

Fanny looked extremely pleased when she found herself thus rescued from her dilemma, and immediately ran to the shore.

Fanny is indignant.Joseph undertakes to prove that there was no danger.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE ADVENTURES.

As soon as Fanny reached the shore she got off the sled, and, turning round toward Joseph with a look of great displeasure, she said, indignantly,

“ You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Joseph!”

Joseph laughed, and then whirling round, he proceeded to grind bark backward, in a great circle on the ice.

“ I might have broken through on that ice, and so got drowned,” continued Fanny.

“ Nonsense!” said Joseph. “ The ice there is strong enough to bear a team. There is only a little water on the top of it. See!”

So saying, Joseph skated over upon the ice where the water was standing, and then called two or three of the other boys that were skating near to come too. The boys came.

It is always very bad policy for a person to take risks of this sort, in the attempt to prove that he himself is right and another is wrong, on any question that arises between them; for such an experiment, instead of leading to a triumph, often ends in profound mortification. No sooner had the boys that Joseph called come upon the ice, than their combined weight made it begin to give way. They at once perceived that it was going, and so, instead of stopping, they pushed on, and wheeling, one one way and

Joseph breaks in

General consternation.

Robin's presence of mind.

the other the other, they escaped from the danger. But Joseph, being at rest, could not get in motion soon enough to save himself. He broke through, and sank immediately among the broken ice up to his arms, screaming all the time most vociferously for help.

It happened that the place where he went down was very near the margin of the sound ice, and he clung to this margin convulsively as he seized it, and immediately attempted to climb out upon it. But as soon as his weight began to come upon the ice, a piece would break off and let him down again. The boys who were skating near could do nothing to help him, for they knew very well that if they were to go near the place they would all break through too. So they did nothing but scream for help. One or two of them immediately began to take off their skates, with a vague idea of running off somewhere to get something or to call somebody, they did not know what or who.

In the mean time, Robin, without waiting an instant after he saw the ice give way, or saying a word, ran off at full speed across the field. The boys did not know where he was going. They soon saw, however, that he ran directly to the fence, and began to pull a wide board off from it. He soon succeeded in getting the board off, partly by kicks, and partly by blows given with a sort of club that he found by the way. As soon as he had got the board he came running back to the ice, dragging the board after him.

He ran down upon the pond, and, sliding the board before him, he pushed it out along the margin of the ice at the place where Joseph was attempting to climb up. The board now formed a

Joseph is saved.He comes out in a sad plight.



THE RESCUE OF JOSEPH.

sort of border to the ice to prevent its breaking, and Joseph had no difficulty in climbing up.

When Joseph was out upon the board, he remained still upon it, on his hands and knees, while Robin and the other boys drew it away to where the ice was strong.

"Now, Joseph," said Robin, "you must take off your skates as quick as you can, and run directly home."

But Joseph was gasping for breath, and shivering with chills to such a degree that he could not speak. So Robin led him to the shore, and there made him sit down upon Fanny's sled, and then

Joseph wishes Robin to go home with him.

took off his skates for him. By the time that his skates were off, Joseph had recovered, in some degree, his composure.

“Do you think you can go home, Josey?” said Robin.

“Yes,” said Joseph; “only I wish you would go with me.”

Robin said he would, and so the boys set off together. Robin carried the skates. The exercise of walking and running soon made Joseph warm, so that before they had gone far he was quite himself again.

At length the two boys reached the house where Joseph lived. It was a small farm-house, in a somewhat lonely situation by the road-side. Joseph opened the door, and went directly in.

“Come,” said he to Robin.

So Robin followed him.

There was a woman setting the table for supper. This was Joseph’s mother. Besides her there was a very pretty-looking girl about ten years old, who was toasting some bread at the fire. This was Joseph’s sister.

“Why, Joseph!” exclaimed the woman, when Joseph came in, “what’s the matter?”

“I broke through the ice, mother,” said Joseph; “and if it had not been for this boy, I should have been drowned.”

Joseph’s mother seemed very much excited at hearing this news. She brought Joseph to the fire, and immediately began to make a great many inquiries to learn how it happened that he broke through. She also gave a seat to Robin, and Joseph’s sister, whose name was Ellen, took the skates and hung them up on the nail in a corner of the room.

Robin's reception by Joseph's mother.

Joseph's mother very soon led him away to a little bed-room that was adjoining the kitchen, in order to give him some dry clothes to put on. She asked him there who the boy was that had helped him to get out of the ice, but Joseph said he did not know. Accordingly, when she came back into the kitchen, she asked Robin what his name was, and where he lived.

Robin was now so far from home that he thought there was less danger than there was at first in answering questions about himself; so he told the woman that he came from back in the country, and that he was going to New York. He also told her that his mother was dead, and that he had no relatives that it would be convenient for him to live with, and that he was accordingly going to New York to get a place there.

The woman asked him what he was going to do in New York. He said that he expected to go into a carpenter's shop, to work at the trade of a carpenter. This, indeed, was his plan.

The woman supposed that he meant by this that he had a place engaged in some carpenter's shop, and that he had friends or relatives in New York, who would receive him and take care of him on his arrival in that city. So she asked him no more questions.

"Well," said she at length, drawing a long breath, "I am heartily glad that you happened to be going by when Joseph broke through the ice. And now you must stay and sleep here to-night, and then you can set out on your journey again to-morrow morning."

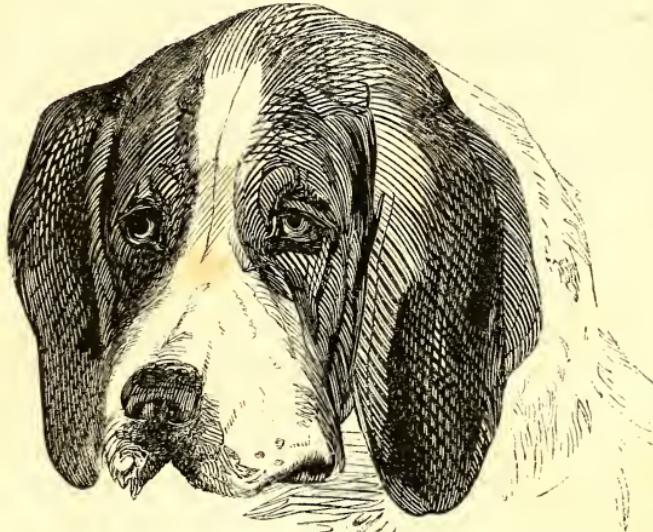
Robin was very glad to receive this invitation, for he was tired

Joseph's dog.His grave and demure expression of countenance.

with his long walk, and he liked much better the idea of staying and spending the night in this pleasant house, than to go on farther, and take his chance at a tavern.

He spent the evening very pleasantly, talking with Joseph and his sister Ellen, and playing with a big dog that belonged to Jo-

seph. This dog had a remarkably grave and reflective expression of countenance. Here is a portrait of him. He was a very intelligent dog. It made Robin laugh to see him come in for his supper. They did not allow him to eat his sup-



PORTRAIT OF CATO.

per in the house, but required him to carry out what they gave him to eat into the yard. He had a little basket to carry it in. When the people sat down to dinner or to supper, he would go and get his basket and bring it in. He would lay quietly with it by the fire till the people had done. Then, when he saw them getting up from the table, he would come with his basket, and hold it while Joseph put in all the scraps and bones that were left, and

Joseph and Robin crack some walnuts.

Calculations.

whatever else there might be for the dog to eat. Then Cato would go out to his corner of the shed, and pouring what was in the basket out upon the ground, he would proceed to eat his dinner, or his supper, whichever it might be.

In the course of the evening Joseph brought out a bag of walnuts. These the boys cracked on the end of a small log of wood, which they stood up between their knees. Both ends of the log were sawed square, and thus, while the lower one rested steadily on the hearth, the upper one formed a good anvil to crack the nuts upon. At length, when bed-time came, they went to bed.

"Joseph," said Robin, just before he went to sleep, "how far is it from here to New York?"

"Thirty-eight miles," said Joseph.

"Then I came twelve miles yesterday," said Robin.

"Why, how far is it to New York from where you live?" asked Joseph.

"It is fifty miles."

"And do thirty-eight and twelve make fifty?" asked Joseph.

"Yes," said Robin, "exactly. Why? Don't you study arithmetic at your school?"

"Yes," said Joseph, "but I have not got so far as that."

Robin had got along so pleasantly over the first twelve miles, that he did not at all fear the remaining thirty-eight miles of his journey.

Cold morning.

Robin has a good breakfast.

Parting advice.

CHAPTER IX.

FLAGGING UP A TRAIN.

THE next morning Robin and Joseph got up bright and early. It was a very pleasant morning, but it was extremely cold. The windows were covered with stars and feathers of frost, and the snow without glittered in the sun with millions of spangles.

Joseph looked out at the window.

"Ah!" said he, "it is a splendid morning; cold as Greenland. That place where I broke in last night is frozen hard enough now to bear an ox, you may depend."

"I don't think I shall go down to try it," said Robin.

"Why not?" asked Joseph.

"Because I must go to New York," said Robin.

Joseph's mother gave Robin an excellent breakfast of fried chicken, hot griddle-cakes, and coffee, and after breakfast he set out on his journey. Ellen brought him a paper parcel just as he was going away. She said it contained some luncheon for him. Joseph's mother told him that he would come to the rail-road before long, and would have to cross it; and that for a mile or two the road that he would have to travel by would lie close to it, and that he must be careful not to get run over.

"Look out for the locomotive," said she, "when the bell rings."

Robin said he would, and so bidding the family good-by, he went his way.

Robin walks on.

He arrives at the rail-road.

The rails.

“Thirty-eight miles,” said he to himself. “That will take me—let me see how many days: three times twelve are thirty-six—a little more than three days. It is now Wednesday. I shall get to New York Saturday morning. I had rather get into the town in the morning than in the night, for in the night I should not know where to go.”

Thus thinking of his plans, and talking to himself about them, Robin went on at a good pace, and with very little apprehension in respect to his success in the great venture which he had undertaken. The morning was very cold. It turned every body’s breath into a white cloud, and frosted over the sides of all the horses and oxen that came along. Robin did not mind the cold, however. Indeed, he did not feel it much. He was well clothed, and the exercise kept him warm.

About nine o’clock he came to a hill, in descending which he saw before him a long embankment coursing round through the valley below in a great curve. He knew by the rails upon it that this was the rail-road.

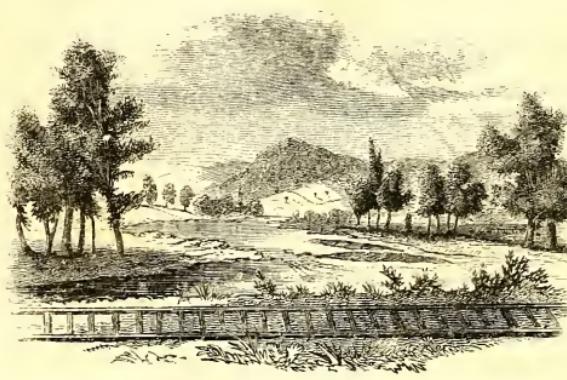
“Ah!” said he, “here is the rail-road. Now, perhaps, I shall see the cars come by.”

He followed the curve of the road with his eye as far as he could, in hopes of seeing a train coming, but he did not see any.

Presently the road came down to the track, and continued for some distance very near it. Joseph paused as he walked along, to observe how the iron rails on which the cars and the locomotive traveled were fastened to their places on the ground. He saw that there were beams of wood laid across the road from side

Robin makes a careful examination of the road.

to side, and that the rails were laid on the ends of them. These beams are called *sleepers*, though Robin did not then know the name of them. He examined the rails also carefully, to see how they were fastened to the ends of the sleepers. He found that they were not nailed directly to the wood, but that they rested in a little iron holdfast, which was itself nailed to the wood, and held the rail. The rail was fastened to it by iron wedges, which were driven in on each side.



RAIL-ROAD TRACK

In this engraving you see a representation of a rail-road track, showing the manner in which the rails lie along the ends of the sleepers. It is necessary to have the sleepers very near together in order that the rails may be well supported in every part.

They must also be made of some very durable wood; for, inasmuch as when they are placed they lie imbedded in the gravel, they would very soon decay if they were not very durable. As it is, they do decay in time, and then have to be replaced by new ones. In these cases the old sleepers are thrown out down the bank, and in traveling along the road afterward we often see them lying there. They are good for nothing but to burn.

The flagman.Robin holds a conversation with him.

Robin looked at the sleepers and the rails, and also at the fastenings, with great attention and interest. He was particularly pleased with the iron holdfast, or "chair," as it is called, in which the rail rests, and by which it is fastened to the end of the sleeper.

"It is very curious," said Robin to himself. "It looks like a very *strong* fastening."

He then tried the rail with his foot, pushing against it forcibly two or three times, to see how solid it was.

He then listened, hoping to hear the sound of a train coming, but all was still, and so he went on.

The road took a turn after crossing the rail-road, and for some distance followed along quite near to it. After going about half a mile, Robin came to a place where there was a small house, or rather shanty, very near the track. There was a man seated on a bench at the door of this shanty, holding a sort of short pole in his hand, with something wound round it at the top.

"Well, my boy," said this man to Robin, as Robin came along, "keep clear of the rails."

"When is the next train coming along?" asked Robin.

"At nine forty-five," said the man.

What the man meant by nine forty-five, Robin could not at first imagine.

He meant nine o'clock and forty-five minutes, which is the same as a quarter before ten.

It was almost a quarter before ten then.

"There is a train coming, then, pretty soon," said Robin.

Robin is instructed in respect to the mode of flagging the trains.

"Yes," said the man; "in five minutes, provided they are on time."

Robin did not know what the man meant by on time. However, he concluded that he would like to wait five minutes, and see if the train would come.

"May I stay here," said he, "and see the train go by?"

"Oh yes," said the man; "but did you never see a rail-road train go by?"

"No," said Robin; "not near."

"Why, where do you come from, and where are you going to?" said the man.

In answer to this question Robin proceeded to give the man some information, briefly, concerning himself. While he was speaking, the man slowly unrolled what was wrapped round the upper end of his pole. It proved to be a white flag.

"What is that for?" asked Robin.

"This is the white flag," said the man. "I wave it when the train comes along, to show them that it is all right on the track. I am flagman."

"And what do you do," asked Robin, "if it is not all right on the track?"

"Then I wave a red flag," said the flagman.

So saying, the man pointed to another short pole standing up by the side of his door, which seemed to have a *red flag* rolled round the upper end of it.

"When it's all right," said the flagman, "I wave the white flag; but if any thing is wrong, then I wave the red flag, and they stop."

The train comes by.

Robin's astonishment.

An alarm.

Just at this moment a very distant sound of a whistle was heard, and the flagman said that the train was coming. He accordingly advanced along the side of the track, holding his flag in his hand, saying, "There comes the train. It is the express. It will go by like thunder."

It did indeed go by like thunder. Robin stood a little at one side, and watched it as it came. The locomotive looked like some immense monster, with one great, glaring glass-eye in the middle of his forehead. It came tearing along the track with dreadful din, and reeling and staggering on the rails as if it was a living thing, striving with its utmost strength to hurry on. It seemed, too, to expand and swell as it came near, and the thundering noise it made was almost deafening. As the train swept by, Robin caught glimpses of the windows of the cars; but the windows were all closed, and the glass was so covered with frost that Robin could not see any of the people inside.

As soon as the train had passed, the flagman rolled up his flag and turned toward his shanty, and he asked Robin if he did not wish to go in and warm himself. Robin had been so much interested in the train that he had not thought of the weather; but now he began to feel cold. So he turned to follow the flagman in.

They had just entered the door, when suddenly they heard two sharp, quick whistles blown from the train which had just passed.

"Wh-a-a-t!" exclaimed the flagman, in a tone of great alarm, and he immediately threw down his flag, and ran out again toward the track to a place where he could look along the road to see the train. Robin went too. The train was going more and more

The flagman's accident.

Robin is appointed to take his place.

slowly, as if they were trying to stop it. "There's some trouble," said the flagman, hurriedly; "I must go and see what it is."

He hastened back to the house and seized his red flag, and then came out again, and began to run along the track toward the train. Robin followed him. When they reached the train, they found that it had been stopped by a red flag, which had come up from a mile or two below, on account of a sleeper being broken there. The conductor told them about it.

"They are repairing it," said the conductor, "and we may be able to go on by the time we get there; but you had better go back and stop the next train. It is due here very soon."

So the flagman turned round and hurried back as fast as he could go. Robin followed him, intending to go into the shanty and warm himself. He fell a little behind the flagman in returning to the house, so that by the time he reached the door the flagman was at some little distance up the road, and was hurrying on as fast as he could in order to intercept the coming train. The path was very icy and slippery, and just as Robin was turning to go into the house he saw the flagman slip and fall.

He immediately ran toward him. The flagman did not rise, but lay writhing on the ground, as if he were helpless and in pain.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" said Robin.

"I don't know," said the flagman. "Never mind me, but take this flag, and run on as fast as you can and stop the train."

So Robin took the flag and ran on. He saw at once that if the coming train was not stopped in time it would run against the express train, which was standing on the track directly in the way,

Robin undertakes to flag up the train.

and that there would be a dreadful collision. So he hurried on as fast as he could go, unrolling the flag as he went, and getting ready to wave it in the air as soon as he should see the new train.

At length he heard a rumbling sound in the distance, and presently a long-continued whistle, which warned him that the train was coming. He looked out for a good place to stand, and held out his flag. Presently he saw a thick cloud of white steam coming along the road, and now and then he could catch glimpses of the locomotive behind it. He now began to wave his flag. The locomotive came nearer and nearer, but the steam was so dense about the engine that Robin was afraid that the engineer would not see it.

At a little distance from where he was standing there was a sort of curve in the road, and a high bank near.

"I'll run up on this bank," said Robin, "and then they will see me better."

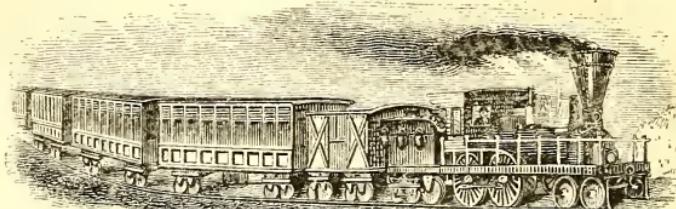
So he ran up the bank. It was not high, and the snow being hard, he had no difficulty in ascending it. Here he had an excellent view of the train as it came round the curve, and just at that instant the wind blew the smoke away, so that he could see the engineer standing at the window of his screen on the locomotive. Over the leaf you will see how the train looked to Robin as it went thundering by.

First comes the locomotive, with the screen to shelter the engineer from the wind on the front part of it, and the engineer himself standing at the window. Next comes the wood and water

Robin's success.

Surprise of the conductor.

Robin bewildered.



THE TRAIN.

van, and next the baggage car, with the door on this side shut. Then follow the four passenger cars, which completed the train.

Just as the train was going by in this way, the engineer caught sight of Robin standing on a gentle elevation by the side of the road, and waving his red flag. He was also shouting with all his force to call the engineer's attention. Robin perceived in a moment that the engineer saw him, and immediately afterward he heard two short, sharp whistles. Presently the doors of the several cars opened, and the brakemen rushed out and screwed up the brakes. The train immediately began to slacken its motion. It, however, went on rumbling heavily along the road, and *chuttering*, as the mechanics call it, under the friction of the brakes, until at length it came to a stand.

Robin ran after it as soon as it had passed him, so that by the time it stopped he was very near the hindmost car in the train. The conductor came out upon the platform, and called out,

“What’s the matter?”

Robin was so excited by the novelty of his situation, and by the strangeness and suddenness of the emergency in which he had been called upon to act, that at first he looked confused, and did

Robin is accused.He is seized and made prisoner

not know for a moment what to say. This bewilderment was much increased by seeing the conductor suddenly leap from the platform and run toward him. The conductor seized him by the arm as if he had been a criminal, and, looking him earnestly in the face, he demanded,

"Who are you, and how came you by that flag? You've been stopping the train for mischief, you young vagabond."

So saying, the conductor began pulling Robin along toward the train.

Now Robin, though a very meek and gentle boy, had a good deal of honest pride of character, and though he was overwhelmed with amazement at having such an accusation as this so suddenly brought against him, and in so rough a manner, his pride prevented him from saying any thing to vindicate himself. He allowed himself to be taken along without making any resistance, or speaking a word. The conductor led him along the train until he came to the platform of the baggage car, and then, pointing to the steps, he said, gruffly,

"Get up there."

Robin ascended the steps and went into the car.

The conductor called out to the engineer to go on, but to go cautiously, and then followed Robin into the car. A moment afterward the train began to move again.

As soon as the conductor came into the car he saw Robin looking up to him with so honest a face, that he at once repented of having been so rough with him, but still he believed that he had stopped the train out of roguery.

Robin's conversation with the conductor

The conductor's uncertainty.

"Where did you get that flag?" he asked again.

"I got it from the flagman," said Robin. "He told me to come and stop the train."

"Now what a story that is," said the conductor, "for such a looking boy as you to tell. Just as if any flagman would send a seven-year old boy to stop the train."

"I am more than ten years old," said Robin; "and the reason that the flagman did not come himself was that he fell down on the ice and hurt himself."

"I don't believe one word of the story," said the conductor, speaking to another man who was in the baggage car. At the same time he went out of the car forward, and, calling to the engineer, he directed him to proceed very cautiously.

He then came back to the baggage car and asked Robin what the flagman wanted the train stopped for.

"Because the express train is stopped on the track down below here a mile or two," said Robin. "One of the sleepers is broke."

"I don't believe it still," said the conductor. At the same time, however, he went forward again, and directed the engineer to proceed very cautiously *indeed*.

All doubt, however, about the truth of Robin's story was soon dispelled, for when the train reached the flagman's house, the conductor found the flagman's wife at the door, who confirmed it in every particular. She said that the express train had been stopped by a flag sent up from below with the news that a sleeper had been broken, but that the train had gone on slowly, and that very probably the track had by that time been repaired, so as to allow

The conductor acknowledges his fault, and offers reparation.

the train to go on. Her husband, she said, had sprained his ankle, and could not stand. He had crawled to his shanty on his hands and knees.

The conductor then gave orders to the engineer to put on the steam and advance.

"Only," said he, "go very slowly until we see the express train."

It is always necessary to advance in such cases very slowly, for the train being long, and the locomotive and the cars being very heavy, they acquire so much momentum when in motion, that when going rapidly they can not be stopped very soon, in case any obstruction is seen before them.

The train began to move, and the conductor came into the baggage car again to beg Robin's pardon for having treated him so roughly.

"I ought to make you some amends," said he. "What can I do?"

"No," replied Robin; "I don't wish for any amends. It was only a mistake."

"Where do you live?" asked the conductor.

"I have lived back in the country, but I am going to New York to live now."

"Going to New York, are you?" said the conductor. "Then all you have got to do is to sit still where you are, and I'll set you down in New York in two hours."

Robin's situation in the baggage car.

CHAPTER X.

T H E A R R I V A L.

ROBIN did not reply to the invitation that the conductor gave him, but remained motionless on his seat, bewildered by the novelty of his situation, and the suddenness of the changes through which he was passing. The conductor left the car, and in a moment afterward the train began to move, and thus, with very little voluntary agency of his own, Robin found himself whirling over the ground toward New York in a baggage car, at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

In the engraving, representing the train as if it came on toward the place where Robin was standing with the flag, the baggage-car door on the side that is in view appears shut, but on the other side, which was the sunny side, it was open. Robin could look out as he rode on. The objects along the road flew by him with amazing rapidity. Trees, fences, farm-houses, steep banks of earth or precipices of rock, groups of laborers, flagmen, and a thousand other things, followed each other with such inconceivable rapidity, that Robin could scarcely distinguish them. Indeed, those that were near the road could not be distinguished. They came and went like a flash. Those that were more distant dwelt longer in the field of view, and could be more distinctly seen. Sometimes, when the train was passing along an embankment, suddenly a wide extent of distant country would come into view—a valley, perhaps,

His astonishment, and his reflections.Rapid progress of the train.

with an icy stream passing through the middle of it, or a level plain intersected by an arm of the sea, with great cakes of ice strewed along the borders of it, where they had been left by the falling tide. These scenes would, however, disappear as suddenly as they came, being shut out instantaneously by some rocky bank, or high fence, or grove of trees, which seemed to come by with an astonishing velocity to cut off the view.



A RECOLLECTION.

Robin was amazed at the rapidity with which he was whirled along, and he wondered what Josiah would say if he were with him. And then he thought how different a way this was of traveling, from the rides he had sometimes taken with Josiah in the pasture at home,

the two boys mounted on one horse, and the horse coming along slowly on a walk.

In the mean time the train went thundering on, over bridges, through cuts and tunnels, and along high embankments, until at length it began to approach the city. It stopped every four or five miles on the way at a station, but it remained at rest at these places only a very few minutes. When it stopped thus there were usually one or two trunks to be taken out of the baggage car—

Robin is transferred to a passenger car.

trunks which belonged, as Robin supposed, to the passengers that were to get out there. At one of these places they took the trunk that Robin had been sitting on, and so he had to stand. He did not, however, stand long, for the conductor came soon afterward and invited him into a passenger car, and gave him a regular seat there.

Robin did not like this new seat so well as he did the old one, for he could not see out. It is true there were windows in the car, but they were small, and, besides, they were covered with moisture from the breaths of the passengers. Robin accordingly amused himself by looking about the car, and observing the people who were in it.

In the seat directly before him was a man in a fur cap, having a woman and a child with him on the same seat. The child was in the middle, between her father and mother. The child kneeled up on the seat, and turned round to look at Robin as soon as he came in, and Robin began to amuse her by making curious gestures with his fingers, and finally by taking out his knife and letting the child see him open and shut it.

Presently there came along a boy with newspapers to sell. He offered them to all the people, on the right side and on the left, as he came through the car. He, however, passed by Robin when he came to him, without offering them to him at all.

"I don't care," said Robin to himself; "I should not buy any of his papers if he were to offer them to me a dozen times."

Next there came a boy with a basket on his arm, with lozenges for sale. The boy called out "Lozenges! Lozenges!" as he ad-

The lozenges.

Twenty-seventh Street.

Great commotion.

vanced through the car, and looked to the right and the left as he came, to see if any body would purchase them. When the boy came to Robin, he stopped and offered the basket to him very specially; but Robin shook his head.

"I should like some of the lozenges," said he to himself, "but I have not any money to spare."

Thus Robin traveled on, amused all the time by the incidents that were continually occurring in the car, until at length, at one of the stoppings which the train made, there seemed to be an unusual bustle. The brakeman opened the door of the car, and called out in a loud voice, *Twenty-seventh Street!* People began to button up their great-coats, and to take down their carpet-bags and parcels that were hung up over their heads at the sides of the car. Robin rubbed off some of the dew from the window, so as to make a little place where he could look out. He saw that he was in the midst of a great street. There was a broad sidewalk at the margin of it, with high brick buildings beyond, and the middle of the street, between the cars and the sidewalk, was choked up with carriages, omnibuses, and carts, and there were a great many coachmen shouting out in a very loud voice, but Robin could not hear what they were saying.

The man in the fur cap looked about uneasily, as if he did not know what the movement meant.

"What is it?" said he to a man who was sitting on the seat before him. "What do we do here?"

"It is Twenty-seventh Street," replied the other. "We take horse-power here to go down in town."

Robin's perplexity.

He is advised to go down to Canal Street.

Robin did not know whether he was to get out at this place or not. In a moment, however, he saw the conductor coming through the car.

"Ah!" said he, "here comes the conductor. I will ask him what I am to do."

So, as soon as the conductor came opposite to him, he rose, and, looking up to him, said,

"Is this New York?"

"Yes," said the conductor. "This is Twenty-seventh Street."

"And must I get out here?" asked Robin.

"Why, where do you want to stop?" said the conductor.
"What part of the city do you want to go to?"

Robin was of course wholly unable to answer this question. He gazed with a bewildered expression of countenance at the conductor, not knowing what to say.

"Don't you know where you want to go?" asked the conductor.

Then, without waiting for an answer, he added, "You had better keep in and go down to Canal Street. When you get down there, I'll tell you what to do."

So Robin sat down in his seat again.

In a few minutes the car commenced to move once more; but now it moved very slowly, for the locomotive had been taken off, and the train divided, and teams of horses had been attached to each car to draw it along the streets down to the centre of the city. The locomotives of the trains are not allowed to move through the streets of great cities, on account of the danger of frightening the horses, or running over the carriages or the peo-

Robin peeps out at the window.

The car arrives at the station.

ple passing in them. The trains, accordingly, always give up their steam very soon after entering large towns, and then take horse-power to proceed to the central station.

As the car went on, Robin kept a small spot bright on the window, so that he could look out. There was no snow on the ground, and no signs of winter, except that here and there ice was to be seen in the gutters. Robin was surprised at the long ranges of lofty brick buildings, four, five, and six stories high, that lined the street, and at the multitude of carts and omnibuses that were continually going to and fro. The car too, in its progress, was constantly passing by the openings of cross-streets, and Robin could see the streets extending interminably before him, bordered with ranges of magnificent houses, and with sidewalks, and rows of lamp-posts on each hand converging to a point in the distance.

“What an immense, great city!” said he to himself. “I don’t believe I shall ever be able to find my way about in it.”

In the mean time the car went steadily on. Now and then it turned a corner, sweeping round a great curve in so doing, and entering some new street. At last it made a final turn, and entered in under an archway which conducted to the station. The horses were here detached from the car while it was still in motion, and the car itself went trundling on along the margin of a platform until it reached the car which had come in before it, and then it stopped. Then all the people began to get out. Robin looked around for some time for the conductor, but he could not see him, and so, following the crowd, he descended from the car.

Great scene of confusion.

"Want a hack?"

First view of Broadway.

He found himself in the midst of a dense throng of people on a narrow platform, within a building. The people were elbowing and crowding each other in every direction, each one looking or calling for something or somebody, and every body getting in the way of every body else. The confusion was rendered more complete by multitudes of coachmen and hackmen, who were forcing their way here and there through the crowd, making gestures with their long whips, and calling out the names of the great hotels.

At a distance Robin saw a wide opening, which seemed to lead out into the street.

"Ah!" said he, "this is the way for me to go, provided I can only get through this crowd."

"Want a hack, sir?" said a coachman, who happened just at this time to be crowding by. "Want a hack?"

He was asking, "Want a hack?" of every body near him.

"Want a hack, sir?" said he to Robin.

"No, sir, I thank you," said Robin.

In a minute or two Robin made his way to the opening, and there found himself ushered into the street. It was Broadway. Robin stood on the sidewalk, and gazed at the scene which the street presented to his view for some minutes without speaking a word. He was overwhelmed with astonishment. The loftiness and magnificence of the marble buildings, the throngs of carts, carriages, and omnibuses that were thundering by, and the crowds of people that were moving to and fro, amazed him.

"At any rate," said he at last, "it is pretty certain that I am really in New York."

Robin takes his first walk in Broadway.Ice in the gutters.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY.

ALTHOUGH a heavy snow had fallen just before Robin left home, and the weather had since been very cold, still, at the period when he made his journey to New York, the winter was very far gone, and it was now time for the spring to come on. The weather had been growing warmer all the morning while Robin had been coming into the city, and, besides, it is usually warmer in New York than it is in the country to the north of it, and there is less ice and snow there. Indeed, at the time when Robin commenced his first walk in Broadway, the sun was shining very pleasantly, and, except some ice which remained here and there in the gutters, no signs of winter were to be seen.

There was some ice remaining in the gutters, and almost the first thing that particularly attracted Robin's attention, after the first impression which had been made upon his mind by the magnificence and the thundering movement of Broadway had a little subsided, was the manner in which the New York boys managed their skating on this ice. It was in one of the side streets leading out of Broadway, just round the first corner that he came to in walking along, that Robin saw the skaters. There were four of them, but they had only one skate on apiece. The skate was put on the right foot. The way they managed their skating was to begin beyond the piece of ice, and hobble and hop along as well

Curious way of skating by the New York boys.

as they could until they reached the ice, and then they would come upon it on their *skate foot*, and so slide along from one end of the ice to the other, standing on one foot. When they reached the end of the ice they would of course come to the pavement again, and they would go on hobbling and hopping until they were far enough from the end of the ice to turn round and begin anew.

The boys presented such a comical appearance sliding along thus on one foot, from end to end of such a narrow piece of ice, that Robin could not help laughing at them.

"I wonder if that is what they call skating in New York?" said Robin to himself. "It is worse than the Laplanders pushing themselves about on wooden runners, that I once saw a picture of in Josiah's book."

Here you see a picture of the Laplander that Robin referred to, with the form of the



wooden shoes or skates distinctly represented, and the pole with which the Laplander pushes himself about on the ice. In the distance is another Laplander coming from sea, bringing his boat on

Sights in the street.

The omnibus.

Contrivances.

his head, and dragging a seal which he has taken. His paddle is double. It has a blade at each end.

Robin felt a great contempt for this skating, and the sight of it tended to abate very seriously the high ideas that he had been disposed to entertain in respect to the superiority of New York over the country.

"There is not a boy I know in our town," said he to himself, "that would not despise such skating."

So saying, he walked on down Broadway. He had no particular idea of where he was going, or of what he was going to do, except a sort of vague notion that he was on the way toward finding a place. In the mean time, his whole attention was absorbed by the novelty of the scenes and incidents which were passing before his eyes. He wondered at the multitude of people that he observed going and coming on the sidewalk, and at the throng of omnibuses and carriages of all sorts in the street.

He had never seen an omnibus before, and he stopped at one time to observe the operation of taking up and setting down passengers. The omnibus was pretty long, and the door was in the end behind. The door had a good broad step before it, so that it was very easy to get in and out. Whenever any body on the sidewalk wanted to get into an omnibus, he would hold up his finger to the driver, and then the driver would turn the horses and come up to the place where the man was standing. Then he would open the door and let the man get in. At first Robin was very much puzzled to find out how the driver, who sat on a very high seat at the forward end of the omnibus, could open the door, which was

Mode of opening and shutting the omnibus door.

down comparatively low, at the hind end. He found out, however, at length, that the communication was made by means of a long leather strap which passed through the omnibus. One end of this strap was fastened to the top of the door, on the inside. The other end of it passed through a hole in the front of the omnibus, near the top, and was wound round the driver's boot, so that by unwinding the strap the driver could let the door open, and by winding it up again he could shut it.

"That's a curious contrivance," said Robin to himself.

Whenever any body in the omnibus wished to get out, he would take hold of this strap in the middle, where it passed through the omnibus close under the roof, and pull it hard. The driver could feel it pulling where it passed round his boot. Then he would stop the horses, and the passenger would hand up the money and pay for his ride, through a small round hole behind the driver's seat. Then the driver would unwind the strap from his boot, and that would let the door open so that the man could get out. Robin could see all this through the open windows of the omnibus, for it was now sunny and bright, and pretty warm, and the windows of the omnibus were many of them open.

"It is quite a curious contrivance," said he to himself; "but I would a great deal rather be the driver of a team in the country than an omnibus driver. I would not have them pulling and jerking a strap round my boot, to make me keep stopping every minute, on any consideration."

Robin walked on, and presently encountered another spectacle, which impressed him more unfavorably still in respect to New

The elegant carriage.

The poor boy.

Robin's surprise.

York, especially as a place for a boy like himself, without friends or money, to earn his living in. It was the sight of a wretched boy, half clad, and without any shoes or cap, who was holding out his hand to beg from some ladies in a carriage. The carriage was standing at one of the doors of a very magnificent store. A gentle man and a lady, who had come in the carriage, had just gone into the store ; but there was another lady and two children, who remained in the carriage.



THE BEGGAR-BOY.

“What a magnificent pair of horses !” said Robin to himself ; “and what a splendid carriage ! Those people must be very rich.

Robin is alarmed.

The Park.

The City Hall.

“ But then what a poor, miserable-looking boy! You won’t find such a wretched-looking boy in all our town.”

Robin was a little alarmed at the spectacle of this boy. It seemed to him that if it were as easy to get employment in New York as he had supposed, there would not be such wretched-looking boys as this to be seen in the streets.

Robin, somewhat discouraged by the impression which the spectacle of the beggar-boy had made upon him, went on down Broadway. At length he came to a large, open space that was planted with trees, but which still was evidently in the midst of the city, for it was surrounded with thronged streets and very lofty buildings. In the centre of this space was a very magnificent marble edifice, altogether the largest and most splendid building that Robin had ever seen. This open space was the Park, and the great marble structure was the City Hall.

The Park was surrounded with an iron fence, but in one place there was a long row of iron posts, with spaces between for people to pass through. There were a great many people going and coming between these posts, and so Robin thought that he might go in.

He asked a man that he met what that great building was.

“ That is the City Hall,” said the man.

“ What is it for?” said Robin.

“ Oh, it’s the building where they keep all the city offices, and transact all the city business.” So saying, the man passed on.

“ Every body seems to be in a great hurry here in New York,” said Robin to himself.

Some account of the mock auctions.

Robin crossed the Park, and soon after came to a street where he saw a great many rude and rough-looking people lounging about. Here his attention was attracted by what is called a mock auction, where men sell watches at auction, in little shops opening close upon the street, to any strangers from the country that they can entice to come in and buy them. The watches are made of brass, and are good for nothing; but the men pretend that they are made of gold, and are worth a great deal.

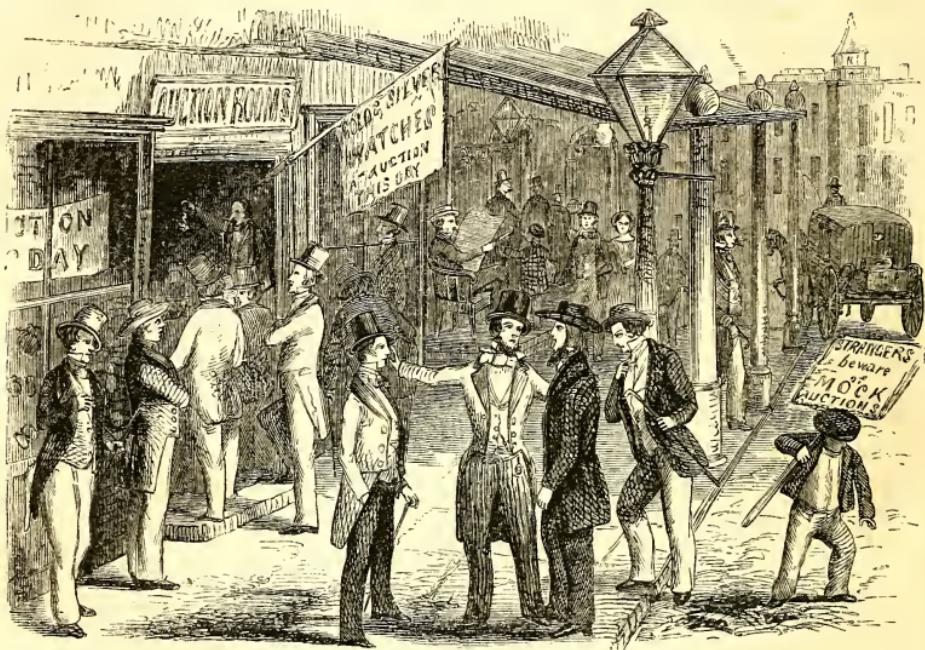
The men who keep the auctions have a great many confederates, who stand in the store pretending to buy, or outside on the sidewalk, watching for some one to pass who looks as if he came from the country, and could be easily deceived. You see this scene represented in the engraving on the next page. Through the open door of the shop you can see the auctioneer, with the watch in his hand that he is going to sell. He is behind the counter, and he stands on a raised platform, so that all the bystanders can see the watch that he holds up to them. There are several people in the shop, and others standing outside, trying to persuade the countrymen that pass by to go in.

These people did not take any notice of Robin when he came along to the place, because they did not suppose that such a boy as he would have any money to spend in buying watches.

But though these men did not notice Robin, he noticed them, and he thought that they were a very ill-looking set. He was afraid of them, and said to himself, "If all the men in New York are such men as these seem to be, I would rather not live among them."

Picture of a mock auction.

Great multitudes of people.



THE MOCK AUCTION.

There were several mock auctions along that street, and the sidewalk was very much crowded for a great distance. So Robin crossed over to the other side, and he began to be much perplexed and bewildered to know what he should do.

"There are thousands and thousands of people here," said he, "all going and coming, and very busy. So it is plain that there is plenty of business to be done; but how I am to go to work to get a chance to do any of it, I am sure I don't know."

Robin begins to look out for a place.

CHAPTER XII.

SITUATION WANTED.

ROBIN rambled on through a succession of very busy streets, watching all the time for something to give him a clew to the mode of finding employment. The streets were full of carts and drays, and people were hurrying to and fro along the sidewalks, some carrying packages, others talking eagerly with each other, and all apparently in haste to go somewhere and do something, Robin did not know where or what.

A man came by drawing a hand-cart. Besides the man there were two dogs attached to the hand-cart. They were harnessed to it like horses, and walked along, one on each side, in front of the wheels, tugging with all their strength. There was a woman behind, pushing. The hand-cart was full of ashes and cinders.

Robin stood still at a lamp-post while this cart went by. "I should not like to be that man," said he; "or that woman, or even those two dogs."

Just then the hand-cart stopped. The dogs lay down instantly to rest. They seemed to be very tired. There was a box on the edge of the sidewalk where the hand-cart stopped, and Robin observed, on looking at it, that it was full of ashes. The man took up this box and emptied it into his hand-cart, and set the empty box back in its place. Then he called to his dogs to get up, and they all went on.

Boy wheeling books on a wheel-barrow.

Robin's conversation with him.

"That's not the kind of work I am going to do," said Robin to himself.

The next thing that attracted Robin's attention was a boy wheeling a box of books on a wheel-barrow.

"That's the kind of work I should like," said Robin.

The boy stopped to rest. He sat down on one of the handles of the wheel-barrow, and, taking out one of the books, he began to read it to amuse himself while he was resting.

"Yes," said Robin, "that's the kind of work I should like to do."

So he went to the boy, and accosted him by asking him if such a box of books as that was heavy to wheel.

"No," said the boy.

"Who do you work for?" asked Robin.

"Trueman and Jones," said the boy.

"Do you think they would like to hire another boy?" asked Robin.

"No," said the boy, "not as long as I stay."

Then, as if he thought there might be some danger that Robin was designing to supplant him in his place, and that the danger would be increased by his remaining any longer to parley on the subject, he put back his book into the box, took hold of the handles of the wheel-barrow, and proceeded to wheel his books away.

Robin next observed several children coming along the sidewalk, all loaded with burdens of sticks and broken pieces of wood, which they seemed to be carrying home. Some of them carried their burdens on their backs, and some in their aprons, while one

Children carrying home bundles of sticks.

of them had a great pile on her head. The sticks were split and broken pieces of boards, and many of them were blackened as if they came from a fire.

"Ah!" said Robin to himself, "I wonder if one of the houses has been burning down. I don't see how they *can* burn down, for they are all built of brick."

Robin looked at these children as they went by him, toilsomely bearing their heavy burdens, and wondered where they lived, and what they were going to do with all those sticks. He and the other boys had often gathered sticks in the fields and woods in their play, to build bonfires with, but these children did not seem to be at play. Indeed they looked weary and sad.

Robin determined to ask one of them. So he accosted a girl who was carrying her load in her apron, torn and ragged, and asked her what she was going to do with those sticks. The girl gazed at him a moment in a sort of stupid amazement, and then went straight on without saying a word.

"Well," said Robin to himself, "whatever she is going to do with them, that is not the kind of work *I* want to have to do—the smutty old sticks!"

So he went on. Presently he came to a street where in one place there were several boxes on the sidewalk, and two young men nailing them up, and marking the boxes. The boxes seemed to contain goods.

"Now here is some work," said Robin, "which is just what I should like."

So he stopped on the sidewalk near the boxes, and began watch-

Robin sees a clerk marking boxes.

He makes application.

ing the operation. One of the young men was nailing the covers down upon the boxes, and the other, as fast as they were nailed, would mark them. He had a marking-pot and brush in his hand which he used for this purpose.

“How well he prints the letters ;” said Robin to himself, “ I could not print such beautiful letters on a board with a brush.”

Robin used the word print wrong in this case. To print means to *impress*, and of course the word can only properly be applied to the forming of characters by some sort of impression. Robin used the word because the characters themselves which the clerk formed with his brush looked like the printed characters in a book, they were so neat and regular, and well formed.

Presently Robin summoned courage to ask the young man who was nailing whether he thought the people in that store did not want to hire a boy.

“A boy ?” said the clerk, looking up to Robin. “Yes, they ought to hire a boy. You can go in and ask them.”

Robin accordingly went in. The store was full of boxes and bales, and great piles of goods were lying on counters and platforms. In the back part of the store were two or three young men, and there was a counting-room beyond, with a glass door.

Robin went back to where the young men were standing, and asked one of them if they did not wish to hire a boy.

“A boy ?” said one of the men. “Yes, we want a boy, and you are just the very individual for us. How much would you take now for your services—say for a period of five years ? Don’t undervalue yourself.”

The clerks make sport of him.He goes away.

Robin perceived at once that the clerk who accosted him was making sport of him. The other clerks who were near evidently regarded it so too, for some of them laughed, while others went on with their work, and paid no attention to the conversation. Besides, Robin observed that the one who spoke to him was one of the youngest that was there, and he supposed that he could not be really the master of the establishment.

Robin thought it was rather cruel in these young men to make fun of him, in the anxiety and solicitude which he must necessarily feel in going about, alone and friendless as he was, to seek the means of earning a living in such a city, but he did not know what to say to them, and so, after standing a moment perplexed and distressed, he turned round, and began to walk away toward the door.

When Robin had gone a few steps, the young man called out to him,

“I say!” said he.

Robin turned round to look at him.

“We don’t want a boy here; but if you’ll inquire at Jones and Jinglejolt’s, the next door but one, No. 596, you’ll get a first-rate place. I heard them say they wanted a boy this very morning.”

Robin turned again and went on toward the door. He knew very well that this was only more fun. Indeed, he could hear the clerks laughing together as he opened the door to come out. He did not stop to say any thing to the young men who were at work on the sidewalk, but walked away as fast as he could go.

It was now about noon, and the sun was quite warm and

Robin buys some apples at a stall.

Picture of it.

pleasant. Robin walked on, until at length he saw that he was approaching the wharves and the shipping. He passed by some markets too, and little stalls on the corners of the streets, where women kept nuts and apples for sale. The morning was so pleasant that children were out in sunny places on the sidewalks playing, and sometimes these children would gather round the stalls

and look on wistfully at the heaps of apples, and wish they had some.

Here is a picture of one of them. The woman is seen knitting. She occupies herself with her knitting while she is waiting for customers.

She has an umbrella over her table, to shelter her fruit from the rays of the sun.

Robin bought two apples at one of these stalls. He paid a penny for them. He ate one of the apples as he walked along, and put the other in his pocket.



THE APPLE-WOMAN.

Robin looks at the shipping.

He concludes not to be a sailor.

After buying his apples, Robin walked on toward the shipping. He came to a sort of street, with stores on one side and wharves and ships on the other. The ships extended as far as he could see along the shore, and there were so many tiers of them, side by side, that the masts made a perfect forest. Robin had not supposed that there were so many ships in the world.

"I wonder how I should like to go to sea?" he said to himself.

As this reflection passed through his mind he looked up into the rigging of one of the vessels near, and there he saw a man clinging to the ropes high up in the air, and apparently employed in mending something there that was broken.

"I don't think I should like such work as that," said Robin to himself, "and, on the whole, I think I had better go back among the stores again. But if I get a good place, I mean to come and see these ships again." So he went back again among the stores.

He rambled about in this way for an hour or two before he could summon courage to go into any other store to ask for a situation. At last, however, seeing a door open that looked inviting, he went in.

There was a very grave and sedate-looking man at a little desk near the end of a counter, making out a bill of goods. Another man was standing near, repeating the names and prices of the goods to him as fast as he wrote them down.

Robin advanced toward the man, took off his cap, and asked whether they did not want a boy in that store.

The man pointed with the top of his pen-handle toward the

Robin makes another application, and is refused.

counting-room, at the back end of the store, and then went on writing without saying a word.

So Robin walked on toward the counting-room. There was a glass door there, but it was open, and Robin went in. The counting-room was pretty large. There was a high desk in the middle, and several clerks writing at it. In a corner near a window, there was a large and very elegant low desk, and an elderly gentleman sitting before it in a very comfortable chair. He seemed to be writing a letter.

Robin advanced toward him, and stood there waiting for the gentleman to be at leisure to speak to him.

In a few minutes the gentleman looked up from his writing, and said to Robin,

“Well, my boy?”

“I came to see if you did not wish to hire a boy in your store,” said Robin.

The gentleman shook his head, and returned to his writing without speaking a word.

Robin turned and went out.

“I don’t care,” said he to himself, as he walked along; “I am willing that they should tell me that they don’t want a boy when they *don’t* want one, if they only won’t make fun of me.”

Sidewalk encumbered.Robin watches the operation of loading a cart.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROBIN FINDS A PLACE.

INDEED, Robin was rather encouraged than discouraged by the attempt that he last made, because he found that his application was treated seriously, and in a business manner. So he determined to try more, and he did try, though for a time without any success. At last, after wandering about through several streets, he stopped before a store to watch the operation of loading a cart from the door of it. The cart was backed up to the edge of the sidewalk, and then a pair of very stout wooden bars, called skids, were placed across from the door of the store. A porter and the carman were rolling kegs full of something that appeared to be very heavy over these skids from the store to the cart.

Of course, while this operation was going on, the sidewalk was blocked up, for the skids passed across over it. Some of the people that came by jumped over the skids, and some crossed to the other side of the street, and went by in that way. But Robin stopped to watch the operation.

At length all the kegs were rolled over, and the loading of the cart was completed. Then the porter took away the skids, and the carman placed the stakes of his cart in such a manner as to keep the kegs from rolling off, and then, mounting forward, he took the reins and drove away.

The porter remained standing at the door of the store.

Robin's conversation with a porter.

The porter's questions.

"Do you know, sir," said Robin to the porter, "if they wish to hire a boy in this store?"

"A boy?" repeated the porter. "I don't know. What is your name?"

"Robin Green," answered Robin.

"Do you live in the city?" asked the porter; "or do you come from the country?"

"From the country," replied Robin.

"That's bad," said the porter.

Robin wondered why the porter should consider it bad in him to come from the country, but he said nothing. Indeed, there was not any thing for him to say.

"Then you don't know the streets much?" said the porter, after a pause.

"No, sir," said Robin; "only what I have seen to-day."

The porter looked at Robin in a very scrutinizing manner, as if he were considering what sort of a boy he was likely to be. The result of the examination was favorable. He thought that Robin looked like a very intelligent, capable, and honest boy.

"Have you got any where to stay in New York, if you get a place?" said the porter.

"To stay?" asked Robin.

"Yes," said the porter. "I mean to board and to sleep at night."

"No, sir," said Robin, shaking his head.

"That's bad again," said the porter. Then, after pausing a moment longer, he said,

Robin is invited into the store.His interview with the merchant.

“But, however, come with me.”

So the porter turned and went into the store, and Robin followed him. There were a number of people in the store packing goods or making out accounts, and all seemed to be very busy. The porter made his way through the groups toward the back part of the store, and there, at an open space near a window, was a large table, with a man sitting at it writing. He was writing a note, and a person was standing by, who seemed to be waiting for the note, to take it away.

There was a sofa near by, between two windows. Two or three persons were sitting on the sofa, with their hats in their hands. They seemed to be waiting to speak to the merchant, who was writing at the table.

The merchant looked up when the porter came, and said to him,

“Well, Patrick?”

The porter’s name is Patrick, thought Robin to himself.

“When you are at leisure, sir,” said Patrick, “here is a boy that wants a place.”

“Very well,” said the merchant. “I’ll be at leisure directly.”

So Patrick left Robin standing there, and went away.

In a few minutes the merchant finished the note, and gave it to the person who was waiting, and then turned to Robin and said,

“Well, my boy, Patrick tells me that you want a place.”

Robin said that he did.

As he spoke, the merchant looked attentively at him, as if to see what sort of a looking boy he was.

Robin has to wait a long time.

His suspense.

“Well,” said he, after a moment’s pause, “I shall be at liberty in a minute or two, and then I will talk with you about it. Take a seat *there*.”

So saying, the merchant pointed to a chair, and Robin sat down. The merchant then addressed one of the men who were sitting on the sofa, and transacted some business with him. While he was talking with this man, other persons came in. Some of these persons did their business immediately, and then went directly out, while others took seats and waited. Things went on so for more than an hour, during all which time the merchant seemed to find no opportunity to attend to Robin.

At one period, indeed, there was a brief cessation of these engagements, and Robin thought that his time had come. The merchant turned round to him by twirling his chair—which was a very curious one, mounted on a pivot, so that it could be turned in every direction—and said,

“Well, now, my boy, you want a place they tell me?”

“Yes, sir,” said Robin.

“How old are you?” asked the merchant.

“I am almost eleven,” said Robin.

Robin could see that the merchant shook his head, as if that would not do.

“Can you read and write?” asked the merchant.

“Yes, sir,” said Robin.

Just then two gentlemen came, and the conversation which the merchant was holding with Robin was interrupted again. The merchant immediately rose to give his new visitors seats, and en-

The merchant concludes to take Robin on trial.

tered at once into conversation with them, leaving Robin once more to himself.

There was no other opportunity for the merchant to speak to Robin for a long time, and then at last Patrick came again and said that the carriage was at the door, and that Mr. Verplank was waiting for him.

"Ah! yes," said he. "I am engaged to go and dine with Mr. Verplank to-day." He then proceeded to close his business with the other company he had, and to dismiss them, and also to give Patrick some final directions while he was putting on his coat.

"Very well, sir," said Patrick; "and how about this boy?"

"Ah! yes," said the merchant, "this boy. I have not had time to inquire about him; but we will take him for a few days on trial."

Then, turning to Robin, he said,

"You may come to-morrow, and we will see. Perhaps, Patrick, you can set him about something to-night; there is an hour or two more before you close."

So saying, the merchant hurried away.

Patrick took Robin up into the story above, to a place where there was a great deal of litter, formed of papers scattered about, and pieces of cord and twine, knotted and cut. Some goods had been opened there, and this litter was what remained. Patrick set Robin at work clearing it up. He explained to Robin just what he was to do, and then went down stairs and left him.

Evening comes on.

Robin is called to help shut up.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EVENING.

ROBIN went on very industriously and successfully with his work for about an hour, and then, just as he was finishing it, Patrick came to the head of the stairs and called him.

“Bobby,” said he, “come, we’re going to lock up.”

Robin observed by the light of the window that it was drawing toward the close of the day, though he had not expected that the store would be shut so soon. Nor had he thought at all where he was to go to spend the night. His attention had been so wholly absorbed in trying to find a place where he could earn his living, that he had had no time to think of any thing else. Besides, he had a vague idea that a place to live in and a place to work in would somehow or other naturally come together. But this is by no means the case in New York. The boys there, many of them, work in stores during the day, and then go to their own homes at night, where their mother takes care of them. A boy will sometimes be in a store several years without his employer knowing where he lives. He comes every morning, and goes away every night, and that is all the merchant knows about it.

Patrick came and shut the shutters of the windows where Robin was at work, and then Robin followed Patrick down to the door. The store below was empty. The shutters were closed,

Robin is suddenly left in a very forlorn condition.

and it was nearly dark. Patrick and Robin went out at the door, and Patrick began to bar and lock it. Robin supposed that Patrick would tell him where he was to go for his supper, and where he was to sleep, but Patrick said nothing on the subject.

At last, just after locking the last padlock, he took the key out and put it in his pocket, and then said,

“To-morrow morning, Bobby, at eight o’clock. Take care to be on hand not a minute later than eight o’clock.”

So saying, he turned away, and before Robin had time fully to comprehend the forlorn situation in which he was about to be placed, Patrick was gone round a corner and had disappeared.

Robin stood a moment on the steps of the store, perfectly confounded.

“Never mind,” said he to himself at length; “I have not spent my money yet, and I *can* go to a tavern.”

Robin walked away from the store. The street had a very different appearance now from that which it presented when he came into it. The stores were nearly all closed. Here and there a solitary cart was to be seen, and there were a few people moving to and fro on the sidewalk. In a word, the street was fast becoming deserted.

Robin began to feel very hungry. He walked along wondering where he should get something to eat.

He recollect ed the apple-stands that he had seen, and this reminded him of the apple which he had still in his pocket. So he took the apple out and ate it as he walked along. He turned his steps, at the same time, in the direction which led, as near as

Robin goes to a stall and gets a good supper.

he could remember, to the place where he had seen the stands, intending to buy something more there to eat.

After rambling about for nearly half an hour, he found some stalls under a sort of awning or roof, near a market, but he was not sure that they were the same that he had seen before. There were a great many stalls here, and some of them were very abundantly supplied with eatables of all kinds. He found one where they had coffee for sale at two cents a cup.

"Ah!" said he to himself, "a cup of coffee is exactly what I want."

So he went up to the stall and asked for a cup of coffee. The woman who kept the stall drew the coffee for him out of a large tin can with a faucet, which stood on a tripod over a little furnace of coals. The coffee was smoking hot, and Robin thought it was excellent. While he was drinking his coffee, he ate a large piece of bread and butter, which he also purchased at the stall for two cents.

Robin felt greatly refreshed and invigorated by his supper. "Now," said he to himself, as he walked away, "I am going to see what there is to be seen. I don't care if I don't find a tavern this two hours."

The first thing that attracted his attention as he went away from the stall was the spectacle of a lamp-lighter lighting the street lamps. The lamp-lighter carried a long and slender ladder over his shoulder, and a torch in his hand. When he reached a lamp-post he would plant his ladder against it, and go up and light the gas-burner inside the lantern with his torch, and then come down again.

Aspect of Broadway.

The shops.

The Museum.

Lights began to appear in the shop windows too, as Robin walked along, for he was now in a street occupied by retail shops, which were kept open in the evening, and not shut at five o'clock, like the stores in the street where Robin had got his place. Robin went up the street until at last he came once more into Broadway, which now presented a very grand and brilliant spectacle. Rows of bright gas-lights extended along the sidewalks on each side of the street, up and down as far as he could see. The shops were open, and they were very brilliantly illuminated. The middle of the street was thronged with omnibuses going and coming, and thousands of foot-passengers were moving along the sidewalks, some walking rapidly, as if going home from their business, and others sauntering slowly along, looking in at the shop windows, or amusing themselves with the various scenes and incidents which were continually presenting themselves to view.

Presently Robin heard the sound of music mingling itself with the thundering din of the street. Looking up, he saw a band of performers seated in a balcony, on the front of one of the largest and most brilliantly lighted edifices in the street. This was the Museum. There were rows of brightly-lighted windows, tier above tier, for six or seven stories, and a great double door-way below, where crowds of people were pouring in to witness the performance.

"When I get well agoing in New York," said Robin to himself, "and get some money to spare, I mean to go in and see that museum."

So he walked on. Presently he came to some magnificent hotels. He passed the Astor House, and some other large establish-

Robin thinks it is time for him to look out for lodgings.

ments of the kind, but he had good sense enough to know that probably the prices for entertainment in these hotels would be very high, and that he must try to find some one more humble and unpretending than those in seeking a night's lodging for himself.

"Presently," said he to himself, "after I have seen a little more of Broadway, I will turn down into some of the smaller streets, and there, I suppose, I shall find some cheaper hotels."

Accordingly, after walking on for about half an hour longer in Broadway, during which time he had been greatly entertained and amused by the various objects that were continually passing before him, he began to think that it was time for him to look out for some place where he could sleep. Besides, he began to feel cold. The day had been very sunny and pleasant, it is true; but the nights at this season were cold, and Robin began to be chilly. So he turned aside into a comparatively narrow street, which, though it was lighted by lamps like all the other streets in New York, was still quite dark and solitary compared with Broadway.

After walking on for some distance in this narrow street, he came out into a wide one again.

"Here is a wide street," said he. "I wonder what the name of it is."

So he looked up to the building on the corner to see the name. There happened to be a lamp-post on the corner, and this enabled him to read the name. It was Centre Street.

"Centre Street," said Robin, reading the name aloud. "Now I wonder whether there is any tavern or small hotel in this street."

He looked down the street, and, at a little distance, he saw a

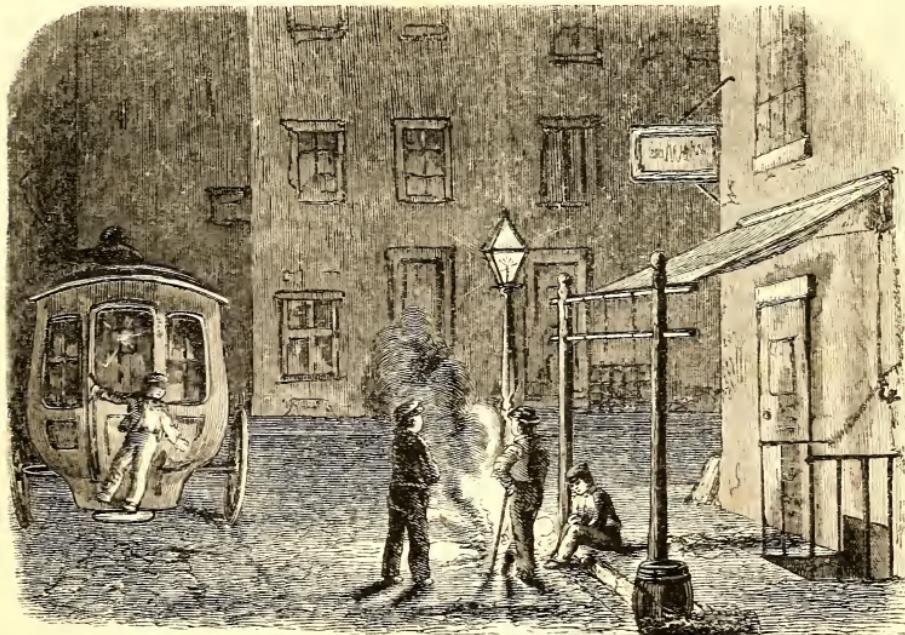
The boys about the bonfire.

A way of getting straw.

bright light as if from a fire. He walked along to see what it was. He soon perceived that the fire was built on the pavement very near the sidewalk, and that there were several boys around it.

"That's curious," said Robin to himself. "I did not know that they would let boys build bonfires in the streets of New York."

Just then an omnibus was passing by. There was a small boy clinging to the steps behind. The omnibus stopped, and the door opened to let a man get out. At this instant the boy put in



FIRE IN THE STREET.

How the fire was made.Conversation with Coco.

his hand and seized a little handful of straw from the floor of the omnibus, and pulling it out between the legs of the man who was descending he ran off with it toward the fire.

Robin followed him to the place. He found that the fire was made of sticks, and barrel staves, and pieces of old hoops; and the boys who were by it were warming themselves. Robin expected that the boy who had seized the straw from the omnibus would put that upon the fire. But he did not. He put it down on a small heap of straw which was lying on the edge of the sidewalk, and then proceeded to tie the whole up with a string that he drew from his pocket, so as to make a sort of bundle of it.

When Robin came up to the fire, the boys seemed rather pleased to see him than otherwise, and one of them moved a little so as to make room for him. They were all small boys, and they looked ragged and miserable.

Robin stood at the fire a moment warming his hands, and then turned to the boy who was doing up the straw and asked him what his name was.

“The boys call me Coco,” he replied.

“What have you built this fire for?” asked Robin.

“To warm us,” said Coco.

“Why, have you not got a fire to warm you at home?”

“At home?” repeated Coco.

“Yes,” said Robin, “where you live.”

“No,” said Coco; “we have not got any home, and we can’t have any fire where we sleep o’ nights.”

“Why not?” asked Robin.

Robin learns the particulars of Coco's condition.

"Because they'd turn us out if we built a fire there," said Coco. "Besides, it would set all the boxes afire." Coco said this in a tone somewhat expressive of contempt, as if Robin might have known better than to have asked such a question.

"Could not you go to a tavern?" asked Robin; "or have not you got any money?"

"No," said Coco; "I've only got a penny."

So saying, Coco put his hand in his pocket, and took out the penny to show it to Robin, in proof of the truth of his assertion.

Robin looked at the penny a moment as Coco held it in his hand, and then said,

"Is that all the money you have got?"

"Yes," said Coco.

"And you have not any father or mother?"

"No," said Coco.

"Nor any home?"

"No," said Coco.

Robin thought that Coco's case was rather a hard one. After a moment's pause, he ventured to ask Coco why he did not go and get a place somewhere, where he could earn his living.

"Ho!" exclaimed Coco, "what sort of a place is there that such a fellow as I could get?"

Robin could not answer this question, and so he said no more.

Account of Coco.

The target party.

Horse frightened.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF COCO.

Coco was about eight years old. The way in which he got the penny was this. On the morning of the day on which Robin arrived at New York, he had been strolling along on the sunny side of one of the streets leading from Centre Street toward the Bowery, when he heard the sound of music coming. He ran along to a corner to see what it was. He found that it was one of the New York companies going off to shoot at a target. There was a horse tied at an iron lamp-post, near the corner where Coco came in sight of the company. The horse was frightened by the drum. He pulled back, and broke the strap by which he was tied. Most of the boys and men that were going along on the sidewalk at the time were too intent on the spectacle that was passing to pay attention to the horse; but Coco, seeing the danger, ran and seized the end of the strap, and held him. The horse pulled and struggled, and drew Coco off the sidewalk into the remains of an old bank of snow, which lay upon the pavement near the gutter; for some snow had fallen in New York during the storm, and all of it had not yet melted away. Coco was barefooted, but he held on valiantly to the horse, until at length the owner came out of a store near by, and, running up, seized the horse by the bridle.

The horse was attached to a sort of covered wagon called a rock-away. The man had come into town that morning in the rock-

Conversation of the owner of the horse with his son.

away, from some distance up the river. The man looked rather rough, and he had a shaggy white coat on. He led the horse up to the sidewalk again, and began to look at the broken ends of the strap. While he was looking at it, a boy came out of the store.

"Why, father," said the boy, "did he break away?"

The man did not answer, but proceeded to untie the broken end of the strap from the post.

At length, when he had got it untied, he exclaimed,

"My eyes! Charley, if he had only got off, he would have stove the old buggy all to pieces."

"Yes," said Charley.

"And killed himself into the bargain," said the man.

"Yes," said Charley. "Who stopped him?"

"A boy there was about here," said his father. "Where is the boy? Oh there he is."

Coco had moved back while they were talking, and now stood in a sunny place, near a store door.

"What is your name, boy?" said the man.

"Coco," was the reply.

"Coco?" said Charley.

"Where did you get such a name as that?" asked the man.

Coco did not answer.

"Where do you live?" asked the man.

Coco was silent. He did not know exactly how to answer such a question as that; for, in the first place, there was no one place where he did live. It is true, there was a certain cellar in Centre Street, where he had a sort of an idea that he belonged, and when

Charley takes an interest in Coco.

His inquiries.

it was very cold and stormy he used to go there sometimes ; but, unless it was cold or stormy, he used to sleep about in various places with other boys as destitute as himself, and now he had a place in a sort of lumber-yard to sleep in. As for the cellar, although he could find his way to it easily enough, he did not know the name of the street it was in, and he could not tell the man where it was, even if he had concluded that he lived there. At length he said, in a sort of careless tone,

“I don’t know.”

“Where do you sleep o’ nights ?” asked Charley.

“Oh, any where almost,” said Coco. “Sometimes in a cellar.”

“Do your father and mother live in the cellar ?” asked Charley.

“I have not got any father and mother,” said Coco.

Then, after a moment’s pause, he corrected himself by saying,

“There are a good many women that live in that cellar, and I believe one of them is my mother, but I don’t know certain.”

By this time the man had got into his rockaway, and was gathering up the reins, preparing to go away. He called to Charley to get in.

“Come, come, Charley,” said he, “don’t stop to talk; you can’t believe a word those boys say.”

“Well,” said Charley ; “but I’ll just give him one of my pennies for stopping our horse.”

So Charley put his hand down deep into his pocket, and brought up several pennies. He selected from among these one which had a good fair impression, and giving it to Coco, he jumped up into the rockaway, and his father drove away.

Coco's astonishment when he found himself in possession of money.

Coco was extremely astonished to find himself thus suddenly in the possession of money. It was the first piece of money he had ever had. The first thing that he did was to cut an exceedingly high caper, and then he set off on the full run along the sidewalk, as fast as he could go. This running was partly the effect and expression of his joy and delight, and partly the result of a sort of instinct that impels all such boys, when they make any acquisition whatever, to run off with it, as the best mode of making their possession secure. They always imagine that the dangers are greater of losing what they suddenly get, at the place where they get it, than elsewhere, and so they always instinctively run away.

In fact, Coco in this case felt at the first moment as if all the people that were passing in the street would be after him to take his penny away. His fear, however, subsided somewhat in a minute or two, and he stopped running. He looked about, and though the sidewalks were full of men and boys, passing to and fro, no one seemed to pay any attention to him. All this time he had been clasping his money very closely in his hand, but now he put it in his pocket.

And this was the way that Coco got his penny. For some time after he got it, he was occupied in revolving in his mind the various modes by which he might spend it. He looked with wistful eyes at every thing that he saw for sale, but he had not yet decided what to buy.

The boys conduct Robin to their quarters.

CHAPTER XVI.

LODGINGS FOR THE NIGHT.

ROBIN remained for half an hour or more warming himself, and talking with the boys at the fire. He told them that he did not know where he was going to sleep, and they said that if he chose he might go and sleep with them.

“Where is the place?” said Robin.

“Come with us, and we will show you,” said the boys.

The fire had by this time burned nearly out, so that there was no reason for remaining any longer where they were, and they all accordingly set off together to go to the sleeping-place. Coco led the way, with his bundle of straw over his shoulder.

They passed through several confined and narrow streets, bordered by small and very old-looking houses, some of which looked as if they were ready to tumble down. There were cellars under these houses, with steps descending into them from the sidewalk. People were going up and down these steps, and sometimes ragged and beggarly looking women and children were standing or sitting on the margin of them. Robin began to be rather afraid. He had never seen such a wretched place before in all his life.

Still he went on with Coco and the other boys, not knowing what else to do. At last Coco came to a place where he turned through an old and dilapidated gateway into a kind of vacant lot.

Robin does not like the lodgings offered him.

The lot was bordered by squalid-looking buildings of all kinds, and the back part of it was encumbered with old boxes and barrels, piles of refuse lumber, and other such rubbish. Coco led the way to the back corner of the lot, and pointing into a big box which lay on its side, in a place where it was almost surrounded and hidden by other boxes, he said,

“There! that’s the place.”

So saying, he untied his bundle of straw and threw it in. The bottom of the box was already covered with straw, and there were some old worn-out pieces of carpet in the corner of it; but the new straw was necessary to replenish the supply, and that was the reason that Coco brought it. The boys made it a rule, in fact, to bring a bundle of straw every night. They got it by plundering the omnibuses.

“No,” said Robin, “I don’t want to sleep there;” and, so saying, he turned round and walked away as fast as he could go. The boys called to him to come back, but he paid no heed to them. As soon as he reached the street he began to run. He was afraid that the boys would come after him, and either compel him to go back, or otherwise do him some harm. But presently he found, by looking back, that he was not pursued, and so he stopped running. He felt relieved, as if he had made a lucky escape. He, however, continued walking away as fast as he could, though without at all knowing where he was going.

He soon found that he was getting out of the region of poverty and wretchedness, and coming again into more respectable streets. He walked along looking out for a hotel. At last he came to one

Robin makes application at a hotel.

He is refused.

which he judged, from appearances, was about such as he required. The outer door was open, and there were two bright gas-lights on tall iron posts—one on each side of it. On looking in at the door, Robin saw a staircase, which seemed to lead up to the apartments of the hotel above.

He went in and ascended the staircase. At the head of it he turned to the right, and went into a small room where there was a counter, and a desk, and some clerks, and a great many people coming and going. There were several persons sitting round a stove in the middle of the room, smoking.

Robin went up to the counter and asked the clerk if he could have a lodging there that night.

“No, *sir*,” said the clerk, emphasizing the last word very strongly.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Robin, “then I don’t know what I shall do.”

The clerk looked up from his writing to see who it was that was asking for a room.

“Besides,” said he, “you have not got any money to pay.”

“Yes, *sir*, I have,” said Robin; and as he spoke he put his hand in his pocket and took out his silver money.

The clerk looked at Robin a moment very earnestly. He was much struck with his open, honest countenance, and with his neat dress.

“Where do you belong?” said he.

“I have just come in from the country,” said Robin.

Just then two men came up and began to talk with the clerk

Robin is sent into the parlor.He reads in the Bible.

about some of their baggage which was missing, and before they had gone others came, and so Robin waited some time before the clerk had time to speak to him again. At last he looked toward him once more, and said,

“Go into the parlor, my lad, and I’ll come and see you presently, and see what I can do for you. I am so busy, that I can’t attend to you just now. James!” he added, calling to one of the porters in a loud voice, “show this boy into the parlor.”

So James led the way, and Robin followed into the parlor. There was a good fire in the grate, and a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. There was a table in the centre of the room, with some newspapers and a Bible on it, and there were plenty of sofas and chairs about the room. There was one large rocking-chair in a corner, near the fire.

Robin went first to the table to see what book it was that he saw there.

“Ah!” said he, “it is a Bible. I am glad there is a Bible here. I’ll sit down and read in it a little.” The reading comforted him a great deal. It is true that the circumstances in which he was placed were difficult and trying, and they were seemingly growing more and more difficult every hour. But still, however full of difficulty and danger a boy’s way may be, if he is endeavoring to do his duty, looking to the Bible for his guide, and if he prays sincerely to God every day to direct him and keep him, he never need be disheartened or discouraged.

After reading his Bible, Robin went and took his seat in the rocking-chair near the fire to warm his feet. While sitting there,

Robin asleep.

The house-maid.

An alarm of fire in the night.

he said his evening prayer, and, immediately after finishing his prayer, he fell asleep.

In the mean time the clerk had forgotten all about him. People came into the room from time to time, and saw him sleeping in the chair. One of these persons came to the chair and looked at him.

“Poor boy!” said he. “How tired he looks! I suppose his father has gone out. However, he will come back before long, no doubt, and put him to bed.”

The first thing that Robin was conscious of after going to sleep was being awakened by an alarm of fire. He straightened himself up, opened his eyes, and went to the window. A fire-engine was just then going by. It was the noise of the wheels of this engine thundering over the pavement, and the shouts of the men and boys that were running with it, that awakened Robin.

The men who were running with the engine had torches and lanterns, which they waved in the air as they ran along. The light from them flared on all the buildings around, and shone on the ceiling of the room where Robin was.

Robin gazed at this spectacle a moment, amazed and bewildered, and half awake. Then, as soon as it had gone by, he felt so sleepy that he went to the sofa and lay down upon it at full length, and in a minute was fast asleep. He slept here quietly till morning.

Robin's adventures in the morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROBIN LOSES HIS PLACE.

ROBIN slept quite comfortably on the sofa, notwithstanding that the night was cold, for the fire in the grate was of anthracite coal, and the room was kept warm by it all night.

In the morning, when the chamber-maid came to "do the room," she saw Robin asleep on the sofa.

"Ah! poor boy!" said she. "The hotel is so full that they could not find any other place for him to sleep but that. I won't wake him. I'll let him sleep till breakfast-time."

So Robin slept on until the first gong sounded. This first gong was sounded half an hour before the regular breakfast-time, and was intended to wake people up. There was also a small breakfast set at that time for people who were going away in the early trains.

Robin waked up when the gong sounded, and, after rubbing his eyes and wondering for a while where he was, he got up. He smoothed his dress down as well as he could, and combed his hair with his little pocket-comb. Then he sat down in the rocking-chair before the fire, and read a little in the Bible, and said his prayer. Then he went out into the entry, not knowing exactly what to do. Pretty soon, however, he came to a sort of ante-room, where there were some basins set, and the Croton water, ready to be turned into them from faucets above.

The way in which Robin got his breakfast.

"Ah!" said he, "this is just what I want. I'll wash my face and hands."

After he had washed his face and hands he returned into the entry again, and there a servant-girl, who was hurrying by, said to him,

"Are you going away this morning, Bobby?"

"Yes," said Robin.

"Then come with me and I'll give you your breakfast," said the girl. "Breakfast is all ready."

So Robin followed the girl. She led the way into a large room, where two very long tables were set, and at one end of one of them several people were seated eating their breakfast. She conducted Robin to this place, and gave him a seat. A moment afterward a waiter came to him, and asked, "Tea or coffee?"

Robin was quite bewildered by the rapidity with which these scenes followed each other. He did not, however, see any other way but to yield himself to the current that seemed to be floating him along; so, as he liked coffee better than tea, he answered the waiter, "Coffee."

The waiter went away to get him some coffee, and after bringing it and the hot milk and the sugar, he went away again, and soon came back bringing a very nice breakfast of beef-steak, roasted potatoes, and hot buckwheat cakes, with butter and sirup.

"I'm sure," said Robin to himself, "I am very much obliged to that girl for bringing me to such a good breakfast."

He thought that the servant-girl had brought him to the table in order to give him the breakfast out of compassion.

Robin sets out to return to the store.The ice-cart.

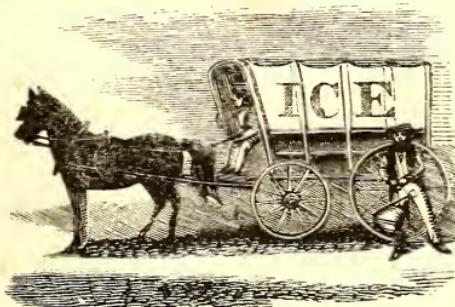
The people at the table rose one after the other, as each finished his breakfast, and went away. At last Robin was left alone. Finally, he finished his breakfast too, after eating as many buckwheat cakes as he wanted. The waiter brought him plateful after plateful, hot from the fire.

"Now," said he at last, "I'll go to the store."

He had taken the precaution, when he left the store the night before, to notice and remember the street and number where it was, so as to be sure to be able to find it again. Accordingly, as soon as he came out from the door of the hotel, he asked the first person that he met whether William Street was down that way, pointing at the same time in the direction in which he supposed he ought to go.

"Yes," said the man; "walk on half a mile in that direction, and then inquire again."

So Robin walked on. It was quite a cold morning, and yet one of the first objects which attracted his attention as he walked was an ice-cart. The cart was covered with a canvas top to keep off the sun, and it was loaded with huge blocks of ice. The ice-man was taking one of those blocks into the house when Robin came in sight. He carried the block by means of a huge pair of iron nippers.



THE ICE-CART.

He finds the store in ruins.

The engine.

Robin's consternation.

"What people can possibly want to buy ice for, such a cold morning as this," said Robin to himself, "I can not imagine."

After going on for some distance, Robin inquired his way again for William Street, and, after turning wrong once or twice, he at length found it; and once in the street, it was easy to follow the guidance of the numbers till he came to the store. As he began to draw nigh to the right number, he saw before him a sort of hub-bub in the street. There had been a fire. There was a blackened and smoking gap in the range of buildings, with a great heap of bricks, and rubbish, and smouldering ruins in the street opposite to it, and a large number of men were standing near, surveying the scene.

"Ah!" said Robin, "this is the fire. This is where the engine came last night. I heard it going by. And there's the very engine, I do really believe."

There was an engine in the street near the ruins of the fire, but the firemen about it seemed to be getting ready to take it away. Robin hurried on.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, in a moment; "if it is not *my* store that is burned up! My very store!"

It was, indeed, the store where Robin had been engaged that was burned. Robin was in despair. All his bright hopes were dashed to the ground, and broken to pieces in a moment. There could be no doubt that it was really his store. Robin looked at the numbers on each side, and it was his number that was wanting. Besides, he could see the doorway, now all gaping and black, where he had gone in the day before; and the windows with the

Scene at the ruins.Children at work among them.

iron shutters, which the porter had fastened so securely in the evening, now burst open, and warped and twisted out of shape, some of them hanging from the blackened walls by a single hinge. It was a scene of melancholy desolation.

Robin crossed over to the opposite side of the street, and looked up at the smoking ruins in mute astonishment. The walls of the third and fourth stories had tumbled in ; but those of the first and second were still standing, though they were cracked and tottering, and seemed just ready to fall. The interior of the store was a mass of smoking rubbish, which, though drenched with water, and covered here and there with ice, still continued to send up dense volumes of smoke and steam. There were half-burned bales of goods, and bent and twisted rods of iron, and heaps of bricks, and charred and broken beams. On the top of one of the highest heaps was a sort of frame of iron, which looked like a monstrous sash. This was the remains of the iron sash of a great sky-light that had been placed in the roof of the building.

While Robin stood looking at this scene, there were several groups of other persons looking at it too, formed of people that were coming and going along the street. There were also several poor women and children at work, pulling sticks and bits of wood out of the fire, in order to carry them off to burn. Presently a gentleman, who was standing on the sidewalk, said to him,

“ Are you the boy that we engaged in our store yesterday afternoon ? ”

Robin looked up, and recognized in the man who was speaking to him one of the clerks that he had seen in the store the day before.

Robin has a conversation with one of the clerks.

"Yes, sir," said Robin, "I am."

"Then this is an unlucky fire for you as well as the rest of us," said the man. "And what are you going to do for yourself now?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Robin.

"You will have to look out for another place as well as we," said he.

The clerk then asked Robin where he lived, and Robin told him that he lived in the country, and that he had come into New York to get a place where he could earn his living. Both his father and his mother, he said, were dead.

The clerk seemed to take a good deal of interest in Robin's case. He made a great many inquiries, and then finally, after taking some time to think, he said,

"Well, Robin, I can't help you much, for I am turned out of employment as well as you, and I must look out for myself. I don't see any way for you but to look about and find another place. You must not expect to find one very soon. There is not one store in fifty, at any one time, where they want to hire a boy. So you must be willing to call fifty times before you begin to get discouraged.

"And suppose," continued the clerk, "that you don't find any situation to-day, have you got any place to go to to-night?"

"No, sir," said Robin, "no place in particular."

"Then, if you don't find a place before night," said the clerk, "come to my house, and I'll let you sleep there. Come as soon as it gets dark. Here, I'll write you down the street and number, and my name too. My name is Williams."

Women and children gathering sticks.

Robin helps one of the women.

So Mr. Williams took a card out of a little wallet which he drew from his pocket and wrote his name upon it, together with the street and number, and gave it to Robin. Then, wishing him good luck in some one at least of his fifty applications, he went away.

Robin waited some time longer at the fire. He watched the poor women and children who were trying to get out brands and burned sticks from it, to carry away for fuel. Robin felt a strong disposition to help them, but he knew that by so doing he would blacken and wet his clothes and hands, so as to prevent his getting a place in any store. So he very wisely concluded not to attempt it. There was one woman, however, whom he helped. She had got a bundle of sticks together, and was trying to tie them up; but she had only a short and knotty piece of twine—that was weak, too, so that it kept continually breaking, and the poor woman could not make up her bundle.

Robin recollect ed that he had a good piece of stout twine in his pocket. He took it out and gave it to the poor woman.

“Here,” said he; “here’s a better piece of twine.”

The woman looked up to him quite surprised; but she took the twine, and seemed very thankful for it. She tied up her sticks with it, and then gave the bundle to a little girl to carry home, while she went to work to get together another collection.

“Be sure and bring the string back, Jenny,” she said to the girl, when she was going away.

“Yes, yes,” said Jenny, “I will.”

After a time Robin went away from the fire, and began his work

Robin's fruitless applications.

His story is not believed.

of calling in at the stores and applying for a place. He continued at this work all the forenoon, and he met with a great variety of adventures, but he did not succeed in finding a place. Sometimes he was bluntly repulsed, sometimes he was treated with civility, though his services were declined. At one place they had two boys already. At another they did not want a boy; a boy about a store, they said, was only a plague. He could not do any good himself, and was always in the way of other people. At one place a man at a desk, who seemed for the moment to be at leisure, questioned Robin particularly in respect to where he came from, and when and how he came to New York; and when Robin had related the particulars, he said, after a pause,

“That’s a strange story, now.”

“It is true,” replied Robin; “every word of it is true, just as I tell it to you.”

“Well,” replied the man, “I’m not going to say it is not true. All I have to say about it is, that I don’t believe one word of it from beginning to end.”

Robin, of course, had nothing to do after hearing this but to turn away and go out of the store. He was reasonable enough, however, to say to himself as he went away,

“I don’t blame him much after all, for why should he believe such a strange story? He has no way of knowing whether I am honest or not.”

At noon Robin found a stall near the market, where he got an excellent dinner of coffee, and bread, and butter. He was obliged to spend some more of his money to get this dinner, but he thought

Robin begins to feel discouraged.The difficulties that he had to contend with.

that there was no other way, and that, as soon as he got a place, he should make up again what he had spent in a very short time.

"At any rate," said he to himself, "I am determined not to touch the gold dollars on any account."

After dinner Robin renewed his attempts, but still he met with no success. Remembering, however, what Mr. Williams had told him in respect to the number of calls that he must expect to make before finding a place, he was not discouraged. He was cheered and inspirited, too, by the thought that he was provided with a place to sleep in for the night. He counted up the calls that he had made. As he was making the fifteenth, he perceived that the people were beginning to shut up their stores. He, however, made two more, and then concluded that there was no use in attempting to do any thing more till the next day.

At some of the places where Robin called the people were really in want of a boy, and if Robin had had good recommendations they might perhaps have employed him. But he had no recommendations whatever, and nothing but his own word as evidence of the truth of his story. The people in these cases usually asked him some questions, but they did not believe the account which he gave of himself. They supposed that he had run away from home because he was a bad boy.

Nor were they at all unreasonable in this, for, excepting Robin's personal appearance, the indications in his case were not favorable.

Robin concludes to go to Mr. Williams's

CHAPTER XVIII.

MYSTERY.

PRETTY soon after dark, Robin said to himself, "Now it is time for me to go and find Mr. Williams."

He was then in Broadway. Broadway presented such a gay and brilliant scene, especially since the lamps had been lighted, that Robin liked to be in it very much. He had been rambling up and down in it now for half an hour, looking in at the shop windows, watching the carriages and the crowds of people, and now and then stopping to listen to the music of the band on the balcony at the Museum. He would have liked to stay longer, but he recollect ed that Mr. Williams said that he must go to his house as soon as it was dark.

So he took a card out of his pocket, to see again what the name of the street was, and then inquired the way to it of a man that was passing. The man told him that he must turn down the first street to the left leading out of Broadway, and then, after going on for some distance, inquire of somebody else.

Robin followed this direction. The street where he turned down was quite a dark and solitary one, and very few people were walking in it. Robin went on for some distance, and then thought he would inquire again. Just at this moment he saw two men at a little distance before him, standing under a lamp-post and talking mysteriously together. Robin accosted them when he came near,

He encounters two strangers in the street.

and asked them the way to Hudson Street. That was the name of the street where Mr. Williams lived.

"Why, you must turn here to the right," said one of the men, "and go to Canal Street. You know Canal Street."

"No, sir," said Robin; "I don't know *any* streets in New York."

"Not any?" rejoined the man. "Don't you live in New York?"

"No," said Robin. "I *have* lived in the country; but now I have come to New York in order to get a place to live."

Robin was accustomed to inform all whom he fell into conversation with that he was seeking for a place, not knowing but that in this way he might come accidentally upon some person that wanted a boy.

Here the man turned to his companion and said something in a low tone, but Robin could not hear what it was. Presently he accosted Robin again.

"Then you don't know any body in New York, and you have not got any friends here?"

"No, sir," said Robin. "Only Mr. Williams said I might come and sleep at his house, if I could not find a place to-day."

Robin was glad to hear these men inquire so particularly about him, for it seemed to imply that they took an interest in his case, and he thought it possible that they might help him to find a situation.

The men conferred with each other a minute or two in an under tone, and then one of them said to Robin again,

"We want a boy, and if you have a mind to go with us to-

They offer to employ him on trial.

Mystery.

night, we will give you a place to sleep, and we will try you. If we find you are a brave and resolute boy, and are not afraid of any thing, and will do just as we tell you, we will give you as much as you want to eat and drink, and plenty of money besides."

Robin was greatly pleased to hear this generous offer, and he immediately determined to go with the men. In this he made a great mistake. It is very unsafe for any person to associate himself in this manner with strangers encountered in the street, in such a city as New York.

"Our work is pretty hard sometimes," said one of the men, as they walked along together, "and sometimes we have to do it in the night. But then you won't mind that. You can sleep all the next day, if you like."

Robin said that he should not mind it at all.

They walked on in a hurried manner, Robin wondering all the way what sort of work it could be that he would have to do, until at length they turned out of the street they were in, into one still darker and more obscure. They at last went into a dismal-looking alley, and when they had got almost to the end of the alley, they turned into a dark and narrow archway which led to the rear of the house. Here they found an outside staircase, which led up to the upper stories. They all went up the staircase. At the head of it they came to a door, and went into the house. They entered a small, low room. The room was miserably furnished, but there was a fire burning in the grate, which made it look more cheerful than it otherwise would have done.

There was a table set, with plates, and knives, and forks upon

Robin goes to the home of his new employers.

it, and some bread and cheese. At one side was a waiter with tea-pots and tea-cups. There was a woman at this table arranging the things when the men came in. She did not say a word to them when they entered, nor did they say a word to her.

"Are you hungry, boy?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, sir," said Robin.

"Then sit up to the table there, and Molly will give you something to eat."

So Robin took his seat at the table, and the woman gave him some supper. While he was eating the supper the men were in a small room adjoining, and Robin could hear them talking together in a low tone. He thought, too, that from time to time he could hear the clinking of iron, like the sound made by handling tools. He supposed that those were the tools that the men worked with, but he could not imagine what kind of work it was that they had to do in the night.

After Robin had finished his supper, one of the men came to him, and said,

"Now, then, Bobby, follow me, and I'll show you a bed."

Robin followed the man into a small room not much bigger than a closet, where there was a kind of bed lying on the floor in a corner.

"There," said the man, "tumble in there and go to sleep. I'll call you when we want you. Don't take off your clothes, for fear you might be too sleepy to dress yourself again."

Robin's heart failed him a little at seeing to what a mean and miserable home he had come. He was perplexed, too, to know

Robin goes to sleep.

He is waked up roughly.

what all the strange indications that he saw could mean. Who were these men? What was their business? What sort of work was it that they had to do, and which could only be done in the night? These and various other such queries perplexed him, and gave rise in his mind to many misgivings. There was, however, nothing, he thought, that he could now do but to submit to his fate. So he lay down upon the bed, and was soon fast asleep.

The next thing that he knew was that one of the men was pulling him, to wake him up. He was very sleepy and very much bewildered, and at first he did not know where he was. The man took hold of him by the collar of his jacket, and, lifting him straight up, stood him on the floor.

"Wake up," said the man, "unless you want me to throw a bucket of water over you."

This threat and the rough manner in which the words were spoken alarmed Robin, and helped to wake him up. When he came out into the other room, he saw that the men were getting ready to go away. One of them had a common traveler's valise on the floor, which he was shutting up. Robin saw, however, that, instead of containing clothes, it was almost filled with tools of various kinds, with only clothes enough with them to pack them in, and prevent them from rattling. The man shut up the valise and locked it, and then took it in his hand.

The other man had a dark lantern. He lighted the lamp inside, and then, after shutting down the shades, he put the lantern in his pocket. Robin wondered what all these things could possibly mean.

The strange excursion.

Meeting a policeman.

A fabrication.

The man with the dark lantern then took two umbrellas that were tied together in his hand, and the other carrying the valise, they set off, directing Robin to follow them.

Robin obeyed, though he could not imagine how all this was going to end.

"We are going away somewhere on a journey," said Robin to himself. "That is plain enough; but where are we going, and what are we going for?"

The streets were very silent and solitary, but, after walking on for some time, Robin, looking forward, saw a man at a short distance coming slowly toward them. When they got near to the man, Robin saw that he had a great-coat on, buttoned up high, with a star on the breast of it. It was a policeman. He was stationed in that street to watch for thieves.

The men went up boldly to him, and one of them—one whom Molly, as Robin had observed the evening before, called Tirrell—asked the policeman if he would direct them to the Albany House, which was the name of a hotel.

"You are going right," said the policeman; "but where did you come from?"

The men told him in reply that they had come down from Albany in the evening train, but that the train had run off the track a little below Poughkeepsie, and so they had been detained six hours.

"Was any body hurt?" said the policeman.

"No," said Tirrell; "only one of the firemen got pretty well bruised jumping off."

The unfinished house.Robin could not escape.

So saying, the men passed on, and the policeman continued on his walk.

The men went on until at length they came to a region of streets full of handsome houses. They walked along here quite cautiously, and at all the corners they looked up and down the side streets as if to see if any one was coming. At length they came to a house which seemed to be in process of building. There were piles of bricks, and great blocks of stone, lying on the sidewalk and in the street before it, and the windows and doors were nailed up with boards.

"We are going in here," said Tirrell to Robin. "Don't say any thing, but follow me."

Tirrell went down into an opening which led under the great stone steps of the front door, where the entrance to the basement story and kitchen of a New York house is usually placed. Here they found a door, which was also boarded up. Tirrell took hold of one of the boards of this fastening, and easily moved it away. It seemed to have been prepared so as to appear fastened, and yet really to be loose.

Robin was more and more surprised and bewildered every moment. He began to be afraid. He began to suspect something wrong, and he had a great mind to turn about and run away as fast as he could go. But there was no way for him to escape. Tirrell, it is true, went before, but then the other man kept behind him, so that he could not get away.

They all went in through the place where the board had been taken down, and then Tirrell put the board up again. They were

The men upon the roofs.

The plan of the robbers.

now, of course, all in the dark ; but Tirrell immediately took the lantern out of his pocket and lifted up the shade from the front of it, and that gave a little light.

Then Tirrell led the way up stairs. Robin followed him, and the other man came behind, bringing the valise. The umbrellas were left at the door.

They went up and up, ascending staircase after staircase, and walking over loose boards and piles of carpenters' rubbish, until at last they went out through a scuttle-door in the attic, and came upon the roof. The roof was nearly flat, and it was in a line with the other roofs of the block, so that the men could walk along the whole block. They went on so till they got to the third house. Here there was a sky-light on one side of the roof, and a sort of belvidere, or look-out, on the other side. The belvidere was a place for people to come to and sit in pleasant summer evenings. There was a scuttle-door in the roof pretty near, and a short plank walk leading from it to the steps that ascended to the belvidere.

The men advanced to the sky-light, and, putting down the valise, they opened it and began to take out their tools.

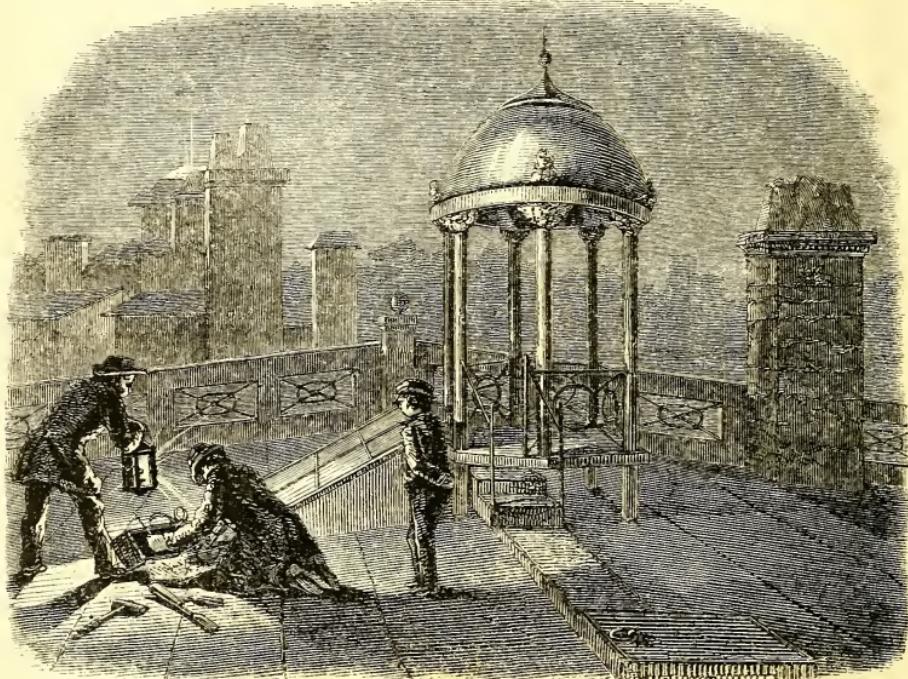
"I verily believe that these men are robbers," said Robin to himself, "and that they are going to break into this house."

Robin was right. The men were robbers. They were planning to get into the house to commit a robbery. Their plan was to get through the sash of the sky-light by taking out a pane of the glass. In forming their plan, they had concluded that they should want a small boy to go with them to get through the sash into the house, and then open the scuttle-door so that they could

Why they took Robin with them.

get in themselves. The panes of the sash, they supposed, would be too small for any thing but a boy to get through.

At the time when they met Robin in the street they had been talking of various plans for getting a boy to go with them and perform this service. They did not dare to take any boy that they knew, for in such a case the boy would of course know *them*, and he might perhaps give witness against them. So when Robin came by, and they found, on talking with him, that he was a homeless and friendless boy from the country, and a perfect stranger in



THE BURGLARS ON THE ROOF.

Cutting out a pane.

Robin entering the sky-light.

His intention.

New York, they decided at once that he was just the boy they wanted, and this was the reason why they had taken him with them.

The robbers took out a glazier's diamond from the valise, and Tirrell went to work with it immediately to cut out one of the panes of the sash. They soon accomplished this work. They cut the pane close to the sash all around, and then took out the glass. They succeeded in doing this without making any noise.

"Now, Bobby," said Tirrell, "creep down through here, and when you get down walk along in the garret till you come to the scuttle, and then reach up your hand and unhook the hasp. The scuttle is fastened with the hasp. You can unhasp it in a moment."

Robin seemed ready to obey. He was secretly determined, however, that he would not unfasten the scuttle, but would go down stairs as fast as he could and alarm the family.

It was not far from the sky-light down to the floor of the garret, though Robin had to swing off to one side in getting down, in order to reach the garret floor, for immediately beneath the sky-light there was an opening extending down through the house, in order to let the light down. But Robin was a pretty good climber, and he got down very easily.

"Take the lantern," said Tirrell, in a whisper, to Robin, after he had got down; "take the lantern, or else you can't find your way. And listen a while when you get to the head of the stairs, and see if you hear any body moving. If you do, wait till all is still before you touch the hasp."

The robbers anxiously await in vain for Robin's return.

So Robin walked along, groping his way by the light of his lantern, among the timbers of the garret, and disappeared from the robbers' view.

They, on their part, now left the sky-light and went to the scuttle. They waited there, listening, expecting every moment to hear Robin unfastening the hasp. But they heard nothing.

"What's become of him?" at length asked Tirrell, impatiently.

"The little fool can't find the place, I suppose," said the other man.

"He's no little fool, you may depend," said Tirrell. "Perhaps he hears some noise, and is waiting."

The men remained some time longer at the scuttle, and then, finding that Robin did not appear, they went back to the sky-light, and, looking down, called out in a loud whisper,

"Bob! Bob! where are you?"

No answer.

"He's playing us foul," said the other man.

Tirrell looked up into the other robber's face and muttered an exclamation of rage, but did not say a word. They both put their heads close to the open pane and listened.

They could hear no sound.

They waited five minutes longer, making nearly a quarter of an hour in all, and then concluded that either Robin had deserted them, or else that something very unusual had occurred, and that it would be safest for them to retreat. So they crept along upon the roofs again as they had come, until they reached the unfinished house. Here they went in through the scuttle, and then

Retreating.

A capture.

Robin in the house.

groped their way down the stairs as well as they could in the dark, until they had got to the basement door where they had come in.

Tirrell took hold of the loose board to remove it.

"Wait a moment," said the other man in a whisper. "Let us listen, so as to be sure that the coast is clear."

They listened a moment at the crack, but they heard nothing.

Tirrell then took away the board, and the men stepped out. They were both instantly stunned by sudden blows upon the head, and before they could recover from their amazement they found themselves hand-cuffed and in the hands of a party of the police.

The police had been waiting to intercept them when they came down.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROBIN A PRISONER.

WE must now go back to Robin, and explain what became of him when he was let down into the garret of the house.

He determined at once to alarm the family. Accordingly, when he reached the landing at the head of the scuttle stairs, instead of undoing the hasp, as he had been directed to do, he went straight down stairs. The stairs were steep, and he was obliged to go carefully, for fear of falling; besides, he did not wish that the robbers should hear him going down. At the foot of the stairs was a door.

How Robin alarmed the inmates of the house.

There was a lock on it, and Robin feared that it might be locked. But, fortunately, it was not. Robin opened it, and found himself ushered into a hall in the upper story of the house. From this hall there were several doors opening, apparently to bed-chambers.

Robin knocked at one of these rooms. The voice of a servant-girl within called out, "Who's there?"

Robin put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and said, "You must get up! There are robbers getting into the house."

Robin immediately heard two screams of "Mercy!" from two different voices, and immediately afterward a great thumping and pounding on the partition within the room. At the same moment he heard a sound as of naked feet coming along the floor, and as soon as the person reached the door he could hear her locking and bolting it, and putting up a chair against it on the inside. At the same time, he could hear calls of "Mercy! Help! Thomas! Thomas!"

The garret was between these rooms and the roof, and Robin had taken care to shut the door as he came down, and thus the robbers did not hear any thing of all this uproar.

A moment afterward another door opened, and a man in his night dress rushed out and seized Robin by the collar, demanding in a furious voice who he was, and what he was doing there.

"There are robbers on the house, trying to get down the scuttle," said Robin, "and here is their lantern. You had better go and call the police."

"Robbers!" exclaimed the man. "What do you mean? You're a robber yourself."

Robin is taken for a thief.

Imprisonment.

"No, sir," said Robin; "no, sir, I am not. I'll tell you all about it by-and-by; but now go and call the police, and tell them to go and watch at the new house out here a little way, and they will catch the robbers when they come down."

Thomas looked at Robin a moment, holding up the lantern to his face. In the mean time, the door where Robin had first knocked was opened a little way, and Robin could hear the two servant-girls whispering behind it.

"Come with me," said the man; and, so saying, he led Robin down stairs, holding him all the time by the collar of his jacket. He led him down a series of very grand staircases to the lower part of the house. Here he opened a door which led into a large stone closet, and pushed Robin in.

"There," said he, pointing to a box on the floor; "sit down there, and wait till I come." He then shut the door and locked it, and went away, leaving Robin in perfect darkness.

"I don't care," said Robin; "he'll find out how it is before long, and then he will let me out. If I was really a robber, I should be afraid to be left in the dark; but I am not a robber, and so I don't care."

Thomas ran up stairs as soon as he had locked Robin up, and began dressing himself as quick as he possibly could. He put on his pantaloons, his shoes, and his coat, but did not stop for waist-coat or stockings, and then, seizing his hat and a good stout cane, he ran down stairs again. In going to his room, he had stopped on the way and called a boy named Caleb, who slept near him, and when he came down Caleb was ready too, and came down

Catching the burglars.

with him. When he reached the front door, he unlocked and unbolted it, and went out, leaving Caleb to lock it again as soon as he had gone.

He ran up and down the street looking out for a policeman every where. After some delay he found one. He told the policeman what Robin had said. The policeman immediately hurried to a station close by, and brought three or four more policemen. One of these went back to the house with Thomas, and the rest went toward the unfinished building, where Robin had said they might intercept the robbers in coming down.

The reader would naturally suppose that these were the policemen that were ready in waiting for the robbers when they came out by the door. But they were not. That was another party that had been taken to the place by the policeman that the robbers had met on the way. He observed that the valise which Tirrell had was heavy. He could see this by the manner in which Tirrell carried it. He at once suspected that the men were robbers, and, although he pretended to be satisfied with their story that they were travelers, he turned round the first corner that he came to, and collected a party of officers to go with him and follow the men secretly, at a distance, to see where they would go. When they saw Tirrell and his party go in at the basement door of the new house, they knew that they were robbers, and so waited to arrest them when they came down.

Thomas, and the policeman with him, came up just as the first party were taking their prisoners away.

When prisoners are taken in this manner in an attempt to com-

The station-house.What Thomas said when he returned.

mit a robbery, they are first conveyed by the police to what is called a station. There are a great many of these stations in different parts of the city. The prisoners are kept at the station until the next morning, and then they are taken before a magistrate for examination.

The magistrate, in the morning, makes an examination of the case, and if he thinks it is probable that the prisoners really committed the crime, he commits them to prison, in order that they may be kept there confined safely until their turn comes in the court to be tried. Thus, in the present case, the policemen took their prisoners to the station, and kept them locked up there till the next morning.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

ROBIN did not remain a prisoner in the stone room long. It was not more than fifteen minutes from the time that he was shut up before Thomas came with a great many apologies to let him out. All that he had said had been found to be strictly true. The marks of the robbers were found on the roof, and the open pane where Robin had got in. Now that the danger was past, Thomas and the policeman who came home with him had time to hear Robin tell the whole story, and when he had finished it they told him that he had conducted in a very brave, and, at the same time, in a very sagacious manner.

Robin's bed-room.

He goes to see Mrs. Stuyvesant.

"This is Mrs. Stuyvesant's house," said Thomas; "and to-morrow morning Mrs. Stuyvesant will see you and determine what is to be done. But now you must go to bed."

So saying, Thomas led Robin into a nice little chamber where there was a bed. Thomas lighted a gas-light that was over the mantle-shelf, and then told Robin to undress himself and go to bed.

"Sleep as late as you please in the morning," said Thomas, "and when you have slept enough get up and come down into the kitchen, and there you will find me."

"How shall I find where the kitchen is?" asked Robin.

"Go down stairs," said Thomas, "as far as you can go, and you'll come to it at last."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Robin awoke the next morning. He dressed himself and went down stairs. He met Thomas on the stairs near the first story. Thomas took him down into a little room near the kitchen, where Robin washed his face and hands and brushed his hair, and made himself look in other respects as neat as he could.

"Now, then," said Thomas, "I'll take you up to Mrs. Stuyvesant's room."

So Thomas led the way, and Robin followed, into a splendid breakfast-room, where Mrs. Stuyvesant was sitting. It was the finest room that Robin had ever seen. The table was set a little on one side of the fire. The furniture of the room was very rich, and it looked exceedingly comfortable. Mrs. Stuyvesant was an elderly lady. The expression of her countenance was very kind. She seemed much pleased to see Robin when he came in.

Robin's story told.Breakfast in style.

There was a young girl in the room about Robin's age. She was standing near the fire-place, but when Robin came in she went and took her seat upon a sofa, and took up a book as if she were intending to read. But she did not read. She listened to hear the conversation between Robin and her grandmother.

Mrs. Stuyvesant invited Robin to take a seat, and then questioned him particularly about the events of the night. Robin related to her the whole story. She also asked him about himself, where he came from, and what he was doing in New York. Robin, finding that she seemed disposed to take an interest in him, frankly told her all about himself. He told her about the death of his mother and about his uncles, and the reason why he did not like to live with them, and about his coming to New York to find a place to earn a living. He narrated to her the adventures that he had met with in seeking a place, and concluded by asking Mrs. Stuyvesant if she herself did not wish for a boy, and, if she did, if she would not hire *him*.

"Well," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, "we will see about that by-and-by. But now you must have some breakfast. Sit up to the table there, and, Thomas, give him a good breakfast."

So Robin took his seat at the table, while Thomas went out to get some coffee and some hot cakes. When the breakfast came in, Robin ate it, while Thomas waited behind his chair, with all the usual ceremony that he was accustomed to observe in Mrs. Stuyvesant's presence.*

The remainder of the story is soon told. Mrs. Stuyvesant in-

* See Frontispiece.

What Mrs. Stuyvesant said about Robin's relatives.

formed Robin, after he had been at her house a day or two, that she should be very glad, so far as she herself was concerned, to hire him, but that she did not think that that plan would be for his good.

"At any rate," said she, "I ought not to do any thing about it till I have written to your uncles to see what they will say."

"But I don't want you to write to my uncles," said Robin. "I don't like to have any thing to do with my uncles."

"No," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, "nor should I, if I were in your case, judging from what you tell me of them; but the point for us to consider, in deciding such important questions as this in going through life, is not always what we like, but what is our duty. There is a right and a wrong in such a case. Now, since your father and mother are dead, your uncles are your natural guardians. They have a *right* to be consulted in respect to what their nephew shall do, and it would be wrong for you to determine that you will have nothing to do with them."

Robin at length reluctantly consented that Mrs. Stuyvesant should write to one of his uncles. The letter was accordingly written and sent. In due course of mail an answer came, which threw an entirely new light on Robin's plans. The letter was from the colonel. He said that Robin's mother was not a poor woman, after all. They found, when they came to examine her papers, that she had laid up a good deal of money. There was so much property, in fact, that the interest of it would be sufficient to give Robin an excellent education, and then the principal would come into his hands when he should be of age. The colonel said,

Good news.	Going to school.	Robin's request.
moreover, that he himself had been appointed administrator of the estate, and Robin's guardian, and that if he would come home they would send him to the best and pleasantest school that could be found in all the country. He concluded by asking Mrs. Stuyvesant if she knew of such a school.		

Inclosed in the letter was a bill of ten dollars, to pay Robin's expenses home.

Mrs. Stuyvesant took a great deal of interest in inquiring for a good school for Robin, and at length found one in a delightful situation on the banks of the Hudson River, where there were woods near for the boys to play in, in their hours of recreation, and a boat on a creek where they could sail and fish.

"I am almost sorry," said Mrs. Stuyvesant to Robin, "that your mother left you money enough for your education, for I should have liked to have paid your tuition at the school myself."

"Oh no, Mrs. Stuyvesant," said Robin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stuyvesant; "it would only have cost three hundred or three hundred and fifty dollars for a year, and the robbers would probably have taken three or four times as much as that from my house, if you had not acted so bravely."

"Then I'll tell you what you might do, Mrs. Stuyvesant," said Robin; "you might send Josiah Lane to school with me a year. That would be better for me than any thing I could possibly have."

"I'll think of it," said she.

Mrs. Stuyvesant immediately made inquiries about Josiah, and finding that he was a good boy, and a very promising one too, on

Mrs. Stuyvesant's generosity.

The gold dollars safe.

account of his studious habits, she very gladly determined to ask his father to allow him to accompany Robin to school. She wrote a letter to Mr. Lane, and gave it to Robin to take with him the day he went home.

The plan thus arranged it was determined should be carried into effect without any delay, and in a few days Robin bade Mrs. Stuyvesant good-by, and Thomas took him down to the rail-road station, bought him a ticket, and placed him in the cars. He had a very pleasant and prosperous journey home.

One of the first things that he did after he got home was to go and see Josiah. Very soon after he got into the house he took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeve, while Maria, with her scissors, cut the money-band from his arm, and, ripping it open, brought three gold dollars to view, all safe and sound.

THE END. .

